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THOMSON.

Engraved by Caroline Watson, 1808.

Pubd. 1st. June 1808 by Richard Phillips 6 New Bridge Street.

THE

CABINET

OF

POETRY,

CONTAINING

THE BEST ENTIRE PIECES TO BE FOUND IN

THE WORKS

OF

THE BRITISH POETS.

"If the grain were separated from the chaff which fills the "works of our National Poets, what is truly valuable "would be to what is useless in the proportion of a "molehill to a mountain."—BURKE.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

LONDON:

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1808.

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POETS

CONTAINED IN THIS SIXTH VOLUME.

MICKLE.
JAGO.
SCOTT.
JOHNSON.
WHITEHEAD.
JENYNS.
GRÆME.
GLOVER.
LOGAN.
WARTON.
COTTON.
BLACKLOCK.
MASON.
BURNS.
BEATTIE.

99345

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MICKLE.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE, a native of Langholm in Dumfrieshire, was the son of the minister of that place, and was born in 1734. He received the early part of his education from his father, and after his death resided with an aunt in Edinburgh, and attended the High School in that city, illustrious for the erudition and useful talents of its present master, Dr. Adam.

At the age of sixteen he left school, and for some time kept the books of his aunt, whose husband had been a brewer, and whose business she carried on. In 1755, he commenced trade on his own account; but the pursuits of poetry are incompatible with the routine of trade and manufacture; and in the space of seven years he relinquished his business, and came up to London, where he solicited a commission in the marine service, but met with a repulse. His talents for poetry, however, recommended him to the notice of Lord Lyttleton, but it is not understood that he experienced more than civilities from his lordship, and the benefit of his advice respecting his literary labours. His "Pollio, Knowledge, an ode, and Mary Quen of Scots, an elegy," all received some touches from Lord Lyttleton; but he was anxious to obtain a settlement, and was on the point of going in the capacity of merchant's clerk to Carolina, when his kinsman, George Johnstone, esq. was the representative of government; but by some means, now unknown, this scheme was frustrated; and we find him employed soon after as corrector of the Clarendon press at Oxford, a situation much more congenial to his taste than commerce, yet not adequate to his talents.

While in this situation, he published his beautiful translation of the Lusiad of Camoens, his Concubine, a poem, and other works, from which, however, he derived more credit than emolument.

In 1779, his friend Governor Johnstone being ap-

pointed to the command of the Romney man of war, made Mickle his secretary, and they proceeded to Lisbon, where our poet was treated with much distinction; but having been named joint agent of prizes taken in this cruize, he soon returned to England, and entering into the marriage state, settled at Forest Hill, near Oxford, where he died in 1789, in the 55th year of his age, leaving an only son, either now, or lately, of Winchester college.

Mickle has been characterized as a good humoured man, but of much susceptibility of heart. That he possessed great poetic powers, his works amply attest; and to those who are acquainted with them we need not point out the beauty, the strength, or the variety of his versification, the harmony of his numbers, and the vigour of his imagination. These are so apparent, that we risk nothing in declaring our opinion, that they must sooner or later force themselves into the notice of those who at present are strangers to them.

Leaving his literary character, therefore, to find its own value, we shall confine ourselves to speak of him as a member of society. He was, in every point of view, a man of the utmost integrity, warm in his friendship, and indignant only against vice, irreligion, or meanness. During the greater part of his life, he endured the pressures of a narrow fortune without repining, never relaxing his industry to acquire by honest exertion that independance which at length he enjoyed; and he had the satisfaction of reflecting, that no extravagant panegyric had disgraced his pen. To conclude, his foibles were but few, his virtues many, and his genius graced them all. He lived without reproach, and his memory will always be cherished by those who could boast of his acquaintance.

POLLIO;

AN ELEGIAC ODE.

Written in the Wood near Roslin Castle, 1762.

The following ode was first suggested, and the ideas contained in it raised, on revisiting the ruins and woods that had been the scene of his early amusements, with a deserving brother, who died in his twenty-first year.

The peaceful evening breathes her balmy store,
The playful school-boys wanton o'er the green;
Where spreading poplars shade the cottage door,
The villagers in rustic joy convene.

Amid the secret windings of the wood,
With solemn meditation let me stray;
This is the hour, when to the wise and good,
The heavenly maid repays the toils of day.

The river murmurs, and the breathing gale
Whispers the gently-waving boughs among;
The star of evening glimmers o'er the dale,
And leads the silent host of heaven along.

How bright, emerging o'er yon broom-clad height,
The silver empress of the night appears!
Yon limpid pool reflects a stream of light,
And faintly in its breast the woodland bears.

The waters tumbling o'er their rocky bed,
Solemn and constant, from yon dell resound;
The lonely hearths blaze o'er the distant glade;
The bat, low-wheeling, skims the dusky ground.

August and hoary, o'er the sloping dale,
The gothic abbey rears its sculptur'd towers;
Dull through the roofs resound the whistling gale;
Dark solitude among the pillars low'rs.

Where yon old trees bend o'er a place of graves,
And, solemn, shade a chapel's sad remains;
Where yon skaith'd poplar through the window waves,
And twining round, the hoary arch sustains.

There oft at dawn, as one forgot behind,
Who longs to follow, yet unknowing where,
Some hoary shepherd, o'er his staff reclin'd,
Pores on the graves, and sighs a broken prayer.

High o'er the pines, that with their dark'ning shade
Surround yon craggy bank, the castle rears
Its crumbling turrets; still its towery head
A warlike mien, a sullen grandeur wears.

So, 'midst the snow of age, a boastful air
Still on the war-worn veteran's brow attends;
Still his big bones his youthful prime declare,
Though trembling, o'er the feeble crutch he bends.

While round the gates the dusky wallflowers creep,
Where oft the knights the beauteous dames have led;
Gone is the bower, the grot a ruin'd heap,
Where bays and ivy o'er the fragments spread.

'Twas here our sires, exulting from the fight,
Great in their bloody arms, march'd o'er the lea,
Eyeing their rescued fields with proud delight;
Now lost to them! and ah, how chang'd to me!

This bank, the river, and the fanning breeze,
The dear idea of my Pollio bring;
So shone the moon through these soft-nodding trees,
When here we wander'd in the eves of spring.

When April's smiles the flowery lawn adorn,
And modest cowslips deck the streamlet's side:
When fragrant orchards to the roseate morn
Unfold their bloom, in heaven's own colours dy'd:

So fair a blossom gentle Pollio wore,
These were the emblems of his healthful mind;
To him the letter'd page display'd its lore,
To him bright fancy all her wealth resign'd:

Him with her purest flames the muse endow'd,
Flames never to th' illiberal thought allied;
The sacred sisters led where virtue glow'd
In all her charms; he saw, he felt, and died.

Oh partner of my infant griefs and joys!
Big with the scenes now past, my heart o'erflows,
Aids each endearment, fair as once, to rise,
And dwells luxurious on her melting woes.

Oft with the rising sun, when life was new,
Along the woodland have I roam'd with thee;
Oft by the moon have brush'd the evening dew,
When all was fearless innocence and glee.

The sainted well where yon bleak hill declines,
Has oft been conscious of those happy hours;
But now the hill, the river crown'd with pines,
And sainted well, have lost their cheering powers.

For thou art gone——my guide, my friend, oh where,
Where hast thou fled, and left me here behind!
My tenderest wish, my heart to thee was bare,
Oh, now cut off each passage to thy mind!

How dreary is the gulf, how dark, how void,
The trackless shores that never were repast!
Dread separation! on the depth untry'd
Hope faulters, and the soul recoils aghast.

Wide round the spacious heavens I cast my eyes;
And shall these stars glow with immortal fire,
Still shine the lifeless glories of the skies,
And could thy bright, thy living soul expire?

Far be the thought—the pleasures most sublime,
The glow of friendship, and the virtuous tear,
The tow'ring wish that scorns the bounds of time,
Chill'd in this vale of death, but languish here.

So plant the vine on Norway's wint'ry land,
The languid stranger feebly buds, and dies;
Yet there's a clime where virtue shall expand
With godlike strength, beneath her native skies.

The lonely shepherd on the mountain's side,
With patience waits the rosy opening day;
The mariner at midnight's darksome tide,
With cheerful hope expects the morning ray.

Thus I, on life's storm-beaten ocean tost,
In mental vision view the happy shore,
Where Pollio beckons to the peaceful coast,
Where fate and death divide the friends no more.

Oh that some kind, some pitying kindred shade,
Who now, perhaps, frequents this solemn grove,
Would tell the awful secrets of the dead,
And from my eyes the mortal film remove!

Vain is the wish—yet surely not in vain
Man's bosom glows with that celestial fire,
Which scorns earth's luxuries, which smiles at pain,
And wings his spirit with sublime desire.

To fan this spark of heaven, this ray divine,
Still, oh my soul! still be thy dear employ;
Still thus to wander through the shades be thine,
And swell thy breast with visionary joy.

So to the dark-brow'd wood, or sacred mount,
In ancient days the holy seers retir'd,
And, led in vision, drank at Siloe's fount,
While rising ecstasies their bosoms fir'd;

Restor'd creation bright before them rose,
The burning deserts smil'd at Eden's plains,
One friendly shade the wolf and lambkin chose,
The flowery mountains sung—"Messiah reigns!"

Though fainter raptures my cold breast inspire,
Yet let me oft frequent this solemn scene,
Oft to the abbey's shatter'd walls retire,
What time the moonshine dimly gleams between.

There, where the cross in hoary ruin nods,
And weeping yews o'ershade the letter'd stones,
While midnight silence wraps these drear abodes,
And soothes me wand'ring o'er my kindred bones.

Let kindled fancy view the glorious morn,
When from the bursting graves the just shall rise,
All nature smiling, and, by angels borne,
Messiah's cross far blazing o'er the skies.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

The balmy zephyrs o'er the woodland stray,
And gently stir the bosom of the lake:
The fawns that panting in the covert lay,
Now through the gloomy park, their revels take.

Pale rise the rugged hills that skirt the north,
The wood glows yellow'd by the evening rays,
Silent and beauteous flows the silver Forth,
And Annan murmuring through the willows strays.

But, ah! what means this silence in the grove,
Where oft the wild notes sooth'd the love-sick boy?
Why cease in Mary's bower the songs of love?
The songs of love, of innocence, of joy!

When bright the lake reflects the setting ray,
The sportive virgins tread the flowery green;
Here by the moon ful oft in cheerful May,
The merry bride-maids at the dance are seen.

But who these nymphs that through the copse appear
In robes of white adorn'd with violet blue?
Fondly with purple flowers they deck yon bier,
And wave in solemn pomp the boughs of yew.

Supreme in grief, her eye confus'd with woe,
Appears the lady of the aërial train,
Tall as the sylvan goddess of the bow,
And fair as she who wept Adonis slain.

Such was the pomp when Gilead's virgin band,
Wandering by Judah's flowery mountains wept,
And with fair Iphis by the hallow'd strand
Of Siloe's brook a mournful sabbath kept.

By the resplendent cross with thistles twin'd,
'Tis Mary's guardian genius lost in woe,
" Ah, say, what deepest wrongs have thus combin'd
" To heave with restless sighs thy breast of snow!

" Oh stay, ye dryads, nor unfinish'd fly
" Your solemn rites! here comes no foot profane!
" The muse's son, and hallow'd is his eye,
" Implores your stay, implores to join the strain.

" See from her cheek the glowing life-blush flies!
" Alas, what fault'ring sounds of woe be these!
" Ye nymphs who fondly watch her languid eyes,
" Oh say what music will her soul appease!

" Resound the solemn dirge," the nymphs reply,
" And let the turtles moan in Mary's bower;
" Let grief indulge her grand sublimity,
" And melancholy wake her melting power.

" For art has triumph'd—art, that never stood
" On honour's side, or generous transport knew,
" Has dy'd its haggard hands in Mary's blood,
" And o'er her fame has breath'd its blighting dew.

" But come, ye nymphs, ye woodland spirits come,
" And with funereal flowers your tresses braid,
" While in this hallowed bower we raise the tomb,
" And consecrate the song to Mary's shade.

" O sing what smiles her youthful morning wore,
" Her's every charm, and every loveliest grace,
" When nature's happiest touch could add no more,
" Heaven lent an angel's beauty to her face.

" O! whether by the moss-grown bushy dell,
" Where from the oak depends the misletoe,
" Where creeping ivy shades the druids' cell,
" Where from the rock the gurgling waters flow:

" Or whether sportive o'er the cowslip beds,
" You through the fairy dales of Tiviot glide,
" Or brush the primrose banks, while Cynthia sheds
" Her silv'ry light o'er Esk's transcendant tide:

" Hither, ye gentle guardians of the fair,
" By virtue's tears, by weeping beauty, come;
" Unbind the festive robes, unbind the hair,
" And wave the cyprus bough at Mary's tomb.

" And come, ye fleet magicians of the air,"
The mournful lady of the chorus cried;
" Your airy tints of baleful hue prepare,
" And through this grove bid Mary's fortunes glide:

" And let the songs, with solemn harpings join'd,
" And wailing notes, unfold the tale of woe!"
She spoke, and waking through the breathing wind,
From lyres unseen the solemn harpings flow.

The song began—" How bright her early morn!
" What lasting joys her smiling fate portends!
" To wield the awful British sceptres born!
" And Gaul's young heir her bridal-bed ascends.

" See, round her bed, light floating on the air,
" The little loves their purple wings display;
" When sudden, shrieking at the dismal glare
" Of funeral torches, far they speed away.

" Far with the loves each blissful omen speeds,
" Her eighteenth April hears her widow'd moan,
" The bridal-bed the sable herse succeeds,
" And struggling factions shake her native throne.

" No more a goddess in the swimming dance,
" May'st thou, O queen! thy lovely form display;
" No more thy beauty reign the charm of France,
" Nor in Versailles' proud bowers outshine the day.

" For the cold north the trembling sails are spread;
" Ah, what drear horrors gliding through thy breast!
" While from thy weeping eyes fair Gallia fled,
" Thy future woes in boding sighs confest!

" A nation stern and stubborn to command,
" And now convuls'd with faction's fiercest rage,
" Commits its sceptre to thy gentle hand,
" And asks a bridle from thy tender age."

As weeping thus they sung, the omens rose,
Her native shore receives the mournful queen;
November wind o'er the bare landscape blows,
In hazy gloom the sea-wave skirts the scene.

The house of Holy-Rood, in sullen state,
Bleak in the shade of rude pil'd rocks appears;
Cold on the mountain's side, the type of fate,
Its shattered walls a Romish chapel rears.

No nodding grove here waves the sheltering bough;
"O'er the dark vale, prophetic of her reign,
Beneath the carving mountain's craggy brow
The dreary echoes to the gales complain:

Beneath the gloomy clouds of rolling smoke,
The high pil'd city rears her gothic towers;
The stern brow'd castle, from his lofty rock,
Looks scornful down, and fix'd defiance lours.

Domestic bliss, that dear, that sovereign joy,
Far from her heart was seen to speed away;
Strait dark brow'd factions entering in, destroy
The seeds of peace, and mark her for their prey.

No more by moonshine to the nuptial bower
Her Francis comes, by love's soft fetters led;
Far other spouse now wakes her midnight hour,
Enrag'd, and reeking from the harlot's bed.

"Ah! draw the veil!" shrill trembles through the air:
The veil was drawn—but darker scenes arose,
Another nuptial couch the fates prepare,
The baleful teeming source of deeper woes.

The bridal torch her evil angel wav'd,
Far from the couch offended prudence fled;
Of deepest crimes deceitful faction rav'd,
And rous'd her trembling from the fatal bed.

The hinds are seen in arms, and glittering spears,
Instead of crooks, the Grampian shepherds wield;
Fanatic rage the ploughman's visage wears,
And red with slaughter lies the harvest field.

From Borthwick field, deserted and forlorn,
The beauteous queen all tears is seen to fly;
Now through the streets a weeping captive borne,
Her woes the triumph of the vulgar eye.

Again the vision shifts the woeful scene;
Again forlorn from rebel arms she flies,
And, unsuspecting, on a sister queen,
The lovely, injur'd fugitive relies.

When wisdom, baffled, owns th' attempt in vain,
Heaven oft delights to set the virtuous free;
Some friend appears and breaks affliction's chain:
But ah, no generous friend appears for thee.

A prison's ghastly walls and grated cells
Deform'd the airy scenery as it past;
The haunt where listless melancholy dwells,
Where every genial feeling sinks aghast.

No female eye her sickly bed to tend!
"Ah cease to tell it in the female ear!
"A woman's stern command! a proffer'd friend!
"Oh generous passion, peace, forbear, forbear!

"And could, oh Tudor! could thy heart retain
"No softening thought of what thy woes had been;
"When thou, the heir of England's crown, in vain
"Didst sue the mercy of a tyrant queen?

"And could no pang from tender memory wake,
"And feel those woes that once had been thine own;
"No pleading tear to drop for Mary's sake,
"For Mary's sake, the heir of England's throne?

"Alas! no pleading touch thy memory knew,
"Dry'd were the tears which for thyself had flow'd;
"Dark policies alone engag'd thy view;
"With female jealousy thy bosom glow'd.

"And say, did wisdom own thy stern command?
"Did honour wave his banner o'er the deed?
"Ah!—Mary's fate thy name shall ever brand,
"And ever o'er her woes shall pity bleed.

" The babe that prattled on his nurse's knee,
" When first thy woeful captive hours began,
" Ere heaven, oh hapless Mary, set thee free,
" That babe to battle march'd in arms—a man."

An awful pause ensues—with speaking eyes,
And hands half-rais'd, the guardian wood-nymphs wait;
While slow and sad the airy scenes arise,
Stain'd with the last deep woes of Mary's fate.

With dreary black hung round the hall appears,
The thirsty saw-dust strews the marble floor,
Blue gleams the ax, the block its shoulders rears,
And pikes and halberts guard the iron door.

The clouded moon her dreary glimpses shed,
And Mary's maids, a mournful train, pass by;
Languid they walk, and pensive hang the head,
And silent tears pace down from every eye.

Serene and nobly mild appears the queen;
She smiles on Heaven, and bows the injur'd head:
The ax is lifted—from the deathful scene
The guardians turn'd, and all the picture fled.—

It fled: the wood-nymphs o'er the distant lawn,
As wrapt in vision, dart their earnest eyes;
So when the huntsman hears the rattling fawn,
He stands impatient of the starting prize.

The sovereign dame her awful eye-balls roll'd,
As Cuma's maid when by the god inspir'd;
The depth of ages to my sight unfold,"
She cries, and Mary's meed my breast has fir'd.

" On Tudor's throne her sons shall ever reign,
" Age after age shall see their flag unfurl'd,
" With sovereign pride wherever roars the main,
" Stream to the wind, and awe the trembling world.

" Nor Britain's sceptre shall they wield alone,
" Age after age through length'ning time shall see
" Her branching race on Europe's every throne,
" And either India bend to them the knee.

" But Tudor, as a fruitless gourd, shall die;
" I see her death-scene on the lowly floor:
" Dreary she sits, cold grief has glaz'd her eye,
" And anguish gnaws her till she breathes no more."

But hark!—loud howling through the midnight gloom,
Faction is rous'd, and sends the baleful yell!
Oh save, ye generous few, your Mary's tomb!
Oh save her ashes from the baleful spell!

" And lo! where time with brighten'd face serene
" Points to yon far, but glorious opening sky:
" See truth walk forth, majestic awful queen!
" And party's blackening mists before her fly.

" Falsehood unmask'd withdraws her ugly train,
" And Mary's virtues all illustrious shine—
" Yes, thou hast friends, the godlike and humane
" Of latest ages, injur'd queen, are thine."

The milky splendours of the dawning ray,
Now through the grove a trembling radiance shed;
With sprightly note the woodlark hail'd the day,
And with the moonshine all the vision fled.

KNOWLEDGE:

AN ODE.

S. ann. æt. Auct. 18.

HIGH on a hill's green bosom laid,
At ease my careless fancy stray'd,
And o'er the landscape ran:
Reviv'd, what scenes the seasons show;
And weigh'd, what share of joy or woe
Is doom'd to toiling man.

The nibbling flocks around me bleat;
The oxen low beneath my feet,
Along the clover'd dale;
The golden sheaves the reapers bind,
The ploughman whistles near behind,
And breaks the new mown vale.

"Hail knowledge! gift of heaven!" I cried,
"E'en all the gifts of heaven beside,
"Compar'd to thee how low!
"The blessings of the earth, and all
"The beasts of fold and forest share,
"But godlike beings know.

"How mean the short-liv'd joys of sense;
"But how sublime the excellence
"Of wisdom's sacred lore!
"In death's deep shades what nations lie,
"Yet still can wisdom's piercing eye
"Their mighty deeds explore.

"She sees the little Spartan band,
"With great Leonidas, withstand
"The Asian world in arms;
"She hears the heav'nly sounds that hung
"On Homer's and on Plato's tongue,
"And glows at Tully's charms.

"The wonders of the spacious sky,
"She penetrates with Newton's eye,
"And marks the planets' roll:
"The human mind with Locke she scans;
"With Cambray, virtue's fame she fans,
"And lifts to heaven the soul.

"How matter takes ten thousand forms
"Of metals, plants, of men and worms;
"She joys to trace with Boyle.
"This life she deems an infant state,
"A gleam, that bodes a life complete,
"Beyond the mortal toil.

" What numerous ills in life befal!
" Yet wisdom learns to scorn them all,
" And arms the breast with steel:
" E'en death's pale face no horror wears:
" But ah! what horrid pangs and fears
" Unknowing wretches feel!

" That breast excels proud Ophir's mines,
" And fairer than the morning shines,
" Where wisdom's treasures glow:
" But ah! how void yon peasant's mind,
" His thoughts how darken'd and confin'd,
" Nor cares he more to know.

" The last two tenants of the ground,
" Of ancient times his history bound;
" Alas! it scarce goes higher:
" In vain to him is Maro's strain,
" And Shakspeare's magic powers in vain;
" In vain is Milton's fire.

" Nor sun by day, nor stars by night,
" Can give his soul the grand delight
" To trace Almighty power:
" His team thinks just as much as he
" Of nature's vast variety,
" In animal and flower."

As thus I sung, a solemn sound
Accosts mine ear; I look'd around,
And lo! an ancient sage,
Hard by an ivy'd oak stood near,
That fenc'd the cave, where many a year
Had been his hermitage.

His mantle gray flow'd loose behind,
His snowy beard wav'd to the wind,
And added solemn grace;
His broad bald front gave dignity,
Attention mark'd his lively eye,
And peace smil'd in his face.

He beckon'd with his wrinkled hand;
My ear was all at his command,
And thus the sage began:
" Godlike it is to know, I own:
" But oh! how little can be known,
" By poor short-sighted man.

" Go, mark the schools where letter'd pride,
" And star-crown'd science boastful guide,
" Display their fairest light;
" There, led by some pale meteor's ray,
" That leaves them oft, the sages stray,
" And grope in endless night.

" Of wisdom proud, yon sage exclaims,
" Virtue and vice are merely names,
" And changing every hour;
" Ashly, how loud in virtue's praise!
" Yet Ashley with a kiss betrays,
" And strips her of her dower.

" Hark, Bolingbroke his God arraigns;
" Hobbes smiles on vice; Descartes maintains
" A godless passive cause.
" See Bayle oft slily shifting round,
" Would fondly fix on sceptic ground,
" And change, O truth, thy laws!

" And what the joy this love bestows,
" Alas, no joy, no hope it knows,
" Above what bestials claim;
" To quench our noblest native fire,
" That bids to nobler worlds aspire,
" Is all its hope, its aim.

" Not Afric's wilds, nor Babel's waste,
" Where ignorance her tents hath plac'd,
" More dismal scene display;
" A scene where virtue sickening dies,
" Where vice to dark extinction flies,
" And spurns the future day.

" Wisdom, you boast to you is given;
" At night then mark the fires of heaven,
" And let thy mind explore;
" Swift as the lightning let it fly,
" From star to star, from sky to sky,
" Still, still, are millions more.

" Th'immense ideas strike the soul
" With pleasing horror, and controul
" Thy wisdom's empty boast,
" What are they?—Thou canst never say:
" Then silent adoration pay,
" And be in wonder lost.

" Say, how the self-same roots produce
" The wholesome food and poisonous juice;
" And adders balsams yield;
" How fierce the lurking tyger glares,
" How mild the heifer with thee shares
" The labours of the field?

" Why growling to his den retires
" The sullen pard, while joy inspires
" Yon happy sportive lambs?
" Now scatter'd o'er the hill they stray,
" Now weary of their gambling play,
" All single out their dams.

" Instinct directs—but what is that?
" Fond man, thou never canst say what:
" Oh short thy searches fall!
" By stumbling chance, and slow degrees,
" The useful arts of men increase,
" But this at once is all.

" A trunk first floats along the deep,
" Long ages still improve the ship,
" Till she commands the shore,
" But never bird improv'd her nest,
" Each all at once of powers possest,
" Which ne'er can rise to more.

" That down the steep the waters flow,
" That weight descends, we see, we know,
" But why, can ne'er explain ;
" Then humbly weighing nature's laws,
" To God's high will ascribe the cause,
" And own thy wisdom vain.

" For still the more thou know'st, the more
" Shalt thou the vanity deplore
" Of all thy soul can find,
" This life a sickly woeful dream,
" A burial of the soul will seem,
" A palsy of the mind.

" Though knowledge scorns the peasant's fear,
" Alas, it points the secret spear
" Of many a nameless woe.
" Thy delicacy dips the dart
" In rankling gall, and gives a smart
" Beyond what he can know.

" How happy then the simple mind
" Of yon unknown and labouring hind,
" Where all is smiling peace !
" No thoughts of more exalted joy
" His present bliss one hour destroy,
" Nor rob one moment's ease.

" The stings neglected merit feels,
" The pangs the virtuous man conceals,
" When crush'd by wayward fate.
" These are not found beneath his roof,
" Against them all securely proof,
" Heaven guards his humble state.

" Knowledge or wealth to few are given,
" But mark how just the ways of Heaven ;
" True joy to all is free,
" Nor wealth nor knowledge grant the boon.
" 'Tis thine, O conscience, thine alone,
" It all belongs to thee !

" Blest in thy smiles the shepherd lives;
" Gay is his morn; his evening gives
" Content and sweet repose.
" Without them—ever, ever cloy'd,
" To sage or chief, one weary void
" Is all that life bestows.

" Then would'st thou, mortal, rise divine,
" Let innocence of soul be thine,
" With active goodness join'd.
" My heart shall then confess thee blest,
" And ever lively, joyful taste
" The pleasures of the mind."

So spake the sage: my heart reply'd,
" How poor, how blind is human pride,
" All joy how false and vain:
" But that from conscious worth which flows,
" Which gives the death-bed sweet repose,
" And hopes an after reign."

HENGIST AND MEY.

A BALLAD.

Hæc novimus esse nihil.

In ancient days when Arthur reign'd,
Sir Elmer had no peer;
And no young knight in all the land,
The ladies lov'd so dear.

His sister Mey, the fairest maid
Of all the virgin train,
Won every heart at Arthur's court;
But all their love was vain.

In vain they lov'd, in vain they vow'd,
Her heart they could not move;
Yet at the evening hour of prayer,
Her mind was lost in love.

The abbess saw—the abbess knew,
And urg'd her to explain;
" O name the gentle youth to me,
" And his consent I'll gain."

Long urg'd, long tir'd, fair Mey reply'd,
" His name—how can I say ?
" An angel from the fields above,
" Has rapt my heart away.

" But once, alas! and never more,
" His lovely form I spy'd;
" One evening by the sounding shore,
" All by the green wood side.

" His eyes to mine the love confest,
" That glow'd with mildest grace;
" His courtly mien and purple vest,
" Bespoke his princely race.

" But when he heard my brother's horn,
" Fast to his ships he fled;
" Yet while I sleep, his graceful form
" Still hovers round my bed.

" Sometimes all clad in armour bright,
" He shakes a warlike lance;
" And now in courtly garments dight,
" He leads the sprightly dance.

" His hair, as black as raven's wing;
" His skin—as Christmas snow;
" His cheeks outvie the blush of morn,
" His lips like rose-buds glow.

" His limbs, his arms, his stature, shap'd
" By nature's finest hand;
" His sparkling eyes declare him born
" To love, and to command."

The live-long year fair Mey bemoan'd
Her hopeless pining love:
But when the balmy spring return'd,
And summer cloth'd the grove;

All round by pleasant Humber side,
The Saxon banners flew,
And to Sir Elmer's castle gates,
The spearmen came in view.

Fair blush'd the morn, when Mey look'd o'er
The castle walls so sheen;
And lo! the warlike Saxon youth
Were sporting on the green.

There Hengist, Offa's eldest son,
Lean'd on his burnish'd lance,
And all the armed youth around,
Obey'd his manly glance.

His locks, as black as raven's wing,
Adown his shoulders flow'd;
His cheeks outvy'd the blush of morn,
His lips like rose-buds glow'd.

And soon the lovely form of Mey
Has caught his piercing eyes;
He gives the sign, the bands retire,
While big with love he sighs,

"Oh, thou, for whom I dar'd the seas;
"And came with peace or war!
"Oh, by that cross that veils thy breast,
"Relieve thy lover's care!

"For thee I'll quit my father's throne;
"With thee the wilds explore;
"Or with thee share the British crown;
"With thee the cross adore."

Beneath the timorous virgin blush,
With love's soft warmth she glows;
So, blushing through the dews of morn,
Appears the opening rose.

'Twas now the hour of morning pray'r,
When men their sins bewail,
And Elmer heard King Arthur's horn,
Shrill sounding through the dale.

The pearly tears from Mey's bright eyes,
Like April dew-drops fell,
When with a parting dear embrace,
Her brother bade farewell.

The cross with sparkling diamonds bright,
That veil'd the snowy breast,
With prayers to Heaven her lily hands
Have fix'd on Elmer's vest.

Now, with five hundred bowmen true,
He's march'd across the plain;
Till with his gallant yeomandrie,
He join'd King Arthur's train.

Full forty thousand Saxon spears,
Came glittering down the hill,
And with their shouts and clang of arms,
The distant valleys fill.

Old Offa, dress'd in Odin's garb,
Assum'd the hoary god;
And Hengist, like the warlike Thor,
Before the horsemen rode.

With dreadful rage the combat burns,
The captains shout amain;
And Elmer's tall victorious spear
Far glances o'er the plain.

To stop its course young Hengist flew,
Like lightning o'er the field;
And soon his eyes the well-known cross
On Elmer's vest beheld.

The slighted lover swell'd his breast,
His eyes shot living fire;
And all his martial heat before,
To this was mild desire.

On his imagin'd rival's front,
With whirlwind speed he prest,
And glancing to the sun, his sword
Resounds on Elmer's crest.

The foe gave way, the princely youth
With heedless rage pursu'd,
Till trembling in his cloven helm,
Sir Elmer's javelin stood.

He bow'd his head—slow dropt his spear;
The reins slipt through his hand,
And stain'd with blood—his stately corse
Lay breathless on the strand.

"O bear me off," Sir Elmer cried;
"Before my painful sight
"The combat swims—yet Hengist's vest
"I claim as victor's right."

Brave Hengist's fall the Saxons saw,
And all in terror fled;
The bowmen to his castle gates
The brave Sir Elmer led.

"O wash my wounds, my sister dear;
"O pull this Saxon dart,
"That whizzing from young Hengist's arm
"Has almost pierc'd my heart.

"Yet in my hall his vest shall hang;
"And Britons yet unborn,
"Shall with the trophies of to-day
"Their solemn feasts adorn."

All trembling May beheld the vest;
"Oh, Merlin!" loud she cried;
"Thy words are true—my slaughter'd love
"Shall have a breathless bride!

"Oh Elmer, Elmer, boast no more
"That low my Hengist lies!
"O Hengist, cruel was mine arm!
"My brother bleeds and dies!"

She spoke—the roses left her cheeks,
And life's warm spirit fled;
So nipt by winter's withering blasts,
The snow-drop bows the head.

Yet parting life one struggle gave,
She lifts her languid eyes;
" Return my Hengist, oh return
" My slaughter'd love," she cries.

" Oh—still he lives—he smiles again,
" With all his grace he moves;
" I come—I come where bow nor spear
" Shall more disturb our loves."

She spake—she dy'd. The Saxon dart
Was drawn from Elmer's side,
And thrice he call'd his sister Mey,
And thrice he groan'd, and dy'd.

Where in the dale a moss-grown cross
O'ershades an aged thorn,
Sir Elmer's and young Hengist's corse
Were by the spearmen borne.

And there all clad in robes of white,
With many a sigh and tear,
The village maids to Hengist's grave
Did Mey's fair body bear.

And there, at dawn and fall of day,
All from the neighbouring groves,
The turtles wail, in widow'd notes,
And sing their hapless loves.

THE NEGLECT OF POETRY.

A FRAGMENT. IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER.

(From the Introduction to the English Lusiad.)

HENCE, vagrant minstrel, from my thriving farm,
Far Hence, nor ween to shed they poison here:
My hinds despise thy lyre's ignoble charm;
Seek in the sluggard's bowers thy ill-earn'd cheer:

There, while thy idle chaunting soothes thine ear,
The noxious thistle choaks their sickly corn;
Their apple boughs, ungraff'd, sour wildings bear,
And o'er the ill-fenced dales with fleeces torn,
Unguarded from the fox, their lambkins stray forlorn.

Such ruin withers the neglected soil,
When to the song the ill-starr'd swain attends.
And weil thy meed repays thy worthless toil;
Upon thy houseless head pale want descends
In bitter shower: and taunting scorn still rends;
And wakes thee trembling from thy golden dream:
In vetchy bed, or loathly dungeon ends
Thy idled life——What fitter may beseem,
Who poisons thus the fount, should drink the poison'd stream.

And is it thus, the heart-stung minstrel cry'd,
While indignation shook his silver'd head;
And is it thus, the gross-fed lordling's pride,
And hind's base tongue the gentle bard upbraid!
And must the holy song be thus repaid
By sun-bask'd ignorance, and churlish scorn!
While listless drooping in the languid shade
Of cold neglect, the sacred bard must mourn,
Though in his hallowed breast heaven's purest ardours burn!

Yet how sublime, O bard, the dread behest,
The awful trust to thee by Heaven assign'd!
'Tis thine to humanise the savage breast,
And form in virtue's mould the youthful mind;
Where lurks the latent spark of generous kind,
'Tis thine to bid the dormant ember blaze:
Heroic rage with gentlest worth combin'd,
Wide through the land thy forming power displays.
So spread the olive boughs beneath Dan Phœbus rays.

When Heaven decreed to soothe the fiends that tore
The wolf-eyed barons, whose unletter'd rage
Spurn'd the fair muse, Heaven bade on Avon's shore
A Shakspeare rise, and sooth the barbarous age:

A Shakspeare rose; the barbarous heats assuage——
At distance due how many bards attend!
Enlarged and liberal from the narrow cage
Of blinded zeal, new manners wide extend,
And o'er the generous breast the dews of heaven descend.

And fits it you, ye sons of hallowed power,
To hear, unmov'd, the tongue of scorn upbraid
The muse neglected in her wintery bower;
While proudly flourishing in princely shade
Her younger sisters lift the laurell'd head.——
And shall the pencil's boldest mimic rage,
Or softest charms, foredoom'd in time to fade,
Shall these be vaunted o'er th' immortal page,
Where passion's living fires burn unimpair'd by age?

And shall the warbled strain, or sweetest lyre,
Thrilling the palace roof at night's deep hour;
And shall the nightingales in woodland choir
The voice of heaven in sweeter raptures pour?
Ah no! their song is transient as the flower
Of April morn: In vain the shepherd boy
Sits listening in the silent autumn bower;
The year no more restores the short lived joy;
And never more his harp shall Orpheus' hands employ.

Eternal silence in her cold deaf ear
Has closed his strain; and deep eternal night
Has o'er Apelles' tints, so bright while ere,
Drawn her blank curtain—never to the sight
More to be given——But cloath'd in heaven's own light,
Homer's bold painting shall immortal shine;
Wide o'er the world shall ever sound the might,
The raptured music of each deathless line:
For death nor time may touch their living soul divine.

And what the strain, though Perez swell the note,
High though its rapture, to the muse of fire?
Ah! what the transient sounds, devoid of thought,
To Shakspeare's flame of ever-burning ire?
Or Milton's flood of mind, till time expire
Foredoom'd to flow? as heaven's dread energy
Unconscious of the bounds of place.——

JAGO.

Richard Jago was the son of the rector of Beaudesert near Henley in Arden, and was born in 1715. He was educated at Solihall school near Birmingham, together with Shenstone, and afterwards entered as a servitor of University College, Oxford, where though in this humble situation, he attracted the notice of some young gentlemen of fortune and talents.

Having taken orders, he served the cure of Snitterfield near Stratford on Avon; he married a Miss Francourt in 1744, and was soon after presented to the contiguous livings of Harbury and Chester, worth about 100*l.* a year. He afterwards obtained the vicarage of Snitterfield, of which he had been formerly curate; and removing to this place, he spent the remainder of his days in the duties of his profession, and in the elegant amusements of letters, to which he had shewn an early attachment.

His popular Elegy "the Blackbirds" was first published in 1752: "the Swallows and Goldfinches" followed, and justly entitle him to the character of a humane and amiable writer.

"Edge Hill," his largest poem, is written in blank verse, and has all the merits and defects of descriptive poetry in general. It is almost needless to observe, that the scene is laid where a memorable battle was fought between Charles I. and the Parliamentarians, and that historical, retrospective, incidental reflection, and local description fill up the picture.

During the latter part of his life the infirmities of age began to grow upon him, and his principal enjoyment was the improvement of his house and grounds at Snitterfield, which had many natural beauties. In 1771 he had received from Lord Willoughby de Broke the valuable living of Kilmcote; and though his family was pretty large, his income which had hitherto been ex-

tremely limited, was now fully equal to his wants and temperate wishes. He died in 1781, in the 66th year of his age, and was buried at Snitterfield, to which place he seems to have had a strong attachment.

Jago maintained an uninterrupted friendship and correspondence with Shenstone, Graves, and Somerville, who bear ample testimony to his learning, taste, and good sense. From the specimens we have adduced, his poetical talents may be fairly appreciated. He was in truth a no less amiable poet than man.

In person, he was about the middle stature. In his manners, like most people of sensibility, he appeared reserved amongst strangers; but with his friends he was ever free and social, and his conversation was sprightly and entertaining; in domestic life, he was the affectionate husband, the tender parent, the kind master, the hospitable neighbour, and sincere friend, and both by his doctrine and example, a faithful and worthy minister of the parish over which he resided.

As a descriptive poet, he evinces a picturesque imagination, a correct judgment, and a delicate taste, refined by a careful perusal of the ancient classics. The fable of *labour and genius*, the subject of which was suggested by Mr. Shenstone, is told with some humour, and great clearness and precision, with a very useful moral forcibly inculcated. On the whole his writings are distinguished by an amiable humanity, and tender simplicity of thought and expression, his diction is elegant and poetical; he discovers no want of ease or fancy, but shews a goodness of disposition in every part of his works.

LABOUR AND GENIUS;

OR, THE MILL-STREAM AND THE CASCADE.

A FABLE.

Inscribed to William Shenstone, Esq.

—— " discordia semina rerum.' OVID.

NATURE with lib'ral hand dispenses
Her apparatus of the senses,
In articles of gen'ral use,
Nerves, sinews, muscles, bones profuse.
Distinguishing her fav'rite race
With form erect, and featur'd face;
The flowing hair, the polish'd skin—
But, for the furniture within,
Whether it be of brains or lead,
What matters it, so there's a head?
For wisest noddle seldom goes,
But as 'tis led by corp'ral nose.
Nor is it thinking much, but doing,
That keeps our tenements from ruin.
And hundreds eat, who spin or knit,
For one that lives by dint of wit.
The sturdy thresher plies his flail,
And what to this doth wit avail?
Who learns from wit to press the spade?
Or thinks 'twould mend the cobler's trade?
The pedlar, with his cumb'rous pack,
Carries his brains upon his back.
Some wear them in full-bottom'd wig,
Or hang them by with queue or pig.
Reduc'd, till they return again
In dishabille, to common men.
Then why, my friend, is wit so rare?
That sudden flash, that makes one stare!
A meteor's blaze, a dazzling show;
Say what it is, for well you know.

Or, if you can with patience hear
A witless fable, lend an ear.
  Betwixt two sloping verdant hills
A current pour'd its careless rills,
Which unambitious crept along,
With weeds and matted grass o'erhung.
Till Rural Genius, on a day,
Chancing along its banks to stray,
Remark'd with penetrating look,
The latent merits of the brook,
Much griev'd to see such talents hid,
And thus the dull by-standers chid.
  How blind is man's incurious race
The scope of nature's plans to trace!
How do ye mangle half her charms,
And fright her hourly with alarms?
Disfigure now her swelling mounds,
And now contract her spacious bounds?
Fritter her fairest lawns to alleys,
Bare her green hills, and hide her valleys?
Confine her streams with rule and line,
And counteract her whole design?
Neglecting, where she points the way,
Her easy dictates to obey?
To bring her hidden worth to sight,
And place her charms in fairest light?
  Alike to intellectuals blind,
'Tis thus you treat the youthful mind;
Mistaking gravity for sense,
For dawn of wit, impertinence.
  The boy of genuine parts and merit,
For some unlucky prank of spirit,
With frantic rage is scourg'd from school,
And branded with the name of fool,
Because his active blood flow'd faster
Than the dull puddle of his master.
While the slow plodder trots along
Through thick and thin, through prose and song,
Insensible of all their graces,
But learn'd in words and common phrases;
Till in due time he's mov'd to college,
To ripen these choice seeds of knowledge.

So some taste-pedant, wond'rous wise,
Exerts his genius in dirt-pies.
Delights the tonsile yew to raise,
But hates your laurels and your bays,
Because too rambling and luxuriant,
Like forward youths, of brain too prurient.
Makes puns and anagrams in box,
And turns his trees to bears and cocks.
Excels in quaint jette-d'eau or fountain,
Or leads his stream across a mountain,
To show its shallowness and pride,
In a broad grin, on t' other side.
Perverting all the rules of sense,
Which never offers violence,
But gently leads where nature tends,
Sure with applause to gain its ends.

But one example may teach more
Than precepts hackney'd o'er and o'er.
Then mark this rill, with weeds o'erhung,
Unnotic'd by the vulgar throng!
Ev'n this conducted by my laws,
Shall rise to fame, attract applause;
Instruct in fable, shine in song,
And be the theme of ev'ry tongue.
He said: and to his favorite son
Consign'd the task, and will'd it done.

Damon his counsel wisely weigh'd,
And carefully the scene survey'd.
And, though it seems he said but little,
He took his meaning to a tittle.
And first, his purpose to befriend,
A bank he rais'd at th' upper end:
Compact and close its outward side,
To stay and swell the gath'ring tide:
But on its inner, rough and tall,
A ragged cliff, a rocky wall.
One channel next he op'd to view,
And from its course the rubbish drew.
Enlarg'd it now, and now with line
Oblique, pursu'd his fair design.
Preparing here the mazy way,
And there the fall for sportive play;

The precipice abrupt and steep,
The pebbled road, and cavern deep;
The rooty seat, where best to view
The fairy scene, at distance due.
He last invok'd the dryads' aid,
And fring'd the borders round with shade.
Tap'stry, by nature's fingers wove,
No mimic, but a real grove:
Part hiding, part admitting day,
The scene to grace the future play.
Damon perceives, with ravish'd eyes,
The beautiful enchantment rise.
Sees sweetly blended shade and light;
Sees ev'ry part with each unite;
Sees each, as he directs, assume
A livelier dye, or deeper gloom:
So fashion'd by the painter's skill,
New forms the glowing canvas fill:
So to the summer's sun the rose,
And jessamin their charms disclose.
While, all intent on this retreat,
He saw his fav'rite work complete,
Divine enthusiasm seiz'd his breast,
And thus his transport he express'd:
"Let others toil for wealth or pow'r,
I court the sweetly-vacant hour:
Down life's smooth current calmly glide,
Nor vex'd with cares, nor rack'd with pride.
Give me, O nature! to explore
Thy lovely charms, I ask no more.
For thee I fly from vulgar eyes;
For thee I vulgar cares despise;
For thee ambition's charms resign;
Accept a vot'ry wholly thine.
Yet still let friendship's joys be near,
Still on these plains her train appear.
By learning's sons my haunts be trod,
And Stamford's feet imprint my sod.
For Stamford oft hath deign'd to stray
Around my Leasows' flow'ry way.
And, where his honour'd steps have rov'd,
Oft have his gifts those scenes improv'd.

To him I'll dedicate my cell,
To him suspend the votive spell.
His name shall heighten ev'ry charm,
His name protect my groves from harm,
Protect my harmless sport from blame,
And turn obscurity to fame."

He spake. His hand the pencil guides,
And Stamford o'er the scene presides.
The proud device, with borrow'd grace,
Conferr'd new lustre on the place:
As books by dint of dedication,
Enjoy their patron's reputation.

Now, launching from its lofty shore,
The loosen'd stream began to roar:
As headlong, from the rocky mound,
It rush'd into the vast profound.
There check'd awhile, again it flow'd
Glitt'ring along the channell'd road:
From steep to steep, a frequent fall,
Each diff'rent, and each natural.
Obstructing roots and rocks between,
Diversify th' enchanted scene;
While winding now, and intricate,
Now more develop'd, and, in state,
Th' united stream, with rapid force,
Pursues amain its downward course,
Till at your feet absorb'd, it hides
Beneath the ground its bustling tides.

With prancing steeds and liv'ried trains,
Soon daily shone the bord'ring plains.
And distant sounds foretold th' approach
Of frequent chaise, and crowded coach.
For sons of taste, and daughters fair,
Hasted the sweet surprise to share:
While Hagley wonder'd at their stay,
And hardly brook'd the long delay.

Not distant far below, a mill
Was built upon a neighb'ring rill:
Whose pent-up stream, whene'er let loose,
Impell'd a wheel, close at its sluice,
So strongly, that by friction's pow'r,
'Twoul[illegible]ind the firmest

Or, by a correspondence new,
With hammers, and a clatt'ring crew,
Would so bestir her active stumps,
On iron blocks, though arrant lumps,
That in a trice she'd manage matters,
To make 'em all as smooth as platters.
Or slit a bar to rods quite taper,
With as much ease as you'd cut paper.
For, though the lever gave the blow,
Yet it was lifted from below;
And would for ever have lain still,
But for the bustling of the rill;
Who, from her stately pool or ocean,
Put all the wheels and logs in motion;
Things in their nature very quiet,
Though making all this noise and riot.
This stream that could in toil excel,
Began with foolish pride to swell:
Piqu'd at her neighbour's reputation,
And thus express'd her indignation:
"Madam! methinks you're vastly proud,
You wasn't us'd to talk so loud.
Nor cut such capers in your pace,
Marry! what antics, what grimace!
For shame! don't give yourself such airs,
In flaunting down those hideous stairs.
Nor put yourself in such a flutter,
Whate'er you do, you dirty gutter!
I'd have you know, you upstart minx!
Ere you were form'd, with all your sinks,
A lake I was, compar'd with which,
Your stream is but a paltry ditch:
And still, on honest labour bent,
I ne'er a single flash mispent.
And yet no folks of high degree,
Would e'er vouchsafe to visit me,
And in their coaches by they rattle,
Forsooth! to hear your idle prattle.
Though lad! the business of my flooding
Is to provide them cakes and pudding:
Or furnish stuff for many a trinket,
Which, though so fine, you scarce would think it,

When Boulton's skill has fix'd their beauty,
To my rough toil first ow'd their duty.
But I'm plain Goody of the mill,
And you are—Madame Cascadille.
" Dear Coz," reply'd the beauteous torrent,
" Pray do not discompose your current.
That we all from one fountain flow,
Hath been agreed on long ago,
Varying our talents and our tides,
As chance, or education guides.
That I have either note, or name,
I owe to him who gives me fame.
Who teaches all our kind to flow,
Or gaily swift, or gravely slow.
Now in the lake, with glassy face,
Now moving light, with dimpled grace.
Now gleaming from the rocky height,
Now, in rough eddies, foaming white.
Nor envy me the gay, or great,
That visit my obscure retreat.
None wonders that a clown can dig,
But 'tis some art to dance a jig.
Your talents are employ'd for use,
Mine to give pleasure, and amuse.
And though, dear Coz, no folks of taste
Their idle hours with you will waste,
Yet many a grist comes to your mill,
Which helps your master's bags to fill.
While I, with all my notes and trilling,
For Damon never got a shilling.
Then, gentle Coz, forbear your clamours,
Enjoy your hoppers, and your hammers:
We gain our ends by diff'rent ways,
And you get bread, and I get—praise.

FEMALE EMPIRE:

A TRUE HISTORY.

Like Bruin's was Avaro's breast,
No softness harbour'd there:
While Sylvio some concern express'd,
When beauty shed a tear.

In Hymen's bands they both were tied,
As Cupid's archives show ye;
Proud Celia was Avaro's bride,
And Sylvio's gentle Chloe.

Like other nymphs, at church they swore,
To honour and obey,
Which, with each learned nymph before,
They soon explain'd away.

If Chloe now would have her will,
Her streaming eyes prevail'd,
Or if her swain prov'd cruel still,
Hysterics never fail'd.

But Celia scorn'd the plaintive moan,
And heart-dissolving show'r;
With flashing eye, and angry tone,
She best maintain'd her pow'r.

Yet once the mandates of his Turk
Avaro durst refuse;
For why? important was his work,
"To register old shoes!"

And does, said she, the wretch dispute
My claim such clowns to rule?
If Celia cannot charm a brute,
She can chastise a fool.

Then strait she to his closet flew,
His private thoughts she tore,
And from its place the poker drew,
That fell'd him on the floor.

Henceforth, said she, my calls regard,
Own mine the stronger plea,
Nor let thy vulgar cares retard
The female rites of tea.

Victorious sex! alike your art,
And puissance we dread;
For if you cannot break our heart,
'Tis plain you'll break our head.

Place me, ye gods, beneath the throne,
Which gentle smiles environ,
And I'll submission gladly own,
Without a rod of iron.

THE MISTAKE.

On Captain Bluff. 1750.

a gosling, almost frighten'd out of her wits,
mother, or else I shall go into fits:
e had such a fright, I shall never recover,
that *hawke*, that you've told us of over and over.
:e, there, where he sits, with his terrible face,
And his coat how it glitters all over with lace,
With his sharp hooked nose, and his sword at his heel,
How my heart it goes pit-a-pat, pray, mother, feel.
Says the goose, very gravely, pray don't talk so wild,
Those looks are as harmless as mine are, my child.
And as for his sword there, so bright, and so nice,
I'll be sworn 'twill hurt nothing besides frogs and mice.
Nay, prithee don't hang so about me, let loose,
I tell thee he dares not say—bo to a goose.
In short, there is not a more innocent fowl,
Why, instead of a *hawke*, look ye, child, 'tis an *owl*.

TO WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

On receiving a gilt Pocket-book. 1751.

THESE spotless leaves, this neat array,
Might well invite your charming quill,
In fair assemblage to display
The power of learning, wit, and skill.

But since you carelessly refuse,
And to my pen the task assign;
O! let your genius guide my muse,
And every vulgar thought refine.

Teach me your best, your best lov'd art,
With frugal care to store my mind;
In this to play the miser's part,
And give mean lucre to the wind:

To shun the coxcomb's empty noise,
To scorn the villain's artful mask;
Nor trust gay pleasure's fleeting joys,
Nor urge ambition's endless task.

Teach me to stem youth's boisterous tide,
To regulate its giddy rage;
By reason's aid my bark to guide,
Into the friendly port of age:

To share what classic culture yields,
Through rhet'ric's painted mead to roam;
With you to reap historic fields,
And bring the golden harvest home.

To taste the genuine sweets of wit;
To quaff in humour's sprightly bowl;
The philosophic mean to hit,
And prize the dignity of soul.

Teach me to read fair nature's book,
Wide opening in each flow'ry plain;
And with judicious eye to look
On all the glories of her reign;

To hail her seated on her throne,
By awful woods encompass'd round,
Or her divine extraction own,
Though with a wreath of rushes crown'd.

Through arched walks, o'er spreading lawns,
Near solemn rocks, with her to rove;
Or court her, 'mid her gentle fawns,
In mossy cell, or maple grove.

Whether the prospect strain the sight,
Or in the nearer landscapes charm,
Where hills, vales, fountains, woods unite,
To grace your sweet Arcadian farm:

There let me sit, and gaze with you,
On nature's works by art refin'd:
And own, while we their contest view,
Both fair, but fairest, thus combin'd!

AN ELEGY ON MAN.

Written January 1752.

Behold earth's lord, imperial man,
In ripen'd vigour gay;
His outward form attentive scan,
And all within survey.

Behold his plans of future life,
His care, his hope, his love,
Relations dear of child, and wife,
The dome, the lawn, the grove.

Now see within his active mind,
More gen'rous passions share,
Friend, neighbour, country, all his kind,
By turns engage his care.

Behold him range with curious eye,
O'er earth from pole to pole,
And through th' illimitable sky
Explore with daring soul.

Yet pass some twenty fleeting years,
And all his glory flies,
His languid eye is bath'd in tears,
He sickens, groans, and dies.

And is this all his destin'd lot,
This all his boasted sway?
For ever now to be forgot,
Amid the mould'ring clay!

Ah gloomy thought! ah worse than death!
Life sickens at the sound;
Better it were not draw our breath,
Than run this empty round.

Hence, cheating fancy, then, away,
O let us better try,
By reason's more enlighten'd ray,
What 'tis indeed to die.

Observe yon mass of putrid earth,
It holds an embryo-brood,
Ev'n now the reptiles crawl to birth,
And seek their leafy food.

Yet stay till some few suns are past,
Each forms a silken tomb,
And seems, like men, imprison'd fast,
To meet his final doom.

Yet from this silent mansion too
Anon to see him rise,
No more a crawling worm to view,
But tenant of the skies.

And what forbids that man should share,
Some more auspicious day,
To range at large in open air,
As light and free as they?

There was a time when life first warm'd
Our flesh in shades of night,
Then was th' imperfect substance form'd,
And sent to view this light.

There was a time when ev'ry sense
In straiter limits dwelt,
Yet each its task could then dispense,
We saw, we heard, we felt.

And times there are, when through the veins
The blood forgets to flow,
Yet then a living pow'r remains,
Though not in active show.

Times too there be, when friendly sleep's
Soft charms the senses bind,
Yet fancy then her vigils keeps,
And ranges unconfin'd.

And reason holds her sep'rate sway,
Though all the senses wake,
And forms in mem'ry's storehouse play,
Of no material make.

What are these then, this eye, this ear,
But nicer organs found,
A glass to read, a trump to hear,
The modes of shape, or sound?

And blows may maim, or time impair
These instruments of clay,
And death may ravish what they spare,
Completing their decay.

But are these then that living pow'r
That thinks, compares, and rules?
Then say a scaffold is a tow'r,
A workman is his tools.

For aught appears that death can do,
That still survives his stroke,
Its workings plac'd beyond our view,
Its present commerce broke.

But what connections it may find,
Boots much to hope and fear,
And if instruction courts the mind,
'Tis madness not to hear.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY IMITATED.

To print, or not to print—that is the question.
Whether 'tis better in a trunk to bury
The quirks and crotchets of outrageous fancy,
Or send a well-wrote copy to the press,
And by disclosing, end them? To print, to doubt
No more; and by one act to say we end
The head-ach, and a thousand natural shocks
Of scribbling frenzy—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To print—to beam
From the same shelf with Pope, in calf well bound!
To sleep, perchance, with Quarles—Ay there's the rub—
For to what class a writer may be doom'd,
When he hath shuffled off some paltry stuff,
Must give us pause.—There's the respect that makes
Th' unwilling poet keep his piece nine years.
For who would bear th' impatient thirst of fame,
The pride of conscious merit, and 'bove all,
The tedious importunity of friends,
When as himself might his quietus make
With a bare inkhorn? Who would fardles bear?
To groan and sweat under a load of wit?
But that the tread of steep Parnassus' hill,
That undiscover'd country, with whose bays
Few travellers return, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear to live unknown,
Than run the hazard to be known, and damn'd.
Thus critics do make cowards of us all.
And thus the healthful face of many a poem
Is sickly'd o'er with a pale manuscript;
And enterprisers of great fire, and spirit,
With this regard from Dodsley turn away,
And lose the name of authors.

THE BLACKBIRDS.

AN ELEGY.

THE sun had chas'd the mountain snow,
His beams had pierc'd the stubborn soil,
The melting streams began to flow,
And plowmen urg'd their annual toil.

'Twas then, amidst the vocal throng,
Whom nature wak'd to mirth, and love,
A blackbird rais'd his am'rous song,
And thus it echo'd through the grove:

O fairest of the feather'd train!
For whom I sing, for whom I burn,
Attend with pity to my strain,
And grant my love a kind return.

For see, the wint'ry storms are flown,
And zephyrs gently fan the air;
Let us the genial influence own,
Let us the vernal pastime share.

The raven plumes his jetty wing,
To please his croaking paramour,
The larks responsive carols sing,
And tell their passion as they soar:

But does the raven's sable wing
Excel the glossy jet of mine?
Or can the lark more sweetly sing,
Than we, who strength with softness join?

O let me then thy steps attend!
I'll point new treasures to thy sight:
Whether the grove thy wish befriend,
Or hedge-rows green, or meadows bright.

I'll guide thee to the clearest rill,
Whose streams among the pebbles stray;
There will we sip, and sip our fill,
Or on the flow'ry margin play.

I'll lead thee to the thickest brake,
Impervious to the school-boy's eye;
For thee the plaster'd nest I'll make,
And to thy downy bosom fly.

When, prompted by a mother's care,
Thy warmth shall form th' imprison'd young,
The pleasing task I'll gladly share,
Or cheer thy labours with a song.

To bring thee food I'll range the fields,
And cull the best of ev'ry kind,
Whatever nature's bounty yields,
And love's assiduous care can find.

And when my lovely mate would stray,
To taste the summer sweets at large,
I'll wait at home the live-long day,
And fondly tend our little charge.

Then prove with me the sweets of love,
With me divide the cares of life,
No bush shall boast in all the grove,
A mate so fond, so blest a wife.

He ceas'd his song—the plumy dame
Heard with delight the love-sick strain,
Nor long conceal'd a mutual flame,
Nor long repress'd his am'rous pain.

He led her to the nuptial bow'r,
And perch'd with triumph by her side;
What gilded roof could boast that hour,
A fonder mate, or happier bride?

Next morn he wak'd her with a song;
Behold, he said, the new-born day,
The lark his mattin-peal has rung,
Arise, my love, and come away.

Together through the fields they stray'd,
And to the murm'ring riv'let's side,
Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd, and play'd
With artless joy, and decent pride.

When O ! with grief my muse relates
What dire misfortune clos'd the tale,
Sent by an order from the fates,
A gunner met them in the vale.

Alarm'd, the lover cried, my dear,
Haste, haste away, from danger fly;
Here, gunner, point thy thunder here,
O spare my love, and let me die.

At him the gunner took his aim,
Too sure the volley'd thunder flew!
O had he chose some other game,
Or shot—as he was wont to do!

Divided pair ! forgive the wrong,
While I with tears your fate rehearse,
I'll join the widow's plaintive song,
And save the lover in my verse.

THE GOLDFINCHES.

AN ELEGY.

To William Shenstone, esq.

" Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
" Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros."

To you, whose groves protect the feather'd choirs,
Who lend their artless notes a willing ear,
To you, whom pity moves, and taste inspires,
The Doric strain belongs, O Shenstone, hear.

'Twas gentle spring, when all the plumy race,
By nature taught, in nuptial leagues combine!
A goldfinch joy'd to meet the warm embrace,
And with her mate in love's delights to join.

All in a garden, on a currant bush,
With wond'rous art they built their airy seat;
In the next orchard liv'd a friendly thrush,
Nor distant far a woodlark's soft retreat.

Here blest with ease, and in each other blest,
With early songs they wak'd the neighb'ring groves,
Till time matur'd their joys, and crown'd their nest
With infant pledges of their faithful loves.

And now what transport glow'd in either's eye!
What equal fondness deait th' allotted food!
What joy each other's likeness to descry,
And future sonnets in the chirping brood!

But ah! what earthly happiness can last?
How does the fairest purpose often fail?
A truant schoolboy's wantonness could blast
Their flatt'ring hopes, and leave them both to wail.

The most ungentle of his tribe was he,
No gen'rous precept ever touch'd his heart,
With concord false, and hideous prosody,
He scrawl'd his task, and blunder'd o'er his part.

On mischief bent, he mark'd, with rav'nous eyes,
Where wrapt in down the callow songsters lay,
Then rushing, rudely seiz'd the glitt'ring prize,
And bore it in his impious hands away!

But how shall I describe, in numbers rude,
The pangs for poor Chrysomitris decreed,
When from her secret stand aghast she view'd
The cruel spoiler perpetrate the deed?

O grief of grief! with shrieking voice she cried,
What sight is this that I have liv'd to see!
O! that I had in youth's fair season died,
From love's false joys, and bitter sorrows free.

Was it for this, alas! with weary bill,
Was it for this I pois'd th' unweildly straw?
For this I bore the moss from yonder hill,
Nor shunn'd the pond'rous stick along to draw?

Was it for this I pick'd the wool with care,
Intent with nicer skill our work to crown;
For this, with pain, I bent the stubborn hair,
And lin'd our cradle with the thistle's down?

Was it for this my freedom I resign'd,
And ceas'd to rove at large from plain to plain;
For this I sat at home whole days confin'd,
To bear the scorching heat, and pealing rain?

Was it for this my watchful eyes grow dim?
For this the roses on my cheek turn pale?
Pale is my golden plumage, once so trim!
And all my wonted mirth and spirits fail!

O plund'rer vile! O more than adders fell!
More murd'rous than the cat, with prudish face!
Fiercer than kites in whom the furies dwell,
And thievish as the cuckow's pilf'ring race!

May juicy plumbs for thee forbear to grow,
For thee no flow'r unveil its charming dies;
May birch trees thrive to work thee sharper woe,
And list'ning starlings mock thy frantic cries.

Thus sang the mournful bird her piteous tale,
The piteous tale her mournful mate return'd,
Then side by side they sought the distant vale,
And there in secret sadness inly mourn'd.

THE SWALLOWS.

AN ELEGY.

PART I.

Ere yellow autumn from our plains retir'd,
And gave to wint'ry storms the varied year,
The swallow-race with prescient gift inspir'd,
To southern climes prepar'd their course to steer.

On Damon's roof a large assembly sate,
His roof a refuge to the feather'd kind!
With serious look he mark'd the grave debate,
And to his Delia thus address'd his mind:

Observe yon twitt'ring flock, my gentle maid!
Observe, and read the wond'rous ways of Heav'n!
With us through summer's genial reign they stay'd,
And food, and sunshine to their wants were giv'n.

But now, by secret instinct taught, they know
The near approach of elemental strife,
Of blust'ring tempests, and of chilling snow,
With ev'ry pang, and scourge of tender life.

Thus warn'd they meditate a speedy flight,
For this ev'n now they prune their vig'rous wing,
For this each other to the toil excite,
And prove their strength in many a sportive ring.

No sorrow loads their breasts, or dims their eye,
To quit their wonted haunts, or native home,
Nor fear they launching on the boundless sky,
In search of future settlements to roam.

They feel a pow'r, an impulse all divine,
That warns them hence, they feel it, and obey,
To this direction all their cares resign,
Unknown their destin'd stage, unmark'd their way.

Peace to your flight! ye mild domestic race!
O! for your wings to travel with the sun!
Health brace your nerves, and zephyrs aid your pace,
Till your long voyage happily be done.

See, Delia, on my roof your guests to-day,
To-morrow on my roof your guests no more,
Ere yet 'tis night with haste they wing away,
To-morrow lands them on some happier shore.

How just the moral in this scene convey'd!
And what without a moral, would we read?
Then mark what Damon tells his gentle maid,
And with his lesson register the deed.

So youthful joys fly like the summer's gale,
  So threats the winter of inclement age,
Life's busy plot a short, fantastic tale!
  And nature's changeful scenes the shifting stage!

And does no friendly pow'r to man dispense
  The joyful tidings of some happier clime?
Find we no guide in gracious Providence
  Beyond the gloomy grave, and short-liv'd time?

Yes, yes, the sacred oracles we hear,
  That point the path to realms of endless joy,
That bid our trembling heart no danger fear,
  Though clouds surround, and angry skies annoy.

Then let us wisely for our flight prepare,
  Nor count this stormy world our fix'd abode,
Obey the call, and trust our Leader's care,
  To smooth the rough, and light the darksome road.

Moses, by grant divine, led Israel's host
  Through dreary paths to Jordan's fruitful side;
But we a loftier theme than theirs can boast,
  A better promise, and a nobler guide.

PART II.

At length bleak winter's howling blasts are o'er,
  Array'd in smiles the lovely spring returns,
Now fuell'd hearths attractive blaze no more,
  And ev'ry breast with inward fervour burns.

Again the daisies peep, the violets blow,
  Again the vocal tenants of the grove
Forget the patt'ring hail, or driving snow,
  Renew the lay to melody, and love.

And see, my Delia, see o'er yonder stream,
  Where, on the bank, the lambs in gambols play,
Alike attracted by the sunny gleam,
  Again the swallows take their wonted way.

Welcome, ye gentle tribe, your sports pursue,
Welcome again to Delia, and to me,
Your peaceful councils on my roof renew,
And plan new settlements from danger free.

Again I'll listen to your grave debates,
Again I'll hear your twitt'ring songs unfold
What policy directs your wand'ring states,
What bounds are settled and what tribes enroll'd.

Again I'll hear you tell of distant lands,
What insect nations rise from Egypt's mud,
What painted swarms subsist on Lybia's sands,
What Ganges yields, and what th' Euphratean flood.

Thrice happy race! whom nature's call invites
To travel o'er her realms with active wing,
To taste her various stores, her best delights,
The summer's radiance, and the sweets of spring.

While we are doom'd to bear the restless change
Of varying seasons, vapours dank, and dry,
Forbid like you in milder climes to range,
When wint'ry storms usurp the low'ring sky:

Yet know the period to your joys assign'd,
Know ruin hovers o'er this earthly ball,
As lofty towers stoop prostrate to the wind,
Its secret props of adamant shall fall.

But when yon radiant sun shall shine no more,
The spirit, freed from sin's tyrannic sway,
On lighter pinions borne than yours shall soar
To fairer realms beneath a brighter ray.

To plains ethereal, and celestial bow'rs,
Where wint'ry storms no rude access obtain,
Where blasts no lightning, and no tempest low'rs,
But ever-smiling spring and pleasure reign.

SCOTT.

John Scott, the poet of Amwell, was born in Southwark, in 1730, and was descended from a respectable family, of the quaker persuasion, of which society he continued a member.

When our poet was only ten years of age, his father removing to Amwell, near Ware, in Hertfordshire, he was put to school under an admirable penman, as it is said, but a person who had little classical knowledge. In fact, his education had been either neglected, or was conducted in a very desultory manner.* When he was about 17 years of age, falling into company with a man of the name of Frogley, a bricklayer, but a man of reading and moral worth, his innate taste began to display itself, and a strong friendship took place between the future poet and his kind Mentor, to whose advice and instructions he owed so much, and whose sister he afterwards married.

After the removal of the family to Amwell, Scott lived a very retired life, being apprehensive of catching the small-pox; and for twenty years, it seems he was only once in London, though so near it. In 1760, his four "Elegies, Descriptive and Moral," made their appearance, and were hailed with the most flattering marks of approbation by the best judges of poetic merit, particularly by the author of the Night Thoughts.

Soon after this, he became acquainted with Mr. Hoole, who in the sequel introduced him to Johnson, who always spoke of Scott with feeling regard.

Having lost his father, mother, wife, and child, all within three or four years, the tender heart of Scott was put to a severe trial, and he attempted to sooth his sorrow by verse.

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* Whatever disadvantages might result from these circumstances, he must have repaired by his own application, as no mark of it is visible in his writings.

In 1770, he however again entered into the married state, and being now wholly his own master, he settled at Amwell, which he improved with much taste and expence, and finally consecrated to fame in a beautiful poem under the same name.

Here he was twice visited by Dr. Beattie, and received many flattering marks of attention from other persons of distinguished worth and abilities. Having at length submitted to inoculation, he was no longer precluded from an occasional residence in Town, and he sometimes spent a great part of the winter there, dividing his time between the studies of elegant literature, and the society of a few friends.

It would be uninteresting to enumerate all the works of this amiable and ingenious man. Our selections from them attest the versatility of his powers, and his facility in the art of poetry. He was prematurely carried off by a putrid fever in 1783, in the 54th year of his age, leaving behind him an only daughter, about six years of age.

In such an age as this, "when dissipation reigns, and prudence sleeps," too much cannot be said in favour of a man who was not less distinguished by the blameless simplicity of his manners, than the warmth of his friendship, and the activity of his benevolence. But his amiable worth and poetical genius, may be better known from his works, that truly reflect the author's mind, than any formal comments. Though a disciple of Barclay, he is also a legitimate son of Apollo, and holds a most respectable rank among the poets of our nation. His compositions are characterized by elegance and harmony, more than invention or sublimity; neither of which are wanting. They breathe a spirit of tenderness and philanthropy, and display an amiable and virtuous mind. All his pieces shew a propriety of plan, and regularity of connexion; their component parts are homogeneous and concordant, and close in an easy and agreeable manner. They are distinguished by correctness and neatness of expression, and purity of style. But his poems have a merit of no common kind; they have no poetical common-places; the sentiments and diction are unborrowed; and morality is so happily interwoven with them, as to seem almost necessarily connected with the subject.

MORAL ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

THERON; OR, THE PRAISE OF RURAL LIFE.

Scene, a Heath:—Season, Spring; Time, Morning.

FAIR Spring o'er nature held her gentlest sway,
Fair morn diffus'd around her brightest ray;
Thin mists hung hovering on the distant trees,
Or roll'd from off the fields before the breeze.
The shepherd Theron watch'd his fleecy train,
Beneath a broad oak, on the grassy plain.
A heath's green wild lay pleasant to his view,
With shrubs and field-flowers deck'd of varied hue:
There hawthorns tall their silver bloom disclos'd,
Here flexile broom's bright yellow interpos'd;
There purple orchis, here pale daisies spread,
And sweet May lilies richest odours shed.
From many a copse and blossom'd orchard near,
The voice of birds melodious charm'd the ear;
There shrill the lark, and soft the linnet sung,
And loud through air the throstle's music rung,
The gentle swain the cheerful scene admir'd;
The cheerful scene the song of joy inspir'd.
'Chant on,' he cried, 'ye warblers on the spray!
'Bleat on, ye flocks, that in the pastures play!
'Low on, ye herds, that range the dewy vales!
'Murmur, ye rills! and whisper soft, ye gales!
'How blest my lot, in these sweet fields assign'd,
'Where peace and leisure sooth the tuneful mind;
'Where yet some pleasing vestiges remain
'Of unperverted nature's golden reign,
'When love and virtue rang'd Arcadian shades,
'With undesigning youths and artless maids!
'For us, though destin'd to a later time,
'A less luxuriant soil, less genial clime,
'For us the country boasts enough to charm,
'In the wild woodland or the cultur'd farm.

' Come, Cynthio, come! in town no longer stay ;
' From crowds, and noise, and folly, haste away !
' The fields, the meads, the trees, are all in bloom,
' The vernal showers awake a rich perfume,
' Where Damon's mansion, by the glassy stream,
' Rears its white walls that through green willows gleam,
' Annual the neighbours hold their shearing-day ;
' And blithe youths come, and nymphs in neat array :
' Those shear their sheep, upon the smooth turf laid,
' In the broad plane's or trembling poplar's shade ;
' These for their friends th' expected feast provide,
' Beneath cool bowers along th' enclosure's side.
' To view the toil, the glad repast to share,
' Thy Delia, my Melania, shall be there ;
' Each, kind and faithful to her faithful swain,
' Loves the calm pleasures of the pastoral plain.
' Come, Cynthio, come! if towns and crowds invite,
' And noise and folly promise high delight ;
' Soon the tir'd soul disgusted turns from these—
' The rural prospect, only, long can please !'

ECLOGUE II.

PALEMON ; OR, BENEVOLENCE.

Scene, a Wood-side on the Brow of a Hill :—Season, Summer ; Time, Forenoon.

Bright fleecy clouds flew scattering o'er the sky,
And shorten'd shadows show'd that noon was nigh ;
When two young shepherds, in the upland shade,
Their listless limbs upon the greensward laid.
Surrounding groves the wandering sight confin'd—
All, save where, westward, one wide landscape shin'd.
Down in the dale were neat enclosures seen,
The winding hedge-row and the thicket green ;
Rich marsh land next a glossy level show'd,
And through gray willows silver rivers flow'd :
Beyond, high hills with towers and villas crown'd,
And waving forests, form'd the prospect's bound.
Sweet was the covert where the swains reclin'd !
There spread the wild rose, there the woodbine twin'd ;

There stood the green fern; there, o'er the grassy ground,
Sweet camomile and alehoof crept around;
And centaury red, and yellow cinquefoil grew,
And scarlet campion, and cyanus blue;
And tufted thyme, and marjoram's purple bloom,
And ruddy strawberries yielding rich perfume.
Gay flies, their wings on each fair flower display'd,
And labouring bees, a lulling murmur made.
Along the brow a path delightful lay;
Slow by the youths, Palemon chanc'd to stray,
A bard, who often to the rural throng,
At vacant hours rehears'd the moral song!
The song the shepherds crav'd; the sage reply'd;
'As late my steps forsook the fountain side,
'Adown the green lane by the beechen grove,
'Their flocks young Pironel and Larvon drove;
'With us perchance they'll rest a while'—The swains
Approach'd the shade; their sheep spread o'er the plains:
Silent they view'd the venerable man,
Whose voice melodious thus the lay began:
What Alcon sung where Evesham's vales extend,
I sing; ye swains, your pleas'd attention lend!
'There long with him the rural life I led,
'His fields I cultur'd, and his flocks I fed.
'Where, by the hamlet road upon the green,
'Stood pleasant cots with trees dispers'd between,
'Beside his door, as waving o'er his head,
'A lofty elm its rustling foliage spread,
'Frequent he sat: while all the village train
'Press'd round his seat, and listen'd to his strain.
'And once of fair Benevolence he sung,
'And thus the tuneful numbers left his tongue:
"Ye youth of Avon's banks, of Bredon's groves,
"Sweet scenes, where plenty reigns and pleasure roves!
"Woo to your bowers benevolence the fair,
"Kind as your soil, and gentle as your air.
"She comes! her tranquil step, and placid eye,
"Fierce rage, fell hate, and ruthless avarice fly.
"She comes! her heavenly smiles, with powerful charm,
"Smooth care's rough brow, and rest toil's weary arm.
"She comes! ye shepherds, importune her stay!
"While your fair farms exuberant wealth display,

" While herds and flocks their annual increase yield,
" And yellow harvests load the fruitful field;
" Beneath grim want's inexorable reign,
" Pale sickness, oft, and feeble age complain!
" Why this unlike allotment, save to show,
" That who possess, possess but to bestow?"
Palemon ceas'd.—' Sweet is the sound of gales
' Amid green osiers in the winding vales;
' Sweet is the lark's loud note on sunny hills,
' What time fair morn the sky with fragrance fills;
' Sweet is the nightingale's love-soothing strain,
' Heard by still waters on the moonlight plain?
' But not the gales that through green osiers play,
' Nor lark's nor nightingale's melodious lay,
' Please like smooth numbers by the muse inspir'd!'—
Larvon replied, and homeward all retir'd.

ECLOGUE III.

ARMYN; OR, THE DISCONTENTED.

Scene, a Valley:—Season, Summer; Time, Afternoon.

Summer o'er heav'n diffus'd serenest blue,
And painted earth with many a pleasing hue;
When Armyn mus'd the vacant hour away,
Where willows o'er him wav'd their pendant spray.
Cool was the shade, and cool the passing gale,
And sweet the prospect of the adjacent vale:
The fertile soil, profuse of plants, bestow'd
The crowfoot's gold, the trefoil's purple show'd,
The spiky mint rich fragrance breathing round,
And meadsweet tall with tufts of flowrets crown'd,
And comfry white, and hoary silver weed,
The bending osier, and the rustling reed.
There, where clear streams about green islands spread,
Fair flocks and herds, the wealth of Armyn fed;
There, on the hill's soft slope, delightful view!
Fair fields of corn, the wealth of Armyn grew;
His sturdy hinds, a slow laborious band,
Swept their bright scythes along the level land:

Blithe youths and maidens nimbly near them past,
And the thick swarth in careless wind-rows cast.
Full on the landscape shone the westering sun,
When thus the swain's soliloquy begun :
' Haste down, O sun, and close the tedious day !
' Time to the unhappy slowly moves away.
' Not so to me, in Roden's sylvan bowers,
' Pass'd youth's short blissful reign of careless hours ;
' When to my view the fancy'd future lay,
' A region ever tranquil, ever gay.
' O then, what ardours did my breast inflame !
' What thoughts were mine, of friendship, love, and fame !
' How tasteless life, now all its joys are try'd,
' And warm pursuits in dull repose subside !'
He paus'd : his closing words Albino heard,
As down the stream his little boat he steer'd ;
His hand releas'd the sail, and dropt the oar,
And moor'd the light skiff on the sedgy shore.
' Cease, gentle swain,' he said ; ' no more, in vain,
' Thus make past pleasure cause of present pain !
' Cease, gentle swain,' he said, ' from thee alone
' Are youth's blest hours and fancy'd prospects flown ?
' Ah no !—remembrance to my view restores
' Dear native fields, which now my soul deplores ;
' Rich hills and vales, and pleasant village scenes
' Of oaks, whose wide arms stretch'd o'er daisied greens,
' And windmill's sails slow-circling in the breeze ;
' And cottage walls envelop'd half with trees—
' Sweet scenes, where beauty met the ravish'd sight,
' And music often gave the ear delight ;
' Where Delia's smile, and Mira's tuneful song,
' And Damon's converse, charm'd the youthful throng !
' How chang'd, alas, how chang'd !—O'er all our plains,
' Proud Norval now in lonely grandeur reigns ;
' His wide-spread park a waste of verdure lies,
' And his vast villa's glittering roofs arise.
' For me, hard fate !—But say, shall I complain ?
' These limbs yet active, life's support obtain.
' Let us, or good or evil as we share,
' That thankful prize, and this with patience bear.

The soft reproach touch'd Armyn's gentle breast;
His alter'd brow a placid smile exprest.
'Calm as clear ev'nings after vernal rains,
'When all the air a rich perfume retains,
'My mind,' said he, 'its murmurs driv'n away,
'Feels truth's full force, and bows to reason's sway!'
He ceas'd: the sun, with horizontal beams,
Gilt the green mountains, and the glittering streams.
Slow down the tide before the sinking breeze
Albino's white sail gleam'd among the trees;
Slow down the tide his winding course he bore,
To wat'ry Talgar's aspine shaded shore.
Slow cross the valley, to the southern hill,
The steps of Armyn sought the distant vill,
Where through tall elms the moss-grown turret rose;
And his fair mansion offer'd sweet repose.

ECLOGUE IV.

LYCORON; OR, THE UNHAPPY.

Scene, a Valley:—Season, Autumn; Time, Evening.

The matron, Autumn, held her sober reign
O'er fading foliage on the russet plain;
Mild evening came; the moon began to rise,
And spread pale lustre o'er unclouded skies.
'Twas silence all—save where along the road
The slow wane grating bore its cumb'rous load:
Save where broad rivers roll'd their waves away,
And screaming herons sought their wat'ry prey—
When hapless Damon, in Algorno's vale,
Pour'd his soft sorrows on the passing gale.
'That grace of shape, that elegance of air,
'That blooming face so exquisitely fair;
'That eye of brightness, bright as morning's ray,
'That smile of softness, soft as closing day,
'Which bound my soul to thee; all, all are fled—
'All lost in dreary mansions of the dead!
'Ev'n him, whom distance from his love divides,
'Toil'd on scorch'd sands, or tost on rolling tides,

'Kind hope still cheers, still paints, to sooth his pain,
'The happy moment when they meet again.
'Far worse my lot! of hope bereft, I mourn!—
'The parted spirit never can return!'
Thus Damon spoke, as in the cypress gloom
He hung lamenting o'er his Delia's tomb.
In the still valley where they wander'd near,
Two gentle shepherds chanc'd his voice to hear;
Lycoron's head time's hand had silver'd o'er,
And Milo's cheek youth's rosy blushes bore.
'How mournful,' said Lycoron, 'flows that strain!
'It brings past miseries to my mind again.
'When the blithe village, on the vernal green,
'Sees its fair daughters in the dance convene;
'And youth's light step in search of pleasure strays,
'And his fond eyes on beauty fix their gaze;
'Should'st thou, then, lingering midst the lovely train,
'Wish some young charmer's easy heart to gain,
'Mark well, that reason love's pursuit approve,
'Ere thy soft arts her tender passions move:
'Else, though thy thoughts in summer regions range,
'Calm sunny climes that seem to fear no change;
'Rude winter's rage will soon the scene deform,
'Dark with thick cloud, and rough with battering storm!
'When parents interdict, and friends dissuade,
'The prudent censure, and the proud upbraid;
'Think! all their efforts then shalt thou disdain,
'Thy faith, thy constancy, unmov'd, maintain?
'To Isca's fields me once ill-fortune led;
'In Isca's fields her flocks Zelinda fed:
'There oft, when ev'ning, on the silent plain,
'Commenc'd with sweet serenity her reign,
'Along green groves, or down the winding dales,
'The fair one listen'd to my tender tales;
'Then when her mind, or doubt, or fear distrest,
'And doubt, or fear, her anxious eyes opprest,
"O no!" said I, "let oxen quit the mead,
"With climbing goats on craggy cliffs to feed;
"Before the hare the hound affrighted fly,
"And larks pursue the falcon through the sky;
"Streams cease to flow, and winds to stir the lake,
"If I, unfaithful, ever thee forsake!—"

'What my tongue utter'd then, my heart believ'd:
'O wretched heart, self-flatter'd and deceiv'd!
'Fell slander's arts the virgin's fame accus'd;
'And whom my love had chose, my pride refus'd.
'For me, that cheek did tears of grief distain?
'To me, that voice in anguish plead in vain?
'What fiend relentless then my soul possest?
'Oblivion hide! for ever hide the rest!
'Too well her innocence and truth were prov'd:
'Too late my pity and my justice mov'd!"
He ceas'd, with groans that more than words exprest;
And smote in agony his aged breast.
His friend reply'd not; but, with soothing strains
Of solemn music, sought to ease his pains:
Soft flow'd the notes, as gales that waft perfume
From cowslip meads, or linden boughs in bloom.
Peace o'er their minds a calm composure cast;
And slowly down the shadowy vale in pensive mood they past.

ELEGY.

Written at Amwell, in Hertfordshire, 1768.

O FRIEND! though silent thus thy tongue remains,
I read inquiry in thy anxious eye,
Why my pale cheek the frequent tear distains,
Why from my bosom bursts the frequent sigh.

Long from these scenes detain'd in distant fields,
My mournful tale perchance escap'd thy ear:
Fresh grief to me the repetition yields;
Thy kind attention gives thee right to hear!

Foe to the world's pursuit of wealth and fame,
Thy Theron early from the world retir'd,
Left to the busy throng each boasted aim,
Nor aught, save peace in solitude, desir'd.

A few choice volumes they could oft engage,
A few choice friends there oft amus'd the day;
There his lov'd parent's slow-declining age,
Life's calm unvary'd ev'ning, wore away.

Foe to the futile manners of the proud,
He chose an humble virgin for his own;
A form with nature's fairest gifts endow'd,
And pure as vernal blossoms newly blown.

Her hand she gave, and with it gave a heart
By love engag'd, with gratitude imprest,
Free without folly, prudent without art,
With wit accomplish'd, and with virtue blest.

Swift pass'd the hours; alas, to pass no more!
Flown like the light clouds of a summer's day!
One beauteous pledge the beauteous consort bore;
The fatal gift forbade the giver's stay.

Ere twice the sun perform'd his annual round,
In one sad spot where kindred ashes lie,
O'er wife, and child, and parents, clos'd the ground;
The final home of man ordain'd to die!

O cease at length, obtrusive mem'ry! cease,
Nor in my view the wretched hours retain,
That saw disease on her dear life increase,
And med'cine's lenient arts essay'd in vain.

O the dread scene (in misery how sublime)!
Of love's vain pray'ers to stay her fleeting breath!
Suspense that restless watch'd the flight of time,
And helpless dumb despair awaiting death!

O the dread scene!—'Tis agony to tell,
How o'er the couch of pain declin'd my head,
And took from dying lips the long farewell,
The last, last parting, ere her spirit fled.

'Restore her, Heaven, as from the grave retrieve—
'In each calm moment all things else resign'd,
'Her looks, her language, show how hard to leave
'The lov'd companion she must leave behind.

'Restore her, Heaven! for once in mercy spare—'
Thus love's vain prayer in anguish interpos'd:
And soon suspense gave place to dumb despair,
And o'er the past, death's sable curtain clos'd—

In silence clos'd—My thoughts rov'd frantic round,
No hope, no wish beneath the sun remain'd;
Earth, air, and skies one dismal waste I found,
One pale, dead, dreary blank, with horror stain'd.

O lovely flow'r, too fair for this rude clime!
O lovely morn, too prodigal of light!
O transient beauties, blasted in their prime!
O transient glories, sunk in sudden night!

Sweet excellence, by all who knew thee mourn'd!
Where is that form, that mind, my soul admir'd;
That form, with every pleasing charm adorn'd;
That mind, with every gentle thought inspir'd?

The face with rapture view'd, I view no more;
The voice with rapture heard, no more I hear:
Yet the lov'd features mem'ry's eyes explore;
Yet the lov'd accents fall on mem'ry's ear.

Ah sad, sad change (sad source of daily pain)!
That sense of loss ineffable renews;
While my rack'd bosom heaves the sigh in vain,
While my pale cheek the tear in vain bedews.

Still o'er the grave that holds the dear remains,
The mould'ring veil her spirit left below,
Fond fancy dwells, and pours funereal strains,
The soul-dissolving melody of woe.

Nor mine alone to bear this painful doom,
Nor she alone the tear of song obtains;
The muse of Blagdon, o'er Constantia's tomb,
In all the eloquence of grief complains.

My friend's fair hope, like mine, so lately gain'd;
His heart, like mine, in its true partner blest;
Both from one cause the same distress sustain'd,
The same sad hours beheld us both distrest.

O human life! how mutable, how vain!
How thy wide sorrows circumscribe thy joy—
A sunny island in a stormy main,
A spot of azure in a cloudy sky!

All-gracious Heaven! since man, infatuate man,
Rests in thy works too negligent of thee,
Lays for himself on earth his little plan,
Dreads not, or distant views mortality;

'Tis but to wake to nobler thought the soul,
To rouse us ling'ring on earth's flowery plain,
To virtue's path our wand'rings to controul,
Affliction frowning comes, thy minister of pain!

AMWELL:

A DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

THERE dwells a fond desire in human minds,
When pleas'd, their pleasure to extend to those
Of kindred taste; and thence th' enchanting arts
Of picture and of song, the semblance fair
Of nature's forms produce. This fond desire
Prompts me to sing the lonely sylvan scenes
Of Amwell; which, so oft in early youth,
While novelty enhanc'd their native charms,
Gave rapture to my soul; and often, still,
On life's calm moments shed serener joy.
Descriptive muse! whose hand along the stream
Of ancient Thames, through Richmond's shady groves,
And Sheen's fair valleys, once thy Thomson led,
And once o'er green Carmarthen's woody vales,
And sunny landscapes of Campania's plain,
Thy other favour'd bard; thou, who so late,
In bowers by Clent's wild peaks, to Shenstone's ear
Didst bring sweet strains of rural melody,
(Alas no longer heard!)—vouchsafe thine aid:
From all our rich varieties of view,
What best may please, assist me to select,

With art dispose, with energy describe,
And its full image on the mind impress.
And ye, who e'er in these delightful fields
Consum'd with me the social hour, while I
Your walk conducted o'er their loveliest spots,
And on their fairest objects fix'd your sight;
Accept this verse, which may to memory call
That social hour, and sweetly varied walk!
And thou, by strong connubial union mine:
Mine, by the stronger union of the heart;
In whom the loss of parents and of friends,
And her, the first fair partner of my joys,
All recompens'd I find, whose presence cheers
The soft domestic scene: Maria, come!
The country calls us forth; blithe summer's hand
Sheds sweetest flowers, and morning's brightest smile
Illumines earth and air; Maria, come!
By winding pathways through the waving corn,
We reach the airy point that prospect yields,
Not vast and awful, but confin'd and fair;
Not the black mountain and the foamy main:
Not the throng'd city and the busy port;
But pleasant interchange of soft ascent,
And level plain, and growth of shady woods,
And twining course of rivers clear, and sight
Of rural towns, and rural cots, whose roofs
Rise scattering round, and animate the whole.
Far tow'rds the west, close under sheltering hills,
In verdant meads, by Lee's cerulean stream,
Hertford's gray towers ascend; the rude remains
Of high antiquity, from waste escap'd
Of envious time, and violence of war.
For war there once, so tells th' historic page,
Led desolation's steps: the hardy Dane,
By avarice lur'd, o'er ocean's stormy wave,
To ravage Albion's plains, his favourite seat,
There fix'd awhile; and there his castles rear'd
Among the trees; and there, beneath yon ridge
Of piny rocks, his conquering navy moor'd,
With idle sails furl'd on the yard, and oars
Recumbent on the flood, and streamers gay
Triumphant fluttering on the passing winds.

In fear, the shepherd on the lonely heath
Tended his scanty flock; the ploughman turn'd,
In fear, his hasty furrow: oft the din
Of hostile arms alarm'd the ear, and flames
Of plunder'd towns through night's thick gloom from far
Gleam'd dismal on the sight: till Alfred came;
Till Alfred, father of his people, came,
Lee's rapid tide into new channels turn'd,
And left a-ground the Danian fleet, and forc'd
The foe to speedy flight. Then freedom's voice
Reviv'd the drooping swain; then plenty's hand
Recloth'd the desert fields, and peace and love
Sat smiling by; as now they smiling sit,
Obvious to fancy's eye, upon the side
Of you bright sunny theatre of hills,
Where Bengeo's villas rise, and Ware Park's lawns
Spread their green surface, interspers'd with groves
Of broad umbrageous oak, and spiry pine,
Tall elm, and linden pale, and blossom'd thorn,
Breathing mild fragrance, like the spicy gales
Of Indian islands. On the ample brow,
Where that white temple rears its pillar'd front
Half hid with glossy foliage, many a chief
Renown'd for martial deeds, and many a bard
Renown'd for song have pass'd the rural hour.
The gentle Fanshaw there, from "noise of camps,
"From courts disease retir'd," delighted view'd
The gaudy garden fam'd in Wotton's page;
Or in the verdant maze, or cool arcade,
Sat musing, and from smooth Italian strains
The soft Guarini's amorous lore transfus'd
Into rude British verse. The warrior's arm
Now rests from toil; the poet's tuneful tongue
In silence lies; frail man his lov'd domains
Soon quits for ever! they themselves, by course
Of nature often, or caprice of art,
Experience change: even here, 'tis said of old
Steep rocky cliffs rose where yon gentle slopes
Mix with the vale: and fluctuating waves
Spread wide, where that rich vale with golden flowers
Shines, and where yonder winding chrystal rill,
Slides through its smooth shorn margin, to the brink

Of Chadwell's azure pool. From Chadwell's pool
To London's plains, the Cambrian artist brought
His ample aqueduct; suppos'd a work
Of matchless skill, by those who ne'er had heard
How, from Preneste's heights and Anio's b an,
By Tivoli, to Rome's imperial walls,
On marble arches came the limpid store,
And out of jasper rocks in bright cascades
With never-ceasing murmur gush'd; or how,
To Lusitanian Ulysippo's towers,
The silver current o'er Alcant'ra's vale
Roll'd high in air, as ancient poets feign'd
Eridanus to roll through heaven: to these
Not sordid lucre, but the honest wish
Of future fame, or care for public weal,
Existence gave; and unconfin'd, as dew
Falls from the hand of evening on the fields,
They flow'd for all. Our mercenary stream,
No grandeur boasting, here obscurely glides
O'er grassy lawns or under willow shades.
As, through the human form, arterial tubes
Branch'd every way, minute and more minute,
The circulating sanguine fluid extend;
So, pipes innumerable to peopled streets
Transmit the purchas'd wave. Old Lee, meanwhile,
Beneath his mossy grot o'erhung with boughs
Of poplar quivering in the breeze, surveys
With eye indignant his diminish'd tide,
That laves yon ancient priory's wall, and shows
In its clear mirror Ware's inverted roofs.

Ware once was known to fame; to her fair fields
Whilom the Gothic tournament's proud pomp
Brought Albion's valiant youth and blooming maids:
Pleas'd with ideas of the past, the muse
Bids fancy's pencil paint the scene, where they
In gilded barges on the glassy stream
Circled the reedy isles, the sportive dance
Along the smooth lawn led, or in the groves
Wander'd conversing, or reclin'd at ease
To harmony of lutes and voices sweet
Resign'd the enchanted ear; till sudden heard
The silver trumpet's animating sound

Summon'd the champions forth; on stately steeds,
In splendid armour clad, the ponderous lance
With strenuous hand sustaining, forth they came.
Where gay pavilions rose upon the plain,
Or azure awnings stretch'd from tree to tree,
Mix'd with thick foliage, form'd a mimic sky
Of grateful shade (as oft in Agra's streets
The silken canopy from side to side
Extends to break the sun's impetuous ray,
While monarchs pass beneath); there sat the fair,
A glittering train on costly carpets rang'd,
A group of beauties all in youthful prime,
Of various feature and of various grace!
The pensive languish, and the sprightly air,
Th' engaging smile, and all the nameless charms
Which transient hope, or fear, or grief, or joy,
Wak'd in th' expressive eye, th' enamour'd heart
Of each young hero rous'd to daring deeds.
Nor this aught strange, that those whom love inspir'd
Prov'd ev'ry means the lovely sex to please:
'Tis strange, indeed, how custom thus could teach
The tender breast complacence in the sight
Of barb'rous sport, where friend from hand of friend
The fatal wound full oft receiv'd, and fell
A victim to false glory; as that day
Fell gallant Pembroke, while his pompous show
Ended in silent gloom. One pitying tear
To human frailty paid; my roving sight
Pursues its pleasing course o'er neighb'ring hills,
Where frequent hedge-rows intersect rich fields
Of many a different form and different hue,
Bright with ripe corn, or green with grass, or dark
With clover's purple bloom; o'er Widbury's mount
With that fair crescent crown'd of lofty elms,
Its own peculiar boast; and o'er the woods
That round immure the deep sequester'd dale
Of Langley, down whose flow'r-embroider'd meads
Swift Ash through pebbly shores meandering rolls,
Elysian scene! as from the living world
Secluded quite; for of that world, to him
Whose wand'rings trace thy winding length, appears

No mark, save one white solitary spire
At distance rising through the tufted trees —
Elysian scene! recluse as that, so fam'd
For solitude, by Warwick's ancient walls,
Where under umbrage of the mossy cliff
Victorious Guy, so legends say, reclin'd
His hoary head beside the silver stream,
In meditation rapt—Elysian scene!
At ev'ning often, while the setting sun
On the green summit of thy eastern groves
Pour'd full his yellow radiance; while the voice
Of zephyr whispering 'midst the rustling leaves,
The sound of water murmuring through the sedge,
The turtle's plaintive call, and music soft
Of distant bells, whose ever varying notes
In slow sad measure mov'd, combin'd to sooth
The soul to sweet solemnity of thought;
Beneath thy branchy bowers of thickest gloom,
Much on the imperfect state of man I've mus'd:
How pain o'er half his hours her iron reign
Ruthless extends! how pleasure from the path
Of innocence allures his steps; how hope
Directs his eye to distant joy, that flies
His fond pursuit; how fear his shuddering heart
Alarms with fancy'd ill; how doubt and care
Perplex his thought; how soon the tender rose
Of beauty fades, the sturdy oak of strength
Declines to earth, and over all our pride
Stern time triumphant, stands. From general fate
To private woes then oft has memory pass'd,
And mourn'd the loss of many a friend belov'd;
Of thee, de Horne, kind, generous, wise, and good!
And thee, my Turner, who, in vacant youth,
Here oft in converse free, or studious search
Of classic lore, accompany'd my walk!
From Ware's green bowers, to Devon's myrtle vales,
Remov'd a while, with prospect opening fair
Of useful life and honour in his view;
As falls the vernal bloom before the breath
Of blasting Eurus, immature he fell!
The tidings reach'd my ear, and in my breast,
Aching with recent wounds, new anguish wak'd.
When melancholy thus has chang'd to grief,

That grief in soft forgetfulness to lose,
I've left the gloom for gayer scenes, and sought
Through winding paths of venerable shade,
The airy brow, where that tall spreading beech
O'ertops surrounding groves, up rocky steeps,
Tree over tree dispos'd; or stretching far
Their shadowy coverts down th'indented side
Of fair corn-fields; or pierc'd with sunny glades,
That yield the casual glimpse of flowery meads
And shining silver rills; on these the eye
Then wont to expatiate pleas'd; or more remote
Survey'd yon vale of Lee, in verdant length
Of level lawn spread out to Kent's blue hills,
And the proud range of glitt'ring spires that rise
In misty air on Thames's crowded shores.
How beautiful, how various, is the view
Of these sweet pastoral landscapes! fair, perhaps,
As those renown'd of old, from Tabor's height,
Or Carmel seen; or those, the pride of Greece,
Tempé or Arcady; or those that grac'd
The banks of clear Elorus, or the skirts
Of thymy Hybla, where Sicilia's isle
Smiles on the azure main; there once was heard
The muse's lofty lay.—How beautiful,
How various is yon view! delicious hills
Bounding smooth vales, smooth vales by winding streams
Divided, that here glide through grassy banks
In open sun, there wander under shade
Of aspen tall, or ancient elm, whose boughs
O'erhang gray castles, and romantic farms,
And humble cots of happy shepherd swains.
Delightful habitations! with the song
Of birds melodious charm'd, and bleat of flocks
From upland pastures heard, and low of kine
Grazing the rushy mead, and mingled sounds
Of falling waters and of whisp'ring winds—
Delightful habitations! o'er the land
Dispers'd around, from Waltham's osier'd isles
To where bleak Nasing's lonely tower o'erlooks
Her verdant fields; from Raydon's pleasant groves
And Hunsdon's bowers on Stort's irriguous marge,
By Rhye's old walls, to Hodsdon's airy street;

From Haly's woodland to the flow'ry meads
Of willow-shaded, Stansted, and the slope
Of Amwell's mount, that crown'd with yellow corn;
There from the green flat, softly swelling, shows
Like some bright vernal cloud by zephyr's breath
Just rais'd above the horizon's azure bound.
As one long travell'd on Italia's plains,
The land of pomp and beauty, still his feet
On his own Albion joys to fix again;
So my pleas'd eye, which o'er the prospect wide
Has wander'd round, and various objects mark'd,
On Amwell rests at last, its favourite scene!
How picturesque the view! where up the side
Of that steep bank, her roofs of russet thatch
Rise mix'd with trees, above whose swelling tops
Ascends the tall church tow'r, and loftier still
The hill's extended ridge. How picturesque!
Where slow beneath that bank the silver stream
Glides by the flowery isle, and willow groves
Wave on its northern verge, with trembling tufts
Of osier intermix'd. How picturesque
The slender group of airy elm, the clump
Of pollard oak, or ash, with ivy brown
Entwin'd; the walnut's gloomy breadth of boughs,
The orchard's ancient fence of rugged pales,
The haystack's dusky cone, the moss-grown shed,
The clay-built barn; the elder-shaded cot,
Whose white-wash'd gable prominent through green
Of waving branches shows, perchance inscrib'd
With some past owner's name, or rudely grac'd
With rustic dial, that scarcely serves to mark
Time's ceaseless flight; the wall with mantling vines
O'erspread, the porch with climbing woodbine wreath'd,
And under sheltering eves the sunny bench
Where brown hives range, whose busy tenants fill,
With drowsy hum, the little garden gay,
Whence blooming beans, and spicy herbs, and flowers,
Exhale around a rich perfume! Here rests
The empty wain; there idle lies the plough:
By Summer's hand unharness'd, here the steed,
Short ease enjoying, crops the daisied lawn;
Here bleats the nursling lamb, the heifer there

Waits at the yard-gate lowing. By the road,
Where the neat ale-house stands (so once stood thine,
Deserted Auburn! in immortal song
Consign'd to fame), the cottage sire recounts
The praise he earn'd when cross the field he drew
The straightest furrow, or neatest built the rick,
Or led the reaper band in sultry noons
With unabating strength, or won the prize
At many a crowded wake. Beside her door,
The cottage matron whirls her circling wheel,
And jocund chants her lay. The cottage maid
Feeds from her loaded lap her mingled train
Of clamorous hungry fowls; or o'er the stile
Leaning with downcast look, the artless tale
Of ev'ning courtship hears. The sportive troop
Of cottage children on the grassy waste
Mix in rude gambols, or the bounding ball
Circle from hand to hand, or rustic notes
Wake on their pipes of jointed reed: while near
The careful shepherd's frequent-falling strokes
Fix on the fallow lea his hurled fold.
Such rural life! so calm, it little yields
Of interesting act, to swell the page
Of history or song; yet much the soul
Its sweet simplicity delights, and oft
From noise of busy towns, to fields and groves,
The muse's sons have fled to find repose.
Fam'd Walton, erst, the ingenious fisher swain,
Oft our fair haunts explor'd, upon Lee's shore,
Beneath some green tree oft his angle laid,
His sport suspending to admire their charms.
He, who in verse his country's story told,
Here dwelt a while; perchance here sketch'd the scene,
Where his fair Argentile, from crowded courts
For pride self-banish'd, in sequester'd shades
Sojourn'd disguis'd, and met the slighted youth
Who long had sought her love—the gentle bard
Sleeps here, by fame forgotten; (fickle fame
Too oft forgets her favourites!) By his side
Sleeps gentle Hassal, who with tenderest care
Here watch'd his village charge; in nuptial bonds
Their hands oft join'd; oft heard, and oft reliev'd

Their little wants; oft heard and oft compos'd,
Sole arbiter, their little broils; oft urg'd
Their flight from folly and from vice; and oft
Dropt on the graves the tear, to early worth
Or ancient friendship due. In dangerous days,
When death's fell fury, pale-ey'd pestilence,
Glar'd horror round, his duty he discharg'd
Unterrified, unhurt; and here at length,
Clos'd his calm inoffensive useful life
In venerable age: her life with him
His faithful consort clos'd; on earth's cold breast
Both sunk to rest together.——On the turf,
Whence time's rude grasp has torn their rustic tombs,
I strew fresh flowers, and make a moment's pause
Of solemn thought; then seek th' adjacent spot,
From which, through these broad lindens' verdant arch,
The steeple's Gothic wall and window dim
In perspective appear; then homeward turn
By where the muse, enamour'd of our shades,
Deigns still her favouring presence ... where my friend,
The British Tasso, oft from busy scenes
To rural calm and letter'd ease retires.

As some fond lover leaves his favourite nymph,
Oft looking back, and lingering in her view,
So now reluctant this retreat I leave,
Look after look indulging; on the right,
Up to yon airy battlement's broad top
Half veil'd with trees, that, from th' acclivious steep
Jut like the pendent gardens, fam'd of old,
Beside Euphrates' bank: then, on the left,
Down to those shaded cots, and bright expanse
Of water softly sliding by: once where
That bright expanse of water softly slides,
O'erhung with shrubs that fring'd the chalky rock,
A little fount pour'd forth its gurgling rill,
In flinty channel trickling o'er the green,
From Emma nam'd; perhaps some sainted maid,
For holy life rever'd, to such, erewhile,
Fond superstition many a pleasant grove,
And limpid spring, was wont to consecrate.
Of Emma's story nought tradition speaks;
Conjecture, who, behind oblivion's veil,

Along the doubtful past delights to stray,
Boasts now, indeed, that from her well the place
Receiv'd its appellation.——Thou, sweet, Vill,
Farewell! and ye, sweet fields, where plenty's horn
Pours liberal boons, and health propitious deigns
Her cheering smile! you not the parching air
Of arid sands, you not the vapours chill
Of humid fens annoy; Favonius' wing,
From off your thyme-banks and your trefoil meads,
Wafts balmy redolence; robust and gay
Your swains industrious issue to their toil,
Till your rich glebe, or in your granaries store
Its generous produce; annual ye resound
The ploughman's song, as he through reeking soil
Guides slow his shining share; ye annual hear
The shouts of harvest, and the prattling train
Of cheerful gleaners;—and th' alternate strokes
Of loud flails echoing from your loaded barns,
The pallid morn in dark November wake.
But happy as ye are, in marks of wealth
And population; not for these, or aught
Beside, wish I, in hyperbolic strains
Of vain applause, to elevate your fame
Above all other scenes; for scenes as fair
Have charm'd my sight, but transient was the view:
You, through all seasons, in each varied hour
For observation happiest, oft my steps
Have traverse'd o'er; oft fancy's eye has seen
Gay sprites trip lightly on your lovely lawns,
To wake fresh flowers at morn; and summer spread
His listless limbs, at noon-tide, on the marge
Of smooth translucent pools, where willows green
Gave shade, and breezes from the wild mint's bloom
Brought odour exquisite; oft fancy's ear,
Deep in the gloom of evening woods, has heard
The last sad sigh of autumn, when his throne
To winter he resign'd; oft fancy's thought,
In ecstacy, where from the golden east,
Or dazzling south, or crimson west, the sun
A different lustre o'er the landscape threw,
Some Paradise has form'd, the blissful seat
Of innocence and beauty! while I wish'd

The skill of Claude, or Rubens, or of him
Whom now on Lavant's banks, in groves that breathe
Enthusiasm sublime, the sister nymphs
Inspire; that, to the idea fair, my hand
Might permanence have lent!—Attachment strong
Springs from delight bestow'd: to me delight
Long ye have given, and I have given you praise!

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

ZERAD: OR, THE ABSENT LOVER.

AN ARABIAN ECLOGUE.

THE learned and ingenious Mr. Jones, in his elegant and judicious essay on the poetry of the Eastern Nations, speaking of the Arabians, has the following passage: "It sometimes happens," says he, "that "the young men of one tribe are in love with the "damsels of another; and, as the tents are fre- "quently removed on a sudden, the lovers are often "separated in the progress of the courtship. Hence, "almost all the Arabic poems open in this manner: "The author bewails the sudden departure of his "mistress, Hinda, Maia, Zeineb, or Azza, and de- "scribes her beauty; comparing her to a wanton "fawn that plays among the aromatic shrubs. His "friends endeavour to comfort him; but he refuses "consolation; he declares his resolution of visiting "his beloved, though the way to her tribe lie through "a dreadful wilderness, or even through a den of "lions."—The author of the following eclogue was struck with this outline, and has attempted to fill it up. An apology for expatiating on the pleasing subjects of love and beauty, when nothing is said to offend the ear of chastity, he supposes needless. If any, however, there be, who question the utility of at all describing those subjects; such may remember, that there is an eastern poem, generally esteemed *sacred*, which abounds with the most ardent expressions of the one, and luxuriant pictures of the other.

Korasa's tribe, a frequent-wandering train,
From Zenan's pastures sought Negiran's plain.
With them Semira left her favourite shades,
The loveliest nymph of Yemen's sportive maids!
Her parting hand her fair companions press'd;
A transient sorrow touch'd each tender breast;
As some thin cloud across the morning ray
Casts one short moment's gloom, and glides away:
Their cares, their sports, they hasted soon to tend,
And lost in them the memory of their friend.
But gallant Zerad ill her absence bore,—
A wealthy emir from Katara's shore;
A warrior he, the bravest of his race;
A bard high-honour'd in his native place;
Age oft learn'd knowledge from his tuneful tongue,
And listening beauty languish'd while he sung.
What time the tribes in camp contiguous lay,
Oft with the fair one he was wont to stray;
There oft for her fresh fruits and flow'rs he sought,
And oft her flocks to crystal fountains brought.
Where the tall palm-grove grac'd Alzobah's green,
And sable tents in many a rank were seen;
While evening's steps the setting sun pursu'd,
And the still fields her balmy tears bedew'd;
The pensive lover, there reclin'd apart,
Indulg'd the sorrows of his anxious heart.
His graceful head the costly turban drest,
The crimson sash confin'd his azure vest;
His hand the sounding arabeb sustain'd;
And thus his voice in melody complain'd—
Soft as the night-bird's amorous music flows,
In Zibit's gardens, when she woos the rose:

'Bright star of Sora's sky, whose matchless blaze
'Gilds thy proud tribe with mild, benignant rays!
'Sweet flow'r of Azem's vale, whose matchless bloom
'O'er thy fam'd house spreads, exquisite perfume!
'Blithe fawn of Kosa, at the break of dawn,
'Midst groves of cassia, sporting on the lawn!
'Too charming beauty! why must I bemoan
Thee from my presence thus abruptly flown?
'Ere the shrill trump to march the signal gave,
And banners high in air began to wave;

' Ere the tall camel felt his wonted load,
' And herds and flocks slow mov'd along the road;
' Ere slow behind them march'd the warrior train,
' And the struck tents left vacant all the plain;
' Could no fond plea obtain a longer stay;
' Would no kind hand th' intelligence convey?
' Ah, hapless me! to Aden's port I stray'd,
' Sought gold and gems, but lost my lovely maid!
' My friends, they come my sorrows to allay—
' Azor the wife, and Soliman the gay—
' One cries, " Let reason hold her sober reign,
" Nor love's light trifles give thy bosom pain!
" For thee kind science all her lore displays,
" And fame awaits thee with the wreath of praise."
" O why," cries one, " is she alone thy care?
" She's fair, indeed, but other maids are fair:
" Negima's eyes with dazzling lustre shine,
" And her black tresses curl like Zebid's vine;
" On Hinda's brow Kushemon's lily blows,
" And on her cheek unfolds Nishapor's rose!
" With them the tale, the song, the dance, shall please,
" When mirth's free banquet fills the bow'r of ease."
' Ah cease,' said I; ' of love he little knows,
' Who with sage counsel hopes to cure its woes!
' Go, bid in air Yamama's lightnings stay,
' Or Perath's lion quit his trembling prey;
' Kind science' lore with beauty best we share,
' And beauty's hands, fame's fairest wreaths prepare.
' I praise Negima's lovely hair and eyes;
' Nor Hinda's lily, nor her rose despise;
' But Omman's pearls diffuse a brighter beam
' Than the gay pebbles of Kalafa's stream.—
' O lov'd Semira! whither dost thou rove?
' Tread thy soft steps by Sada's jasmine grove?
' Dost thou thy flocks on Ocah's mountain keep?
' Do Ared's olives whisper o'er thy sleep?—
' Ah no!——the maid, perhaps, remote from these,
' Some hostile troop, in ambush laid, may seize:
' Too lovely captive! she, in triumph borne,
' The proud Pacha's, throng'd haram shall adorn.
' Vain fear! around her march her valiant friends;
' Brave Omar's hand the bow of Ishmael bends;

'Strong Hassan's arm Kaaba's spear can wield,
'And rear on high El-makin's ponderous shield!
'Ah, shame to me! Shall sloth's dishonouring chain
'From love, from glory, Zerad here detain,
'Till grief my cheek with sickly saffron spread,
'And my eyes, weeping, match th' Argavan's red?
'Haste, bring my steed, supreme in strength and grace,
'First in the fight, and fleetest in the chase;
'His sire renown'd on Gebel's hills was bred,
'His beauteous dam in Derar's pastures fed:
'Bring my strong lance that, ne'er impell'd in vain,
'Pierc'd the fierce tyger on Hegesa's plain.
'Across the desert I her steps pursue;
'Toil at my side, and danger in my view!
'There thirst, fell demon, haunts the sultry air,
'And his wild eyeballs roll with horrid glare;
'There deadly Sumiel, striding o'er the land,
'Sweeps his red wing, and whirls the burning sand;
'As winds the weary caravan along,
'The fiery storm involves the hapless throng.
'I go, I go, nor toil nor danger heed;
'The faithful lover safety's han I shall lead.
'The heart that fosters virtue's generous flames,
'Our holy prophet's sure protection claims.
'Delightful Irem 'midst the lonely waste,
'By Shedad's hand the paradise was plac'd,
'Each shady tree of varied foliage shows,
'And every flower and every fruit bestows;
'There drop rich gums of every high perfume;
'There sing sweet birds of every gaudy plume;
'There soft-ey'd Houries tread th' enamell'd green—
'Once, and no more, the happy seat was seen;
'As his stray'd camel 'midst the wild he sought,
'Chance to the spot the wandering Esser brought;
'A blissful Irem, 'midst the desert drear,
'Semira's tent my love-sick sight shall cheer.
'What palm of beauty tow'rs on Keran's hills?
'What myrrh with fragrance Sala's valley fills?
''Tis she, who left so late her favourite shades,
'The loveliest nymph of Yemen's sportive maids!
'Look from thy tent, the curtains fair unfold,

' Give to my view thy veil of silk and gold ;
' O lift that veil ! thy radiant eyes display—
' Those radiant eyes shall light me on my way !
' On Hejar's wild rocks from the Persian main,
' Thus the moon rising, lights the wilder'd swain.
' O raise thy voice ! the sound shall give delight,
' Like songs of pilgrims distant heard by night !
' I come, I come !——He spoke, and seiz'd the reins
' And his fleet courser spurn'd the sandy plain.

SERIM;

OR, THE ARTIFICIAL FAMINE.

An East Indian Eclogue.

THE following account of British conduct, and its consequences, in Bengal and the adjacent provinces, some years ago, will afford a sufficient idea of the subject of the following eclogue. After describing the monopoly of salt, betel-nut, and tobacco, the historian thus proceeds: " Money in this current, came but by drops ; it " could not quench the thirst of those who waited in " India to receive it. An expedient such as it was, re- " mained to quicken its pace.—The natives could live " with little salt, but not without food. Some of the " agents saw themselves well situated for collecting " the rice into stores ; they did so. They knew the " Gentoos would rather die, than violate the precepts " of their religion by eating flesh. The alternative " would therefore be, between giving what they had, " and dying. The inhabitants sunk ; they that cul- " tivated the land, and saw the harvest at the dis- " posal of others, planted in doubt—scarcity ensued— " then the monopoly was easier managed. The peo- " ple took to roots, and food they had been unaccus- " to eat. Sickness ensued. In some districts, the " languid living left the bodies of their numerous " dead unburied." *Short History of English Transactions in the East Indies*, p. 145.

The above quotation sufficiently proves, that the general plan of the following poem is founded on fact. And

even with regard to its particular incidents, there can be little doubt, but that, among the varied miseries of millions, every picture of distress which the author has drawn, had its original.

'O GUARDIAN genius of this sacred wave!
'O save thy sons, if thine the power to save!'
So Serim spoke, as sad on Ganges' shore
He sat, his country's miseries to deplore—
'O guardian genius of this sacred wave!
'O save thy sons, if thine the power to save!
'From Agra's tow'rs to Muxadabat's walls,
'On thee for aid the suffering Hindoo calls:
'Europe's fell race controul the wide domain,
'Engross the harvest, and enslave the swain.
'Why rise these cumbrous piles along thy tide?
'They hold the plenty to our prayers deny'd!
'Guards at their gates perpetual watch maintain,
'Where want in anguish craves relief in vain.
"Bring gold, bring gems," the insatiate plunderers cry;
"Who hoards his wealth, by hunger's rage shall die."
'Ye fiends! ye've ravish'd all our little store,
'Ye see we perish, yet ye ask for more!
'Go ye yourselves, and search for gold the mine;
'Go, dive where pearls beneath the ocean shine.
'What right have ye to plague our peaceful land?
'No ships of ours e'er sought your western strand:
'Ne'er from your fields we snatch'd their crops away,
'Nor made your daughters, or your sons our prey.
'Not ev'n in thought we quit our native place—
'A calm, contented, inoffensive race!
'By avarice led, ye range remotest climes,
'And every nation execrates your crimes.
'When Timur's house renown'd in Delhi reign'd,
'Distress, assistance unimplor'd obtain'd:
'When famine o'er th' afflicted region frown'd,
'And sickness languish'd on the barren ground,
'The Imperial granaries, wide display'd their doors,
'And ships provision brought from distant shores;
'The laden camels crowded Kurah's vales,
'From Colgon's cliffs they hail'd the coming sails.
'But ye!—even now, while fav'ring seasons smile,

' And the rich glebe would recompense our toil,
' Dearth and disease to you alone we owe;
' Ye cause the mischief, and enjoy the woe!
' This beauteous clime, but late, what plenty blest!
' What days of pleasure, and what nights of rest!
' From Gola's streets, fam'd mart of fragrant grain!
' Trade's cheerful voice resounded o'er the plain;
' There now sad silence listens to the waves,
' That break in murmurs round the rocky caves.
' Sweet were the songs o'er Jumal's level borne,
' While busy thousands throng'd to plant the corn;
' Now tenfold tax, the farmer forc'd to yield,
' Despairs, and leaves unoccupied the field.
' Sweet were the songs of Burdwan's mulberry grove,
' While the rich silk the rapid shuttle wove;
' Now from the loom our costly vestment torn,
' Th' insulting robbers meanest slaves adorn.
' In Malda's shades, on Purna's palmy plain,
' The hapless artists, urg'd to toil in vain,
' Quit their sad homes, and mourn along the land,
' A pensive, pallid, self-disabled band!
' The year revolves—" Bring choicest fruits and flowers,
" Spread wide the board in consecrated bowers;
" Bring joy, bring sport, the song, the dance prepare!
" 'Tis Drugah's feast, and all our friends must share!"
' The year revolves—nor fruits nor flowers are seen;
' Nor festive board in bowers of holy green;
' Nor joy, nor sport, nor dance, nor tuneful strain:
' 'Tis Drugah's feast—but grief and terror reign.
' Yet there, ingrate! oft welcome guests ye came,
' And talk'd of honour's laws and friendship's flame.
' The year revolves—and Bishen's fast invites,
' On Ganges' marge to pay the solemn rites;
' All, boons of Bishen, great preserver, crave;
' All in the sacred flood their bodies lave:
' No more, alas!—the multitude no more
' Bathe in the tide, or kneel upon the shore;
' No more from towns and villages they throng,
' Wide o'er the fields, the public paths along:
' Sad on our ways, by human foot unworn,
' Stalks the dim form of solitude forlorn!—
' From Ava's mountains morn's bright eyes survey
' Fair Ganges' streams in many a winding stray;

'There fleecy flocks on many an island feed;
'There herds unnumber'd pasture many a mead;
'While noxious herbs our last resource supply,
'And, dearth escaping, by disease we die';
"Take these," ye cry, "nor more for food complain;
"Take these, and slay like us, and riot on the slain!"
'Ah no! our law the crime abhorr'd withstands;
'We die—but blood shall ne'er pollute our hands.
'O guardian genius of this sacred wave,
'Save, save thy sons, if thine the power to save!'
So Serim spoke—while by the moon's pale beam,
The frequent corse came floating down the stream.
He sigh'd, and, rising turn'd his steps to rove
Where wav'd o'er Nizim's vale the cocoa-grove;
There, 'midst scorch'd ruins, one lone roof remain'd,
And one forlorn inhabitant contain'd.
The sound of feet he near his threshold heard;
Slow from the ground his languid limbs he rear'd:
'Come, tyrant come! perform a generous part,
'Lift thy keen steel, and pierce this fainting heart!
'Com'st thou for gold? my gold, alas, I gave,
'My darling daughter in distress to save!
'Thy faithless brethren took the shining store,
'Then from my arms the trembling virgin tore!
'Three days, three nights, I've languish'd here alone—
'Three foodless days, three nights to sleep unknown!
'Come, tyrant come! perform a generous part,
'Lift thy keen steel, and pierce this fainting heart!'
"No hostile steps the haunt of woe invade,"
Serim replied—and, passing where the glade
A length of prospect down the vale display'd,
Another sight of misery met his view;
Another mournful voice his notice drew!
There, near a temple's recent ruin, stood
A white-rob'd Bramin by the sacred flood:
His wives, his children, dead beside him lay—
Of hunger these, and those of grief the prey.
Thrice he with dust defil'd his aged head;
Thrice o'er the stream his hands uplifted spread:
'Hear, all ye powers to whom we bend in prayer!
'Hear, all who rule o'er water, earth, and air!

' 'Tis not for them, though lifeless there they lie ;
' 'Tis not for me, though innocent I die :—
My country's breast the tyger avarice rends,
And loud to you her parting groan ascends.
Hear, [illegible] powers to whom we bend in prayer !
[illegible] who rule o'er water, earth, and air !
[illegible] avenge !———
' But hark ! what voice from yonder starry sphere,
' Slides like the breeze of evening o'er my ear ?
' Lo, Birmah's form ! on amber clouds enthron'd ;
' His azure robe with lucid emerald zon'd ;
' He looks celestial dignity and grace,
' And views with pity wretched human race!'
" Forbear, rash man ! nor curse thy country's foes ;
" Frail man to man forgiveness ever owes.
" When Moisasoor the fell, on earth's fair plain
" Brought his detested offspring, strife and pain,
" Revenge with them, relentless fury, came,
" Her bosom burning with infernal flame !
" Her hair sheds horror, like the comet's blaze ;
" Her eyes, all ghastly, blast where'er they gaze ;
" Her lifted arm a poison'd crice sustains ;
" Her garments drop with blood of kindred veins !
" Who asks her aid, must own her endless reign,
" Feel her keen scourge, and drag her galling chain!"
' The strains sublime in sweetest music close,
' And all the tumult of my soul compose.
' Yet you, ye oppressors ! uninvok'd on you,
' Your steps the steps of justice will pursue !
' Go, spread your white sails on the azure main ;
' Fraught with our spoils, your native land regain ;
' Go, plant the grove, and bid the lake expand,
' And on green hills the pompous palace stand !
' Let luxury's hand adorn the gaudy room,
' Smooth the soft couch, and shed the rich perfume—
' There night's kind calm in vain shall sleep invite,
' While fancied omens warn, and spectres fright ;
' Sad sounds shall issue from your guilty walls,
' The widow'd wife's, the soulless mother's calls ;
' And infant Rajahs' bleeding forms shall rise,
' And lift to you their supplicating eyes :

'Remorse intolerable your hearts will feel,
'And your own hands plunge deep the avenging steel.
'For Europe's cowards Heaven's command disdain,
'To death's cold arms they fly for ease in vain.
'For us each painful transmigration o'er,
'Sweet fields receive us to resign no more;
'Where safety's fence for ever round us grows,
'And peace, fair flower, with bloom unfading blows;
'Light's sun unsetting shines with cheering beam;
'And pleasure's river rolls its golden stream!'
Enrapt he spoke—then ceas'd the lofty strain,
And Orel's rocks return'd the sound again.—
A British ruffian, near in ambush laid,
Rush'd sudden from the cane-isle's secret shade;
'Go to thy gods!' with rage infernal cried,
And headlong plung'd the hapless sage into the foaming tide.

LI-PO;

OR, THE GOOD GOVERNOR.

A Chinese Eclogue.

Those who are conversant in the best accounts of China, particularly Du Halde's History, must have remarked, that the Chinese government, though arbitrary, is well regulated and mild; and that a prince in that country can acquire no glory, but by attention to the welfare of his subjects. On this general idea is founded the plan of the following poem.

WHERE Honan's hills Kiansi's vale enclose,
And Xifa's lake its glassy level shows,
Li-po's fair island [illegible]-delightful [illegible]!—
With swelling slopes and groves of every green:
On azure rocks his rich pavilion plac'd,
Rear'd its light front with gold colossians grac'd;
High o'er the roof the weeping willow hangs,
And jasmine boughs the lattice twine among;
In porcelain vases crested marigolds grew,
And starry aster, crimson, white and blue;

Lien-hoa flowers upon the water spread;
Bright shells and corals varied lustre shed;
From sparry grottos crystal drops distill'd
On sounding brass, and air with music fill'd;
Soft through the bending canes the breezes play'd,
The rustling leaves continual murmur made;
Gay shoals of gold-fish glitter'd in the tide,
And gaudy birds flew sportive by its side.
The distant prospects well the sight might please,
With pointed mountains, and romantic trees:
From craggy cliffs, between the verdant shades,
The silver rills rush'd down in bright cascades;
O'er terrac'd steeps rich cotton harvests wav'd,
And smooth canals the rice-clad valley lav'd;
Long rows of cypress parted all the land,
And tall pagodas crown'd the river's strand!

'Twas here, from business and its pomp and pain,
The pensive master sought relief in vain.
Li-po, mild prince, a viceroy's sceptre sway'd,
And ten fair towns his gentle rule obey'd:
The morn's transactions to his memory came,
And some he found to praise, and some to blame;
Mark'd here how justice, pity there prevail'd,
And how from haste or indolence he fail'd.

Beneath a bower of sweet ka-fa, whose bloom
Fill'd all the adjacent lawn with rich perfume,
His slaves at distance sat—a beauteous train!—
One wak'd the lute, and one the vocal strain:
They saw his brow with care all clouded o'er,
And wish'd to ease th' anxiety he bore.
Amusive tales their soothing lay disclos'd,
Of heroes brave to perils strange expos'd;
Of tyrants proud, from power's high summit cast;
And lovers, long despondng, blest at last.
They ceas'd; the warblings softly died away,
Like zephyrs ceasing at the close of day.
'This scene,' said he, 'how fair! to please the sight,
'How nature's charms, art's ornaments unite!
'Those maids, what magic in the strains they sung!
'Song sweetliest flows from beauty's tuneful tongue.
'Yet say, did Tien bid power and wealth be mine,
'For me my soul to pleasure to resign?

' What boots, that annual, on our father's tombs,
' We strew fair flowers, and offer choice perfumes;
' Our veneration of their memories show,
' And not their steps in virtue's path pursue?
' When, from his province as the prince returns,
' Rich feasts for him are spread, and incense burns,
' And gilded barks unfold their streamers gay,
' And following crowds their loud applauses pay;
' Avails all this, if he from right has swerv'd,
' And conscience tells him all is undeserv'd?
' Arise, Li-po! 'tis duty calls, arise!
' The sun sinks reddening in Tartarian skies.
' Yon walls that tower o'er Xensi's neighbouring plain,
' Yon walls unnumber'd miseries contain,
' Think, why did Tien superior rank impart,
' Force of the mind, or feelings of the heart.
' Last night in sleep, to fancy's sight display'd,
' Lay lovelier scenes than e'er my eyes survey'd;
' With purple shone the hills, with gold the vales,
' And greenest foliage wav'd in gentlest gales:
' Midst palmy fields, with sunshine ever bright,
' A palace rear'd its walls of silvery white;
' The gates of pearl a shady hall disclos'd,
' Where old Confucius' rev'rend form repos'd:
' Loose o'er his limbs the silk's light texture flow'd,
' His eye serene ethereal lustre show'd:
" My son," said he, as near his seat I drew,
" Cast round this wonderous spot thy dazzled view;
" See how, by lucid founts in myrtle bowers,
" The blest inhabitants consume their hours!
" They ne'er to war, fell fiend! commission gave
" To murder, ravish, banish, and enslave;
" They ne'er bade grandeur raise her gorgeous pile,
" With tribute ravish'd from the hand of toil;
" But parents, guardians of the people reign'd,
" The weak defended, and the poor sustain'd."
' Smiling he ceas'd—the vision seem'd to fly,
' Like fleecy clouds dispersing in the sky.
' Arise, Li-po! and cast thy robes aside,
' Disguise thy form, thy well-known features hide;
' Go forth, yon streets, yon crowded streets pervade,
' Mix with the throng, and mark who seeks thy aid:

'There avarice stern o'er poverty bears sway,
'And age and sickness fall his easy prey;
'There hands that justice' sacred ensigns bear,
'Protect the plunderer, and the plunder share;
'Perhaps there discord's desperate rage prevails,
'And wisdom's voice to calm the tumult fails;
'Perhaps revenge gives victims to the grave.
'Perhaps they perish, ere I haste to save!'
He spoke, and rose; but now along the way
That from the city-gate far-winding lay,
Stretch'd through green meads where lowing cattle graz'd,
Amid the lake's wide silver level rais'd,
Led up steep rocks by painted bridges join'd,
Or near thin trees that o'er the tide inclin'd,
Slow tow'rds his palace came a suppliant train;—
Whoe'er his presence sought ne'er sought in vain—
The ready vessel, waiting at his call,
Receiv'd and bore him to the audience-hall.

ODES.

TO CHILDHOOD.

CHILDHOOD, happiest stage of life!
Free from care and free from strife,
Free from memory's ruthless reign,
Fraught with scenes of former pain;
Free from fancy's cruel skill,
Fabricating future ill;
Time, when all that meets the view,
All can charm, for all is new;
How thy long-lost hours I mourn,
Never, never to return!

Then to toss the circling ball,
Caught rebounding from the wall;
Then the mimic ship to guide
Down the kennel's dirty tide;

Then the hoop's revolving pace
Through the dusty street to chase;
O what joy!—it once was mine,
Childhood, matchless boon of thine!—
How thy long-lost hours I mourn,
Never, never to return.

HEARING MUSIC.

Yon organ! hark!—how soft, how sweet,
The warbling notes in concert meet!
The sound my fancy leads
To climes where Phœbus' brightest beams
Gild jasmine groves and crystal streams
And lily-mantled meads;

Where myrtle bowers their bloom unfold,
Where citrons bend with fruit of gold,
Where grapes depress the vines;
Where, on the bank with roses gay,
Love, innocence, and pleasure play,
And beauty's form reclines.

Now different tones and measures flow,
And, gravely deep, and sadly slow,
Involve the mind in gloom;
I seem to join the mournful train,
Attendant round the couch of pain,
Or leaning o'er the tomb:

To where the orphan'd infant sleeps,
To where the love-lorn damsel weeps,
I pitying seem to stray;
Methinks I watch his cradle near,
Methinks her drooping thoughts I cheer,
And wipe her tears away.

Now loud the tuneful thunders roll,
And rouse and elevate the soul
O'er earth and all its care;
I seem to hear from heavenly plains
Angel choirs responsive strains,
And in their raptures share.

TO A FRIEND, APPREHENSIVE OF DECLINING FRIENDSHIP.

Too much in man's imperfect state,
Mistake produces useless pain.—
Methinks, of friendship's frequent fate
I hear my Frogley's voice complain.

This heart, I hope, forgives its foes;
I know it ne'er forgets its friends;
Where'er may chance my steps dispose,
The absent oft my thought attends.

Deem not that time's oblivious hand
From mem'ry's page has raz'd the days,
By Lee's green verge we wont to stand,
And on his crystal current gaze.

From Chadwell's cliffs, o'erhung with shade,
From Widbury's prospect-yielding hill,
Sweet look'd the scenes we then survey'd,
While fancy sought for sweeter still:

Then how did learning's stores delight!
From books what pleasures then we drew!
For then their charms first met our sight,
And then their faults we little knew.

Alas! life's summer swiftly flies,
And few its hours of bright and fair!
Why bid distrust's chill east-wind rise,
To blast the scanty blooms they bear?

THE MUSE; OR, POETICAL ENTHUSIASM.

The muse! whate'er the muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires;
The poet's birth, I ask not where,
His place, his name, they're not my care;
Nor Greece nor Rome delights me more,
Than Tagus' banks or Thames's shore:
From silver Avon's flowery side,
Though Shakspear's numbers sweetly glide,

As sweet, from Morven's desert hills,
My ear the voice of Ossian fills.

The muse; whate'er the muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires:
Nor bigot zeal, nor party rage
Prevail, to make me blame the page;
I scorn not all that Dryden sings,
Because he flatters courts and kings;
And from the master lyre of Gray
When pomp of music breaks away,
Not less the sound my notice draws,
For that is heard in freedom's cause.

The muse! whate'er the muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires;
Where wealth's bright sun propitious shines,
No added lustre marks the lines:
Where want extends her chilling shades,
No pleasing flower of fancy fades,
A scribbling peer's applauded lays
Might claim, but claim in vain, my praise
From that poor youth, whose tales relate
Sad Juga's fears and Badwin's fate.

The muse! whate'er the muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires:
When fame her wreaths well-earn'd bestows,
My breast no latent envy knows;
My Langhorne's verse I lov'd to hear.
And Beattie's song delights my ear;
And his whom Athen's tragic maid
Now leads through Scarning's lonely glade;
While he for British nymphs bid flow
Her notes of terror and of woe.

The muse! whate'er the muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires:
Or be the verse of blank or rhyme,
The theme, or humble or sublime:
If pastoral's hand my journey leads
Through harvest fields or new-mown meads;

If epic's voice sonorous calls
To Œta's cliffs or Salen's walls;
Enough—the muse, the muse inspires!
My soul the tuneful strain admires.

ON HOSPITALITY.

Domestic powers! erewhile rever'd,
Where Syria spread her palmy plain,
Where Greece her tuneful muses heard,
Where Rome beheld her patriot train;
Thou to Albion too wert known,
'Midst the moat and moss-grown wall
That girt her gothic-structur'd hall
With rural trophies strewn.

The traveller, doubtful of his way,
Upon the pathless forest wild;
The huntsman, in the heat of day,
And with the tedious chase o'ertoil'd;
Wide their view around them cast,
Mark'd the distant rustic tower,
And sought and found the festive bower,
And shar'd the free repast.

E'en now, on Caledonia's shore,
When eve's dun robe the sky arrays,
Thy punctual hand unfolds the door,
Thy eye the mountain road surveys;
Pleas'd to spy the casual guest,
Pleas'd with food his heart to cheer,
With pipe or song to sooth his ear,
And spread his couch for rest.

Nor yet e'en here disdain'd thy sway,
Where grandeur's splendid modern seat
Far o'er the landscape glitters gay;
Or where fair quiet's lone retreat
Hides beneath the hoary hill,
Near the dusky upland shade,
Between the willow's glossy glade,
And by the tinking rill.

There thine the pleasing interviews
That friends and relatives endear,
When scenes not often seen amuse,
When tales not often told we hear;
There the scholar's liberal mind
Oft instruction gives and gains,
And oft the lover's lore obtains
His fair-one's audience kind.

O gentle power! where'er thy reign,
May health and peace attend thee still;
Nor folly's presence cause the pain,
Nor vice reward the good with ill;
Gratitude thy altar raise,
Wealth to thee her offerings pay,
And genius wake his tuneful lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

TO CRITICISM.

Fair nymph! of taste and learning born,
Whom truth's and candour's gift adorn,
The muse's friend! to thee she sings:
Accept the grateful verse she brings.
When genius, ranging nature o'er,
Collects his tributary store,
What matter's tract immense supplies,
Or wide in mind's vast region lies,
And every thought with skill combines,
And all transmits in tuneful lines;
Then rapture sparkling in thine eye,
Then rais'd thy solemn voice on high;
Thy comment still his work pursues,
The plan explains, the style reviews,
And marks its strength, and marks it ease;
And tell us why and how they please.
And when, perhaps, disdaining care,
He blends with faults his products fair;
Whate'er of such thy sight surveys,
Thy tongue in triumph ne'er displays,
But hints, as spots that dim the sun,
Or rocks that future sails should shun.

'Twas thee whom once Stagyra's grave
O't with her sage* allur'd to rove;
'Twas thee to whom in Tadmor's bowers,
Her statesman† vow'd his vacant hours;
'Twas thee whom, Tibur's vines among,
Her bard ‡ in careless measures sung;
'Twas thou who thence to Albion's plain
Remov'd to teach her tuneful train,
When Dryden's age by thee inspir'd,
Condemn'd the flights his youth admir'd:
And Pope, intent on higher praise,
So polish'd all his pleasing lays:
And now, by thee, our favour'd coast
A Warton, Hurd, and Burke can boast;
And her, whose pen from Gallic rage
Defended Shakspear's injur'd page.||
Give me, bright power! with ready ear,
Another's plea for fame to hear,
And bid my willing voice allow
The bays to merit's modest brow:
And when the muse her presence deigns
And prompts my own unstudied strains,
Instruct me then, with view severe,
To inspect, and keep from error clear;
Nor spare, though fancy'd e'er so fine,
One ill-plac'd thought, or useless line.

THE MELANCHOLY EVENING.

O haste, ye hovering clouds away,
Ye clouds so fleecy, dim, and pale,
Through which the moon's obstructed ray
Sheds this sad whiteness o'er the vale!
Forbear, ye bells, that languid strain!
The sight, the sound, are fraught with pain;
The words of dying friends I hear,
The open grave I linger near,
Take the last look, and drop the parting tear!

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* Aristotle. † Longinus. ‡ Horace.
|| The ingenious Mrs. Montague.

Before my view dire phantoms rise,
The plagues of hapless human-kind!
Pale fear, who unpursu'd still flies,
And starts, and turns, and looks behind;
Remorse, whose own indignant aim
Deforms with useless wounds her frame;
Despair, whose tongue no speech will deign,
Whose ghastly brow looks dark disdain,
And bends from steep rocks o'er the foaming main.

And rage, whose bosom inly burns,
While reason's call he scorns to hear;
And jealousy, who ruthless turns
From suppliant beauty's prayer and tear;
Revenge, whose thoughts tumultuous roll
To seek the poinard or the bowl;
And phrensy, wildly passing by,
With her chain'd arm and starting eye,
And voice that with loud curses rends the sky!

Ambition, here to heights of power
His course with daring step pursues,
Though danger's frown against him lour,
Though guilt his path with blood bestrews;
There avarice grasps his useless store,
Though misery's plaints his aid implore,
Though he her ruin'd cottage nigh,
Beholds her famish'd infants lie,
And hears their faint, their last expiring cry!

Ye dreadful band! O spare, O spare!
Alas, your ears no prayers persuade!
But ah! if man your reign must bear,
Sure man had better ne'er been made!
Say, will religion clear this gloom,
And point to bliss beyond the tomb?
Yes, haply for her chosen train;
The rest, they say, severe decrees ordain
To realms of endless night, and everlasting pain!

THE PLEASANT EVENING.

Delightful looks this clear, calm sky,
With Cynthia's orb on high!
Delightful looks this smooth green ground,
With shadows cast from cots around;
Quick twinkling lustre decks the tide;
And cheerful radiance gently falls
On that white town, and castle walls,
That crown the spacious river's further side.

And now along the echoing hills
The night-bird's strain melodious trills;
And now the echoing dale along
Soft flows the shepherd's tuneful song:
And now, wide o'er the water borne,
The city's mingled murmur swells,
And lively change of distant bells,
And varied warbling of the deep-ton'd horn.

Their influence calms the soften'd soul,
The passions feel their strong controul:
While fancy's eye, where'er it strays,
A scene of happiness surveys;
Through all the various walks of life
No natural ill nor moral sees,
No famine fell, nor dire disease,
Nor war's infernal unrelenting strife.

For these, behold a heavenly band,
Their white wings waving o'er the land!
Sweet innocence, a cherub fair,
And peace and joy, a sister pair:
And kindness mild, their kindred grace,
Whose brow serene complacence wears,
Whose hand her liberal bounty bears
O'er the vast range of animated space!

Blest vision! O for ever stay!
O far be guilt and pain away!
And yet, perhaps, with him, whose view
Looks at one glance creation through,

To general good our partial ill
Seems but a sand upon the plain,
Seems but a drop amid the main,
And some wise unknown purpose may fulfil.

AN EPISTLE.

WINTER AMUSEMENTS IN THE COUNTRY.

To a Friend in London.

While thee, my friend, the city's scenes detain,
The cheerful scenes where trade and pleasure reign;
Where glittering shops their varied stores display,
And passing thousands crowd the public way;
Where painting's forms and music's sounds delight,
And fashion's frequent novelties invite,
And conversation's sober social hours
Engage the mind, and elevate its powers—
Far diff'rent scenes for us the country yields,
Deserted roads and unfrequented fields:
Yet deem not, lonely as they are, that these
Boast nought to charm the eye, the ear to please.
Though here the tyrant winter holds command,
And bids rude tempests desolate the land;
Sometimes the sun extends his cheering beam,
And all the landscape casts a golden gleam:
Clear is the sky, and calm and soft the air,
And through this mist each object looks more fair.
Then, where the villa rears its sheltering grove,
Along the southern lawn 'tis sweet to rove:
There dark green pines, behind, their boughs extend,
And bright spruce firs like pyramids ascend,
And round their tops, in many a pendant row,
Their scaly cones of shining autumn show;
There the broad cedar's level branches spread,
And the tall cypress lifts its spiry head;
With alaternus ilex interweaves,
And laurels mix their glossy oval leaves;

And gilded holly crimson fruit displays,
And white viburnum o'er the border strays.
Where these from storms the spacious green-house screen,
Ev'n now the eye beholds a flow'ry scene;
There crystal sashes ward the injurious cold
And rows of benches fair exotics hold;
Rich plants, that Afric's sunny cape supplies,
Or o'er the isles of either India rise.
While strip'd geranium shows its tufts of red,
And verdant myrtles grateful fragrance shed;
A moment stay to mark the vivid bloom,
A moment stay to catch the high perfume,
And then to rural scenes—Yon path, that leads
Down the steep burn and 'cross the level meads,
Soon mounts the opponent hill, and soon conveys
To where the farm its pleasing group displays:
The rustic mansion's form, antiquely fair;
The yew-hedg'd garden, with its grass-plat square;
The barn's long ridge, and doors expanded wide:
The stable's straw-clad eves and clay-built side;
The cartshed's roof, of rough-hewn round wood made,
And loose on heads of old sere pollards laid;
The granary's floor that smooth-wrought posts sustain,
Where hungry vermin strive to climb in vain;
And many an ash that wild around them grows,
And many an elm that shelter o'er them throws.
Then round the moat we turn, with pales inclos'd,
And 'midst the orchard's trees in rows dispos'd,
Whose boughs thick tufts of misleto adorn
With fruit of lucid white on joints of yellow borne.
Thence up the lane, romantic woods among,
Beneath old oaks with ivy overhung,
O'er their rough trunks the hairy stalks intwine,
And on their arms the sable berries shine:
Here oft the sight, on banks bestrewn with leaves,
The early primrose' opening bud perceives;
And oft steep dells or ragged cliffs unfold
The prickly furze with bloom of brightest gold;
Here oft the redbreast hops along the way,
And 'midst grey moss explores his insect prey;

Or the green woodspite flies with outcry shrill,
And delves the sere bough with his sounding bill;
Or the roüs'd hare starts rustling from the brake,
And gaudy jays incessant clamour make;
Or echoing hills return from stubbles nigh
The sportsman's gun, and spaniel's yelping cry.
And now the covert ends in open ground,
That spreads wide views beneath us all around;
There turbid waters, edg'd with yellow reeds,
Roll through the russet herd-forsaken meads;
There from the meads th' enclosures sloping rise,
And 'midst th' enclosures, dusky woodland lies;
While pointed spires and curling smokes, between,
Mark towns and vills and cottages unseen.
And now, for now the breeze and noontide ray
Clear the last remnants of the mist away,—
Far, far o'er all extends the aching eye,
Where azure mountains mingle with the sky:
To these the curious optic tube apply'd
Reveals each object distance else would hide;
There seats or homesteads, plac'd in pleasant shades,
Show their white walls and windows through the glades;
There rears the hamlet church its hoary tow'r,
The clock's bright index points the passing hour;
There green-rob'd huntsmen o'er the sunny lawn
Lead home their beagles from the chase withdrawn,
And ploughs slow moving turn the broad champaign,
And on steep summits feed the fleecy train.
But wintry months few days like these supply,
And their few moments far too swiftly fly:
Dank thaws, chill fogs, rough winds, and beating rain,
To sheltering rooms th' unwilling step detain;
Yet there, my friend, shall liberal science find
Amusement various for th' inquiring mind.
While history's hand her sanguine record brings,
With woes of nations fraught, and crimes of kings;
Plague thins the street, and famine blasts the plain,
War wields his sword, oppression binds his chain;
Curiosity pursues the unfolding tale,
Which reason blames, and pity's tears bewail.
While fancy's powers the eventful novel frame,
And virtue's care directs its constant aim;

As fiction's pen domestic life portrays,
Its hopes, and fears, and joys and griefs displays:
By Grandison's or Clinton's story mov'd,
We read delighted, and we rise improv'd.
Then with bold voyagers our thought explores
Vast tracts of ocean and untrodden shores;
Now views rude climes, where ice-rocks drear aspire,
Or red volcanos shoot their streams of fire:
Now seeks sweet isles, where lofty palm-groves wave,
And cany banks translucent rivers lave;
Where plenty's gifts luxuriant load the soil,
And ease reposes, charm'd with beauty's smile.
Such, hapless Cook, amid the southern main,
Rose thy Ta-heité's peaks and flowery plain;—
Why, daring wanderer! quit that blissful land,
To seek new dangers on a barbarous strand?
Why doom'd, so long escap'd from storms and foes,
Upon that strand thy dying eyes to close;
Remote each place by habit render'd dear,
Nor British friends nor Otaheitean near?
Nor less than books the engraver's works invite,
Where past and distant come before the sight;
Where, all the painter's lively tints convey'd,
The skilful copyist gives in light and shade:
While faithful views the prospect's charms display,
From coast to coast, and town to town, we stray;
While faithful portraits human features trace,
We gaze delighted on the speaking face;
Survey the port that bards and heroes bore,
Or mark the smiles that high-born beauties wore.
Cease these to please? philosophy attends
With arts where knowledge with diversion blends;
The sun's vast system in a model shows;
Bids the clear lens new forms to sight expose;
Constructs machines, whose wond'rous powers declare
The effects of light, and properties of air;
With whirling globes excites electric fires,
And all their force and all their use inquires.
O nature! how immense thy secret store,
Beyond what ev'n a Priestly can explore!
Such, friend, the employments may his time divide,
Whom rural shades from scenes of business hide;
While o'er his ear unnotic'd glide away
The noise and nonsense of the passing day.

THE AUTHOR TO HIS WIFE.

1776.

FRIEND of my heart, by favouring Heaven bestow'd,
My lov'd companion on life's various road!
Now six swift years have wing'd their flight away
Since yon bright sun adorn'd our nuptial day—
For thy sweet smiles that all my cares remove,
Sooth all my griefs, and all my joys improve;
For thy sweet converse, ever fram'd to please,
With prudence lively, sensible with ease;
To thee the muse awakes her tuneful lay,
The thanks of gratitude sincere to pay!
Thus long may Hymen hold for us his reign,
And twine with wreaths of flowers his easy chain;
Still may fond love and firmest faith be mine,
Still health, and peace, and happiness be thine!

TO FEAR.

O THOU, dread foe of honour, wealth and fame,
Whose touch can quell the strong, the fierce can tame,
Relentless fear! ah, why did fate ordain
My trembling heart to own thy iron reign?
There are, thrice happy! who disdain'd thy sway,
The merchant wand'ring o'er the wat'ry way;
The chief serene before th' assaulted wall;
The climbing statesman thoughtless of his fall;
All whom the love of wealth or pow'r inspires,
And all who burn with proud ambition's fires;
But peaceful bards thy constant presence know,
O thou, of every glorious deed the foe!
Of thee the silent studious race complains,
And learning groans a captive in thy chains:
The secret wish when some fair object moves,
And cautious reason what we wish approves,

Thy gorgon front forbids to grasp the prize,
And seas are spread between, and mountains rise:
Thy magic arts a thousand phantoms raise,
And fancied deaths and dangers fill our ways;
With smiling hope you wage eternal strife,
And envious snatch the cup of joy from life.
O leave, tremendous pow'r! the blameless breast,
Of guilt alone, the tyrant and the guest;
Go, and thy train of sable horrors spread
Where murder meditates the future dead,
Where rapine watches for the gloom of night,
And lawless passion pants for other's right;
Go to the bad, but from the good recede,
No more the foe of ev'ry glorious deed.

JOHNSON.

THE life of this literary dictator of the eighteenth century, has been written both by friends and enemies, with such amplitude of remark and minuteness of enquiry, as to leave nothing further to be wished for on the subject.

Samuel Johnson was born at Litchfield, September 7, 1709. His father was a respectable bookseller; but though he contrived to give his son a classical education, on account of the precocity of talents and attachment to learning which he early evinced, it was not in his power to support him long enough at Oxford, where he was entered of Pembroke college, to take a degree; and after distinguishing himself by his Latin verses, and suffering much from the narrowness of his circumstances, he was obliged to leave the University, and to engage himself as an usher in a school at Market Bosworth in Leicestershire, where he spent his time most unpleasantly, till invited by an old school-fellow, Mr. Hector, to Birmingham. Here he translated Father Lobo's Voyage to Abyssinia, and wrote some little pieces, which gave those to whom they were communicated presages of his future eminence.

In 1735, Johnson married a Mrs. Porter, relict to a mercer, of whose daughter he had previously been enamoured; and opening an academy at Edial near Litchfield, seems to have entertained no ideas of courting fame or distinction. His ill success, however, obliged him to relinquish this undertaking; and having written "Irene, a Tragedy," he came up to London, in company with his pupil Garrick, to seek his fortune. He soon became acquainted with Cave, who conducted the Gentleman's Magazine, and through him with several booksellers and literary characters. The difficulties, however, which he had to encounter in the capacity of an author would have depressed the resolution of almost any other man: he slowly established a reputation, but it was a durable one, which suffered no diminution to the hour of his death.

In this place, we have only to consider Johnson as a poet, and it may be fairly concluded from the specimens he has left us, that had he cultivated this delightful art

with more zeal and assiduity, he would have been equally illustrious in poetry as in prose. "His London, and the Vanity of Human Wishes," in strength and energy of diction, and in harmony of numbers, stand almost unrivalled and alone.

His great English Dictionary is a stupendous monument of labour, and his Rambler and Idler are so well known, that to praise them would be impertinent. Among other rewards and honours richly earned, Johnson received the degree of Doctor of Laws, and a royal pension of 300*l.* a year. He died December 13, 1784, in the 75th year of his age, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His statue is erected in St. Paul's, and his memory will long be dear to his countrymen, whom he instructed by his writings and reformed by his life.

His learning and knowledge were deep and universal, his conception so clear, and his intellectual stores marshalled with such precision, that his style in common conversation equalled that of his moral essays.

Whatever charge of pedantic stiffness may have been brought against those essays by prejudice, or by personal resentment, they are certainly not less superior to all other English compositions, of that sort, in the happy fertility and efflorescence of imagination, harmony of period, and luminous arrangement of ideas, than they are in strength of expression, and force of argument.

The pride of Dr. Johnson was infinite; yet, amidst all the overbearing arrogance it produced, his heart melted at the sight, or at the representation of disease and poverty; and, in the hours of affluence, his purse was ever open to relieve them. He sometimes discovered much impetuosity of temper, and was too ready to take offence at others; but when concessions were made, he was easily appeased. For those from whom he had received kindness in the earlier part of his life, he seemed ever to retain a particular regard, and manifested much gratitude towards those by whom he had at any time been benefited; in short, whatever were his faults or foibles, they are now descended with him to the grave, while his numerous virtues demand at once our esteem, and imitation.

LONDON.

THOUGH grief and fondness in my breast rebel
When injur'd Thales bids the town farewel,
Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice commend,
I praise the hermit, but regret the friend,
Resolv'd at length, from vice and London far,
To breathe in distant fields a purer air.
And, fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore,
Give to St. David one true Briton more.
For who wou'd leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's land,
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?
There none are swept by sudden fate away,
But all whom hunger spares, with age decay:
Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,
And now a rabble rages, now a fire;
Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;
Here falling houses thunder on your head,
And here a female atheist talks you dead.
While Thales waits the wherry that contains
Of dissipated wealth the small remains,
On Thame's banks in silent thought we stood,
Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood;
Struck with the seat that gave Eliza birth,
We kneel, and kiss the consecrated earth;
In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew,
And call Britannia's glories back to view;
Behold her cross triumphant on the main,
The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain,
Ere masquerades debauch'd, excise oppress'd,
Or English honour grew a standing jest.
A transient calm the happy scenes bestow,
And for a moment lull the sense of woe.
At length awaking, with contemptuous frown,
Indignant Thales eyes the neighb'ring town.
Since worth, he cries, in these degen'rate days
Wants ev'n the cheap reward of empty praise;
In those curs'd walls, devote to vice and gain,
Since unrewarded science toils in vain;

Since hope but sooths to double my distress,
And ev'ry moment leaves my little less;
While yet my steady steps no staff sustains;
And life still vig'rous revels in my veins;
Grant me, kind Heaven, to find some happier place,
Where honesty and sense are no disgrace:
Some pleassing bank where verdant osiers play,
Some peaceful vale with nature's paintings gay;
Where once the harass'd Briton found repose,
And safe in poverty defy'd his foes:
Some secret cell, ye pow'rs, indulgent give,
Let—live here, for—has learn'd to live.
Here let those reign, whom pensions can incite
To vote a patriot black, a common white:
Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
And plead for pirates in the face of day;
With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth,
And lend a lie the confidence of truth.
Let such raise palaces, and manors buy,
Collect a tax, or farm a lottery;
With warbling eunuchs fill our silenc'd stage,
And lull to servitude a thoughtless age.
Heroes, proceed! what bounds your pride shall hold?
What check restrain your thirst of pow'r and gold?
Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown,
Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives your own.
To such, the plunder of a land is giv'n,
When public crimes inflame the wrath of heav'n:
But what, my friend, what hope remains for me,
Who start at theft, and blush at perjury?
Who scarce forbear, though Britain's court he sing,
To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing;
A statesman's logic unconvinc'd can hear,
And dare to slumber o'er the Gazetteer;
Despise a fool in half his pension dress'd,
And strive in vain to laugh at Clodio's jest.
Others with softer smiles, and subtler art,
Can sap the principles, or taint the heart;
With more address a lover's note convey,
Or bribe a virgin's innocence away.
Well may they rise, while I, whose rustic tongue
Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varnish wrong,

Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy,
Live unregarded, unlamented die.
For what but social guilt the friend endears?
Who shares Orgilio's crimes, his fortune shares.
But thou, should tempting villany present
All Marlb'rough hoarded, or all Villiers spent,
Turn from the glitt'ring bribe thy scornful eye,
Nor sell for gold what gold could never buy,
The peaceful slumber, self-approving day,
Unsullied fame, and conscience ever gay.
The cheated nation's happy fav'rites, see!
Mark whom the great caress, who frown on me!
London! the needy villain's gen'ral home,
The common-sewer of Paris, and of Rome;
With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.
Forgive my transports on a theme like this,
I cannot bear a French metropolis.
Illustrious Edward! from the realms of day,
The land of heroes and of saints survey;
Nor hope the British lineaments to trace,
The rustic grandeur, or the surly grace,
But lost in thoughtless ease, and empty show,
Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau;
Sense, freedom, piety, refin'd away,
Of France the mimic, and of Spain the prey.
All that at home no more can beg or steal,
Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;
Hiss'd from the stage, or hooted from the court,
Their air, their dress, their politics import;
Obsequious, artful, voluble and gay,
On Britain's fond credulity they prey.
No gainful trade their industry can 'scape,
They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or cure a clap:
All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,
And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.
Ah! what avails it, that, from slav'ry far,
I drew the breath of life in English air;
Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,
And lisp the tale of Henry's victories;
If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,
And flattery prevails when arms are vain?

Studious to please, and ready to submit,
The supple Gaul was born a parasite:
Still to his int'rest true, where'er he goes,
Wit, brav'ry, worth, his lavish tongue bestows;
In ev'ry face a thousand graces shine,
From ev'ry tongue flows harmony divine.
These arts in vain our rugged natives try,
Strain out with fault'ring diffidence a lie,
And get a kick for awkward flattery.
Besides, with justice, this discerning age
Admires their wond'rous talents for the stage:
Well may they venture on the mimic's art,
Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part;
Practis'd their master's notions to embrace,
Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face;
With ev'ry wild absurdity comply,
And view its object with another's eye;
To shake with laughter ere the jest they hear,
To pour at will the counterfeited tear;
And as their patron hints the cold or heat,
To shake in Dog-days, in December sweat.
How, when competitors like these contend,
Can surly virtue hope to fix a friend?
Slaves that with serious impudence beguile,
And lie without a blush, without a smile;
Exalt each trifle, ev'ry vice adore,
Your taste in snuff, your judgment in a whore;
Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and swear
He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.
For arts like these preferr'd, admir'd, caress'd,
They first invade your table, then your breast;
Explore your secrets with insidious art,
Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the heart;
Then soon your ill-plac'd confidence repay,
Commence your lords, and govern or betray.
By numbers here from shame or censure free,
All crimes are safe but hated poverty.
This, only this, the rigid law pursues,
This, only this, provokes the snarling muse.
The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak,
Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke;

With brisker air the silken courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.
Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd;
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.
Has Heaven reserv'd, in pity to the poor,
No pathless waste, or undiscover'd shore?
No secret island in the boundless main?
No peaceful desert yet unclaim'd by Spain:
Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,
And bear oppression's insolence no more.
This mournful truth is ev'ry where confess'd,
Slow rises worth, by poverty depress'd:
But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold;
Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,
The groom retails the favours of his lord.
But hark! th' affrighted crowd's tumultuous cries
Roll through the streets, and thunder to the skies:
Rais'd from some pleasing dream of wealth and pow'r,
Some pompous palace, or some blissful bow'r,
Aghast you start, and scarce with aching sight
Sustain the approaching fire's tremendous light;
Swift from pursuing horror take your way,
And leave your little *all* to flames a prey:
Then through the world a wretched vagrant roam,
For where can starving merit find a home?
In vain your mournful narrative disclose,
While all neglect, and most insult your woes.
Should Heaven's just bolts Orgilio's wealth confound,
And spread his flaming palace on the ground,
Swift o'er the land the dismal rumour flies,
And public mournings pacify the skies:
The laureat tribe in venal verse relate,
How virtue wars with persecuting fate;
With well-feign'd gratitude the pension'd band
Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.
See! while he builds, the gaudy vassals come,
And crowd with sudden wealth the rising dome;
The price of boroughs and of souls restore;
And raise his treasures higher than before.

Now bless'd with all the baubles of the great,
The polish'd marble, and the shining plate,
Orgilio sees the golden pile aspire,
And hopes from angry Heav'n another fire.
Could'st thou resign the park and play content,
For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent;
There might'st thou find some elegant retreat,
Some hireling senator's deserted seat;
And stretch thy prospects o'er the smiling land,
For less than rent the dungeons of the Strand;
There prune thy walks, support thy drooping flow'rs,
Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bow'rs;
And, while thy grounds a cheap repast afford,
Despise the dainties of a venal lord:
There ev'ry bush with nature's music rings,
There ev'ry breeze bears health upon its wings;
On all thy hours security shall smile,
And bless thine evening walk and morning toil.
Prepare for death, if here at night you roam,
And sign your will before you sup from home.
Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man;
Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.
Yet ev'n these heroes, mischievously gay,
Lords of the street, and terrors of the way;
Flush'd as they are with folly, youth, and wine,
Their prudent insults to the poor confine;
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
And shun the shining train, and golden coach.
In vain these dangers past, your doors you close,
And hope the balmy blessings of repose:
Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,
The midnight murd'rer bursts the faithless bar;
Invades the sacred hour of silent rest,
And leaves, unseen, a dagger in your breast.
Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.
Propose your schemes, ye senatorian band,
Whose ways and means support the sinking land;
Lest ropes be wanting in the tempting spring,
To rig another convoy for the king.

A single goal, in Alfred's golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain;
Fair justice then, without constraint ador'd,
Held high the steady scale, but sheath'd the sword;
No spies were paid, no special juries known,
Blest age! but ah! how diff'rent from our own!
Much could I add,—but see the boat at hand,
The tide retiring, calls me from the land:
Farewel!—When youth, and health, and fortune spent,
Thou fly'st for refuge to the wilds of Kent;
And tir'd, like me, with follies and with crimes,
In angry numbers warn'st succeeding times,
Then shall thy friend, nor thou refuse his aid,
Still foe to vice, forsake his Cambrian shade;
In virtue's cause once more exert his rage,
Thy satire point, and animate thy page.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES,

In Imitation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal.

Let observation with extensive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate.
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride,
To tread the dreary paths without a guide;
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good.
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice.
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppress'd,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art,
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,

Impeachment stops the speaker's pow'rful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.
But scarce observ'd, the knowing and the bold,
Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold;
Wide-wasting pest! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind;
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.
Let hist'ry tell where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the madded land,
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord;
Low sculks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tow'r,
Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Though confiscation's vultures hover round.
The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
Does envy seize thee? crush th' upbraiding joy,
Increase his riches and his peace destroy,
Now fears in dire vicissitude, invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade,
Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,
One shows the plunder, and one hides the thief.
Yet still one gen'ral cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.
Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth,
See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest:
Thou who couldst laugh where want enchain'd caprice,
Toll crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece;
Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner dy'd;
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or seen a new-made mayor's unweildy state;
Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
And senates heard before they judg'd a cause;

How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe?
Attentive truth and nature to descry,
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye.
To thee were solemn toys or empty show,
The robes of pleasure and the veils of woe:
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.
Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
Renew'd at every glance on human kind;
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search every state, and canvass ev'ry pray'r.
Unnumber'd suppliants crowd preferment's gate,
A thirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delusive fortune hears th' incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
On ev'ry stage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning worshipper no more;
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
From ev'ry room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright palladium of the place,
And smok'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine:
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids th' indignant wall.
But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foes doom, or guard her fav'rites zeal?
Through freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
Degrading nobles and controuling kings;
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.
In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine,

Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour flows,
His smile alone security bestows:
Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r;
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;
Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
And rights submitted, left him none to seize.
At length his sov'reign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate:
Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.
Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end be thine?
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?
For why did Wolsey near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight?
Why, but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulfs below.
What gave great Villiers to the assassin's knife,
And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life?
What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings ally'd?
What, but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,
And pow'r too great to keep, or to resign.
When first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
Resistless burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the strong contagion of the gown:
O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
Are these thy views? proceed, illustrious youth,
And virtue guard thee to the throne of truth!
Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat,
Till captive science yields her last retreat;

Should reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
And pour on misty doubt resistless day;
Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;
Should tempting novelty thy cell refrain,
And sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;
Should beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
Nor melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee:
Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause a while from learning to be wise;
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when learning her last prize bestows,
The glitt'ring eminence exempt from foes;
See when the vulgar 'scapes, despis'd or aw'd,
Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
From meaner minds, though smaller fines content
The plunder'd palace or sequester'd rent;
Mark'd out by dang'rous parts he meets the shock,
And fatal learning leads him to the block:
Around his tomb let art and genius weep,
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,
For such the steady Romans shook the world;
For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;
This pow'r has praise, that virtue scarce can warm,
Till fame supplies the universal charm.
Yet reason frowns on war's unequal game,
Where wasted nations raise a single name,

And mortgag'd states their grandsires wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlasting debt;
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes let Swedish Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their pow'r combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
"Think nothing gain'd, he cries, till nought remain,
"On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
"And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
And winter barricades the realms of frost;
He comes, nor want, nor cold his course delay;—
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
From Persia's tyrant, to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hostility and barb'rous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his side,
Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way;

Attendant flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads sooth his pride no more;
Fresh praise is try'd till madness fires his mind,
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind;
New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still bestow'd,
Till rude resistance lops the spreading god;
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe;
Th' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,
A single skiff to speed his flight remains;
Th'encumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast
Through purple billows and a floating host.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean pow'r,
With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway;
Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,
The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise;
The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
With all the sons of ravage crowd the war;
The baffled prince in honour's flatt'ring bloom
Of hasty greatness finds the fatal doom,
His foes derision, and his subjects blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from shame.

Enlarge my life with multitude of days,
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays;
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted, is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy:
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruits autumnal, and the vernal flow'r,
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views, and wonders that they please no more;
Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
And luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain:
No sounds, alas! would touch th' impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus near:

Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'rs attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend.
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest,
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest.
While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring sneer,
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful guests still hint the last offence,
The daughter's petulance, the son's expence,
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will.

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;
But unextinguish'd av'rice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers, with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime,
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers;
The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend;
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?

Yet ev'n on this her load misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes flagging wings;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated friendship claims a tear.
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from with'ring life away;
New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,
Till pitying nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulfs of fate.

From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise?
From Marlb'rough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.

The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face:
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring;
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
By day the frolic, and the dance by night,
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
And ask the latest fashion of the heart,
What care, what rules your heedless charms shall save,
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave?
Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines.
With distant voice neglected virtue calls,
Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls;
Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry reign,
And pride and prudence take her seat in vain.
In crowds at once, where none the pass defend,
The harmless freedom, and the private friend.
The guardians yield, by force superior ply'd;
To int'rest, prudence; and to flatt'ry, pride.
Here beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distress'd,
And hissing infamy proclaims the rest.

Where then shall hope and fear their objects find?
Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
Inquirer, cease, petitions yet remain,
Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice.
Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious pray'r.

Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of Heav'n ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;
With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Garrick, at the opening of the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane, 1747.

When learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting time toil'd after him in vain.
His powerful strokes presiding truth impress'd,
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule;
His studious patience and laborious art,
By regular approach essay'd the heart:
Cold approbation gave the lingering bays;
For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise.
A mortal born, he met the gen'ral doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wish'd for Jonson's art, or Shakspeare's flame.
Themselves they studied; as they felt, they writ:
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.

Vice always found a sympathetic friend ;
They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting praise,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days.
Their cause was gen'ral, their supports were strong ;
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long :
Till shame regain'd the post that sense betray'd,
And virtue call'd oblivion to her aid.

Then crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
For years the pow'r of tragedy declin'd ;
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till declamation roar'd whilst passion slept ;
Yet still did virtue deign the stage to tread,
Philosophy remain'd, though nature fled.
But forc'd, at length, her ancient reign to quit,
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit ;
Exulting folly hail'd the joyous day,
And pantomime and song confirm'd her sway.

But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage ?
Perhaps if skill could distant times explore,
New Behns, new Durfeys, yet remain in store ;
Perhaps, where Lear has rav'd and Hamlet dy'd,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride ;
Perhaps, for who can guess th' effects of chance,
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.
Hard is his lot that here by fortune plac'd,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste ;
With every meteor of caprice must play,
And chase the new-blown bubbles of the day.
Ah ! let not censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice ;
The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die ;
'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence
Of rescu'd nature, and reviving sense ;
To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
For useful mirth and salutary woe ;
Bid scenic virtue form the rising age,
And truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

SPRING.

AN ODE.

STERN winter, now, by spring repress'd,
Forbears the long continued strife;
And nature on her naked breast,
Delights to catch the gales of life.

Now o'er the rural kingdom roves
Soft pleasure with her laughing train,
Love warbles in the vocal groves,
And vegetation plants the plain.

Unhappy! whom to beds of pain,
Arthritic* tyranny consigns;
Whom smiling nature courts in vain,
Though rapture sings and beauty shines.

Yet though my limbs disease invades,
Her wings imagination tries,
And bears me to the peaceful shades
Where ——'s humble turrets rise.

Here stop, my soul, thy rapid flight,
Nor from the pleasing groves depart,
Where first great nature charm'd my sight,
Where wisdom first inform'd my heart.

Here let me through the vales pursue
A guide—a father—and a friend,
Once more great nature's works renew,
Once more on wisdom's voice attend.

From false caresses, causeless strife,
Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd;
Here let me learn the use of life,
When best enjoy'd—when most improv'd.

Teach me, thou venerable bower,
Cool meditation's quiet seat,
The generous scorn of venal power,
The silent grandeur of retreat.

* The Author being ill of the gout.

When pride by guilt to greatness climbs,
Or raging factions rush to war,
Here let me learn to shun the crimes
I can't prevent, and will not share.

But lest I fall by subtler foes,
Bright wisdom teach me Curio's art,
The swelling passsions to compose,
And quell the rebels of the heart.

MIDSUMMER.

O Phœbus! down the western sky,
Far hence diffuse thy burning ray,
Thy light to distant worlds supply,
And wake them to the cares of day.

Come, gentle eve, the friend of care,
Come, Cynthia, lovely queen of night!
Refresh me with a cooling breeze,
And cheer me with a lambent light.

Lay me, where o'er the verdant ground
Her living carpet nature spreads;
Where the green bower with roses crown'd,
In showers its fragrant foliage sheds.

Improve the peaceful hour with wine,
Let music die along the grove;
Around the bowl let myrtles twine,
And every strain be turn'd to love.

Come, Stella, queen of all my heart!
Come, born to fill its vast desires!
Thy looks perpetual joys impart,
Thy voice perpetual love inspires.

While all my wish and thine complete,
By turns we languish and we burn,
Let sighing gales our sighs repeat,
Our murmurs—murmuring brooks return.

Let me when nature calls to rest,
And blushing skies the morn foretel,
Sink on the down of Stella's breast,
And bid the waking world farewel.

AUTUMN.

Alas! with swift and silent pace,
Impatient time rolls on the year;
The seasons change, and nature's face
Now sweetly smiles, now frowns severe.

'Twas spring, 'twas summer, all was gay,
Now autumn bends a cloudy brow;
The flowers of spring are swept away,
And summer fruits desert the bough.

The verdant leaves that play'd on high,
And wanton'd on the western breeze,
Now trod in dust neglected lie,
As Boreas strips the bending trees.

The fields that wav'd with golden grain,
As russet heaths are wild and bare;
Not moist with dew, but drench'd in rain,
Nor health, nor pleasure wanders there.

No more while through the midnight shade,
Beneath the moon's pale orb I stray,
Soft pleasing woes my heart invade,
As Progne pours the melting lay.

From this capricious clime she soars,
O! wou'd some god but wings supply!
To where each morn the spring restores,
Companion of her flight I'd fly.

Vain wish! me fate compels to bear
The downward seasons iron reign,
Compels to breathe polluted air,
And shiver on a blasted plain.

What bliss to life can autumn yield,
If glooms, and showers, and storms prevail;
And Ceres flies the naked field,
And flowers, and fruits, and Phœbus fail?

Oh! what remains, what lingers yet,
To cheer me in the darkening hour?
The grape remains! the friend of wit,
In love, and mirth, of mighty power.

Haste—press the clusters, fill the bowl;
Apollo! shoot thy parting ray:
This gives the sunshine of the soul,
This god of health, and verse, and day.

Still—still the jocund strain shall flow,
The pulse with vigorous rapture beat;
My Stella with new charms shall glow,
And every bliss in wine shall meet.

WINTER.

No more the morn, with tepid rays,
Unfolds the flower of various hue;
Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,
Nor gentle eve distils the dew.

The lingering hours prolong the night,
Usurping darkness shares the day;
Her mists restrain the force of light,
And Phœbus holds a doubtful sway.

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
With sighs we view the hoary hill,
The leafless wood, the naked field,
The snow-topt cot, the frozen rill.

No music warbles through the grove,
No vivid colours paint the plain;
No more with devious steps I rove
Through verdant paths now sought in vain.

Aloud the driving tempest roars,
Congeal'd, impetuous showers descend;
Haste, close the windows, bar the doors,
Fate leaves me Stella, and a friend.

In nature's aid let art supply
With light and heat my little sphere;
Rouze, rouze the fire, and pile it high,
Light up a constellation here.

Let music sound the voice of joy!
Or mirth repeat the jocund tale;
Let love his wanton wiles employ,
And o'er the season wine prevail.

Yet time life's dreary winter brings,
When mirth's gay tale shall please no more;
Nor music charm—though Stella sings;
Nor love, nor wine, the spring restore.

Catch then, O catch the transient hour,
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a short summer—man a flower,
He dies—alas! how soon he dies!

THE WINTER'S WALK.

Behold, my fair, where'er we rove,
What dreary prospects round us rise;
The naked hill, the leafless grove,
The hoary ground, the frowning skies!

Not only through the wasted plain,
Stern winter is thy force confess'd,
Still wider spreads thy horrid reign,
I feel thy power usurp my breast.

Enlivening hope, and fond desire,
Resign the heart to spleen and care,
Scarce frighted love maintains her fire,
And rapture saddens to despair.

In groundless hope and causeless fear,
Unhappy man! behold thy doom;
Still changing with the changeful year,
The slave of sunshine and of gloom.

Tir'd with vain joys, and false alarms,
With mental and corporeal strife,
Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,
And screen me from the ills of life.

EVENING.

AN ODE. TO STELLA.

Evening now from purple wings
Sheds the grateful gifts she brings;
Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,
Cooling breezes shake the reed;
Shake the reed, and curl the stream,
Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam!
Near the chequer'd, lonely grove,
Hears, and keeps thy secrets, love.
Stella, thither let us stray!
Lightly o'er the dewy way,
Phœbus drives his burning car,
Hence, my lovely Stella, far;
In his stead, the queen of night
Round us pours a lambent light;
Light that seems but just to show
Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow;
Let us now, in whisper'd joy,
Evening's silent hours employ,
Silence best, and conscious shades,
Please the hearts that love invades:
Other pleasures give them pain,
Lovers all but love disdain.

TO THE SAME.

WHETHER Stella's eyes are found,
Fix'd on earth, or glancing round,
If her face with pleasure glow,
If she sigh at others woe,
If her easy air express
Conscious worth or soft distress,
Stella's eyes, and air, and face,
Charm with undiminish'd grace.
If on her we see display'd
Pendent gems and rich brocade,
If her chintz with less expence
Flows in easy negligence;
Still she lights the conscious flame,
Still her charms appear the same;
If she strikes the vocal strings,
If she's silent, speaks, or sings,
If she sit, or if she move,
Still we love, and still approve.
Vain the casual, transient glance,
Which alone can please by chance,
Beauty, which depends on art,
Changes with the changing heart,
Which demands the toilet's aid,
Pendent gems and rich brocade.
Those charms alone can prize,
Which from constant nature rise,
Which nor circumstance, nor dress,
E'er can make, or more, or less.

TO A FRIEND.

No more thus brooding o'er yon heap,
With avarice painful vigils keep;
Still unenjoy'd the present store,
Still endless sighs are breath'd for more:
O! quit the shadow, catch the prize,
Which not all India's treasure buys!

To purchase heaven has gold the power?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life can love be bought with gold?
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?
No—all that's worth a wish—a thought,
Fair virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought.
Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind,
Let nobler views engage thy mind.
With science tread the wond'rous way,
Or learn the muses' moral lay;
In social hours indulge thy soul,
Where mirth and temperance mix the bowl;
To virtuous love resign thy breast,
And be, by blessing beauty—blest.
Thus taste the feast by nature spread,
Ere youth and all its joys are fled;
Come taste with me the balm of life,
Secure from pomp and wealth and strife.
I boast whate'er for man was meant,
In health, and Stella, and content;
And scorn! Oh! let that scorn be thine;
Mere things of clay, that dig the mine.

STELLA IN MOURNING.

When lately Stella's form display'd
The beauties of the gay brocade,
The nymphs who found their power decline,
Proclaimed her not so fair as fine.
"Fate! snatch away the bright disguise,
"And let the goddess trust her eyes."
Thus blindly pray'd the fretful fair,
And fate malicious heard the pray'r;
But brighten'd by the sable dress,
As virtue rises in distress.
Since Stella still extends her reign,
Ah! how shall envy sooth her pain?
Th' adoring youth and envious fair,
Henceforth shall form one common prayer;
And love and hate alike implore
The skies—"That Stella mourn no more."

TO STELLA.

Not the soft sighs of vernal gales,
The fragrance of the flowery vales,
The murmurs of the crystal rill,
The vocal grove, the verdant hill;
Not all their charms, though all unite,
Can touch my bosom with delight.

Not all the gems on India's shore,
Not all Peru's unbounded store,
Not all the powers, nor all the fame,
That heroes, kings, or poets claim;
Nor knowledge which the learn'd approve,
To form one wish my soul can move.

Yet nature's charms allure my eyes,
And knowledge, wealth, and fame I prize;
Fame, wealth, and knowledge I obtain,
Nor seek I nature's charms in vain;
In lovely Stella all combine,
And, lovely Stella! thou art mine.

VERSES,

Written at the Request of a Gentleman to whom a Lady had given a Sprig of Myrtle.

What hopes—what terrors does this gift create!
Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate.
The myrtle, ensign of supreme command,
Consign'd to Venus by Melissa's hand,
Not less capricious than a reigning fair,
Oft favours, oft rejects a lover's prayer.
In myrtle shades oft sings the happy swain,
In myrtle shades despairing ghosts complain;
The myrtle crowns the happy lovers' heads,
The unhappy lovers' graves the myrtle spreads.

Oh ! then, the meaning of thy gift impart,
And ease the throbbings of an anxious heart.
Soon must this sprig, as you shall fix its doom,
Adorn Philander's head, or grace his tomb.

TO LYCE,

AN ELDERLY LADY.

Ye nymphs whom starry rays invest,
By flattering poets given,
Who shine by lavish lovers drest,
In all the pomp of heaven ;

Engross not all the beams on high,
Which gild a lover's lays,
But as your sister of the sky,
Let Lyce share the praise.

Her silver locks display the moon,
Her brows a cloudy show,
Strip'd rainbows round her eyes are seen,
And showers from either flow.

Her teeth the night with darkness dyes,
She's starr'd with pimples o'er ;
Her tongue like nimble lightning plies,
And can with thunder roar.

But some Zelinda, while I sing,
Denies my Lyce shines :
And all the pens of Cupid's wing
Attack my gentle lines.

Yet spite of fair Zelinda's eye,
And all her bards express,
My Lyce makes as good a sky,
And I but flatter less.

PARAPHRASE

ON PROVERBS CHAP. VI. VERSES 6—11.

" Go to the Ant, thou Sluggard."

TURN on the prudent ant thy heedless eyes,
Observe her labours, sluggard, and be wise:
No stern command, no monitory voice
Prescribes her duties, or directs her choice;
Yet timely provident, she hastes away,
To snatch the blessings of the plenteous day;
When fruitful summer loads the teeming plain,
She crops the harvest, and she stores the grain.
How long shall sloth usurp thy useless hours,
Unnerve thy vigour, and enchain thy pow'rs?
While artful shades thy downy couch enclose,
And soft solicitation courts repose.
Amidst the drowsy charms of dull delight,
Year chases year with unremitted flight,
Till want now following, fraudulent and slow,
Shall spring to seize thee like an ambush'd foe.

HORACE,

LIB. IV. ODE VII. TRANSLATED.

THE snow dissolv'd, no more is seen,
The fields and woods, behold! are green,
The changing year renews the plain,
The rivers know their banks again,
The sprightly nymph and naked grace
The mazy dance together trace.
The changing year's successive plan
Proclaims mortality to man.
Rough winter's blasts to spring give way,
Spring yields to summer's sovereign ray;
Then summer sinks in autumn's reign,
And winter chills the world again:

Her losses soon the moon supplies,
But wretched man, when once he lies
Where Priam and his sons are laid,
Is nought but ashes and a shade.
Who knows if Jove, who counts our score,
Will toss us in a morning more?
What with our friend you nobly share
At least you rescue from your heir.
Not you, Torquatus, boast of Rome,
When Minos once has fix'd your doom,
Or eloquence, or splendid birth,
Or virtue, shall restore to earth.
Hippolytus, unjustly slain,
Diana calls to life in vain;
Nor can the might of Theseus rend
The chains of hell that hold his friend.

ON SEEING A BUST OF MRS. MONTAGUE.

Had this fair figure which this frame displays,
Adorn'd in Roman time the brightest days,
In every dome, in every sacred place,
Her statue would have breath'd an added grace,
And on its basis would have been enroll'd,
"This is Minerva, cast in Virtue's mould."

WHITEHEAD.

William Whitehead, a poet of considerable eminence, and who rose to the laurel, was a native of Cambridge, where he received the first rudiments of learning, but was afterwards removed to Winchester, in which situation he gained much applause for his poetical compositions.

Being superannuated, and consequently deprived of the advantage of an election to New College, he returned to his family at Cambridge, and was admitted a sizer of Clare-Hall, in which humble situation, the respectability of his talents, and the amiableness of his manners, procured him the countenance of many friends, who promoted his future fortune.

In 1741, he published his epistle on "The Danger of Writing Verse," which obtained general admiration: and next year he was elected a fellow of Clare-Hall, and seems at one period to have formed the resolution of taking orders; but having been recommended as tutor to Lord Villiers, son of the Earl of Jersey, he gave so much satisfaction in the family, that his lordship wished to attach him wholly to himself; and in compliance with his pleasure, Whitehead resigned his fellowship, and gave up all thoughts of the church. He amused himself, however, with literary composition; and in 1750, his tragedy of "The Roman Father" was acted on the stage of Drury-Lane, where it was received with distinguished applause. In 1754 he collected his works into a volume; and in the spring of the same year brought forward his "Creusa," which likewise gained a considerable portion of favor. A few months after, in company with his pupil Lord Villiers, and his friend Lord Nuncham, son of the Earl of Harcourt, Whitehead set out for the continent; and having made the grand tour, returned to England in 1756. It was during this period that he wrote his beautiful "Ode to the Tiber," and his six elegies, which are the most popular of his poems, and breathe all the spirit of the muses.

During this absence from his native country, White-

head, through the interest of his patrons, had received the badges of secretary and register of the order of the Bath: and in 1757 he was appointed poet laureat, which office he held to the day of his death, and acquitted himself in it with a considerable share of credit. If his odes are inferior to those of his succesors, Warton and Pye, they are infinitely above the level of the compositions of his predecessors.

From time to time the laureat favoured the public with different pieces of no small merit, but which require no distinct enumeration. He died at his lodgings in London, April 14, 1785, in the 70th year of his age, and was buried in South Audley-street chapel.

His character, which has few prominent features, may easily be collected from this account of his life. He appears to have been a very amiable man, and lived in intimacy with the great: virtuous, caressed, and respected. All his friends bear ample testimony to his unaffected piety, unblemished integrity, engaging politeness, inviolable truth, steadiness in friendship, and the unassuming ease and sprightliness of his conversation. He was a man of good breeding, virtue, and humanity. He died, retaining all his faculties more perfectly than is usually the lot of those who live to such an age. Of these his memory was the most remarkable, which being always strong, continued to that late period with no diminution of vigour; and as his reading and observation had been far more extensive and various than he had occasion to exhibit in that mode of writing which he chiefly employed to convey his sentiments, this accurate retention, of what he had by study acquired, made him a living library, always open to communicate its treasures to his acquaintance, without obtruding itself by any ostentatious display, or assumed superiority. As a poet, he is characterized by elegance, correctness, and ease, more than by energy, enthusiasm, or sublimity.

The most prominent feature in his poetry seems an innocent and pleasant humour. He is never dull or absurd in his serious pieces; his taste and his judgment were too good to pardon insipidity, or impropriety, even in himself; but there is certainly more facility, as well as originality, in his humorous than his serious writings.

THE DANGER OF WRITING VERSE.

AN EPISTLE. 1741.

You ask me, Sir, why thus by phantoms aw'd,
No kind occasion tempts the muse abroad?
Why, when retirement sooths this idle art,
To fame regardless sleeps the youthful heart?
'Twould wrong your judgment, should I fairly say,
Distrust or weakness caus'd the cold delay:
Hint the small diff'rence, till we touch the lyre,
'Twixt real genius and too strong desire;
The human slips, or seeming slips pretend,
Which rouse the critic, but escape the friend;
Nay which, though dreadful when the foe pursues,
You pass, and smile, and still provoke the muse.
Yet, spite of all you think, or kindly feign,
My hand will tremble while it grasps the pen.
For not in this, like other arts, we try
Our light excursions in a summer sky,
No casual flights the dangerous trade admits;
But wits once authors, are for ever wits.
The fool in prose, like earth's unwieldy son,
May oft rise vig'rous, though he's oft o'erthrown:
One dangerous crisis marks our rise or fall;
By all we're courted, or we're shunn'd by all.
Will it avail, that, unmatur'd by years,
My easy numbers pleas'd your partial ears,
If now condemn'd, ev'n where he's valu'd most,
The man must suffer if the poet's lost;
For wanting wit, be totally undone,
And barr'd all arts for having fail'd in one.
When fears like these his serious thoughts engage,
No bugbear phantom curbs the poet's rage.
'Tis powerful reason holds the straighten'd rein,
While fluttering fancy to the distant plain
Sends a long look, and spreads her wings in vain.
But grant for once, th' officious muse has shed
Her gentlest influence on his infant head,
Let fears lie vanquish'd, and resounding fame
Give to the bellowing blast the poet's name.

And see! distinguish'd, from the crowd he moves,
Each finger marks him, and each eye approves!
Secure, as halcyons brooding o'er the deep,
The waves roll gently, and the thunders sleep,
Obsequious nature binds the tempest's wings,
And pleas'd attention listens while he sings!
O blissful state, O more than human joy!
What shafts can reach him, or what cares annoy?
What cares, my friend? why all that man can know,
Oppress'd with real or with fancy'd woe.
Rude to the world, like earth's first lord expell'd,
To climes unknown, from Eden's safer field;
No more eternal springs around him breathe,
Black air scowls o'er him, deadly damps beneath;
Now must he learn, misguided youth, to bear
Each varying season of the poet's year:
Flatt'ry's full beam, detraction's wint'ry store,
The frowns of fortune, or the pride of pow'r.
His acts, his words, his thoughts no more his own,
Each folly blazon'd, and each frailty known.
Is he reserv'd!—his sense is so refin'd,
It ne'er descends to trifle with mankind.
Open and free?—they find the secret cause
Is vanity; he courts the world's applause.
Nay, though he speak not, something still is seen,
Each change of face betray'd a fault within.
If grave, 'tis spleen; he smiles but to deride;
And downright awkwardness in him is pride.
Thus must he steer through fame's uncertain seas,
Now sunk by censure, and now puff'd by praise;
Contempt with envy strangely mix'd endure,
Fear'd where caress'd, and jealous though secure.
One fatal rock on which good authors split
Is thinking all mankind must like their wit;
And the grand business of the world stand still
To listen to the dictates of their quill.
Hurt if they fail, and yet how few succeed!
What's born in leisure men of leisure read;
And half of those have some peculiar whim,
Their test of sense, and read but to condemn.
Besides, on parties now our fame depends,
And frowns or smiles, as these are foes or friends,

Wit, judgment, nature join ; you strive in vain ;
'Tis keen invective stamps the current strain.
Fix'd to one side like Homer's gods we fight,
These always wrong, and those for ever right.
And would you choose to see your friend resign'd,
Each conscious tie which guides the virtuous mind,
Embroil'd in faction, hurl with dreaded skill
The random vengeance of his desp'rate quill ?
'Gainst pride in man with equal pride declaim,
And hide ill-nature under virtue's name ?
Or, deeply vers'd in flattery's wily ways,
Flow in full streams of undistinguish'd praise ?
To vice's grave, or folly's bust bequeath
The blushing trophy, and indignant wreath ?
Like Egypt's priests, bid endless temples rise,
And people with earth's pests th' offended skies ?
The muse of old her native freedom knew,
And wild in air the sportive wand'rer flew ;
On worth alone her bays eternal strow'd,
And found the hero, ere she hymn'd the god.
Nor less the chief his kind support return'd,
No drooping muse her slighted labours mourn'd ;
But stretch'd at ease she prun'd her growing wings,
By sages honour'd, and rever'd by kings.
Ev'n knowing Greece confess'd her early claim,
And warlike Latium caught the generous flame.
Not so our age regards the tuneful tongue,
'Tis senseless rapture all, and empty song ;
No Pollio sheds his genial influence round,
No Varus listens while the groves resound,
Ev'n those, the knowing and the virtuous few,
Who noblest ends by noblest means pursue,
Forget the poet's use ; the powerful spell
Of magic verse, which Sidney paints so well.
Forget that Homer wak'd the Grecian flame,
That Pindar rous'd inglorious Thebes to fame,
That every age has great examples given
Of virtue taught in verse, and verse inspir'd by heaven.
But I forbear—these dreams no longer last,
The times of fables and of flights are past.
To glory now no laurell'd suppliants bend,
No coins are struck, no sacred domes ascend.

Yet ye, who still the muse's charms admire,
And best deserve the verse your deeds inspire,
Ev'n in these gainful unambitious days,
Feel for yourselves at least, ye fond of praise,
And learn one lesson taught in mystic rhyme,
"'Tis verse alone arrests the wings of time."
Fast to the thread of life, annex'd by fame,
A sculptur'd medal bears each human name,
O'er Lethe's streams the fatal threads depend,
The glitt'ring medal trembles as they bend;
Close but the sheers, when chance or nature calls,
The birds of rumour catch it as it falls;
Awhile from bill to bill the trifle's tost,
The waves receive it, and 'tis ever lost!
But should the meanest swan that cuts the stream
Consign'd to Phœbus, catch the favour'd name,
Safe in her mouth she bears the sacred prize
To where bright fame's eternal altars rise.
'Tis there the muse's friends true laurels wear,
There great Augustus reigns, and triumphs there.
Patrons of arts must live till arts decay,
Sacred to verse in every poet's lay.
Thus grateful France does Richlieu's worth proclaim,
Thus grateful Britain doats on Somer's name.
And, spite of party rage and human flaws,
And British liberty, and British laws,
Times yet to come shall sing of Anna's reign,
And bards, who blame the measures, love the men.
But why round patrons climb th' ambitious bays?
Is interest then the sordid spur to praise?
Shall the same cause which prompts the chatt'ring jay
To aim at words, inspire the poet's lay?
And is there nothing in the boasted claim
Of living labours and a deathless name?
The pictur'd front, with sacred fillets bound?
The sculptur'd bust with laurels wreath'd around!
The annual roses scatter'd o'er his urn,
And tears to flow from poets yet unborn?
Illustrious all! but sure to merit these,
Demands at least the poet's learned ease.
Say, can the bard attempt what's truly great,
Who pants in secret for his future fate?

Him serious toils, and humbler arts engage,
To make youth easy, and provide for age;
While lost in silence hangs his useless lyre,
And, though from heav'n it came, fast dies the sacred fire.
Or grant true genius with superior force
Bursts every bond, resistless in its course;
Yet lives the man, how wild soe'er his aim,
Would madly barter fortune's smiles for fame!
Or distant hopes of future ease forego,
For all the wreaths that all the Nine bestow?
Well pleas'd to shine through each recording page,
The hapless Dryden of a shameless age?
Ill-fated bard! where'er thy name appears,
The weeping verse a sad memento bears.
Ah! what avail'd th' enormous blaze between
Thy dawn of glory, and thy closing scene!
When sinking nature asks our kind repairs,
Unstrung the nerves, and silver'd o'er the hairs;
When stay'd reflection comes uncall'd at last,
And gray experience counts each folly past,
Untun'd and harsh the sweetest strains appear,
And loudest Pæans but fatigue the ear.
'Tis true the man of verse, though born to ills,
Too oft deserves the very fate he feels.
When, vainly frequent at the great man's board,
He shares in every vice with every lord:
Makes to their taste his sober sense submit,
And 'gainst his reason madly arms his wit;
Heav'n but in justice turns their serious heart
To scorn the wretch, whose life belies his art.
He, only he, should haunt the muse's grove,
Whom youth might rev'rence and gray hairs approve;
Whose heav'n-taught numbers, now, in thunder roll'd,
Might rouse the virtuous and appal the bold.
Now, to truth's dictates lend the grace of ease,
And teach instruction happier arts to please.
For him would Plato change their gen'ral fate,
And own one poet might improve his state.
Curs'd be their verse, and blasted all their bays,
Whose sensual lure th' unconscious ear betrays;
Wounds the young breast, ere virtue spreads her shield,
And takes, not wins, the scarce disputed field,

Though specious rhet'ric each loose thought refine,
Though music charm in ev'ry labour'd line,
The dangerous verse, to full perfection grown,
Bavius might blush, and Quarles disdain to own.
Should some Machaon, whose sagacious soul
Trac'd blushing nature to her inmost goal,
Skill'd in each drug the varying world provides,
All earth embosoms, and all ocean hides,
Nor cooling herb, nor healing balm supply,
Ease the swoln breast or close the languid eye;
But, exquisitely ill, awake disease,
And arm with poison every baleful breeze:
What racks, what tortures must his crimes demand,
The more than Borgia of a bleeding land!
And is less guilty he whose shameless page
Not to the present bounds its subtle rage,
But spreads contagion wide, and stains a future age?
Forgive me, Sir, that thus the moral strain,
With indignation warm'd, rejects the rein;
Nor think I rove, regardless of my theme,
'Tis hence new dangers clog the paths to fame.
Not to themselves alone such bards confine
Fame's just reproach for virtue's injur'd shrine;
Profan'd by them, the muse's laurels fade,
Her voice neglected, and her flame decay'd.
And the son's son must feel the father's crime,
A curse entail'd on all the race that rhyme.
New cares appear, new terrors swell the train,
And must we paint them ere we close the scene!
Say, must the muse th' unwilling task pursue,
And, to complete her dangers, mention you?
Yes you, my friend, ev'n you, whose kind regard
With partial fondness views this humble bard:
Ev'n you he dreads.—Ah! kindly cease to raise
Unwilling censure, by exacting praise.
Just to itself the jealous world will claim
A right to judge; to give, or cancel fame.
And, if th' officious zeal unbounded flows,
The friend too partial is the worst of foes.
Behold th' Athenian sage, whose piercing mind
Had trac'd the wily labyrinths of mankind,

When now condemn'd, he leaves his infant care
To all those evils man is born to bear.
Not to his friends alone the charge he yields,
But nobler hopes on juster motives builds;
Bids ev'n his foes their future steps attend,
And dare to censure, if they dar'd offend.
Would thus the poet trust his offspring forth,
Or bloom'd our Britain with Athenian worth:
Would the brave foe the imperfect work engage
With honest freedom, not with partial rage,
What just productions might the world surprise!
What other Popes, what other Maros rise!
But since by foes or friends alike deceiv'd;
Too little those, and these too much believ'd;
Since the same fate pursues by diff'rent ways,
Undone by censure, or undone by praise;
Since bards themselves submit to vice's rule,
And party-feuds grow high, and patrons cool:
Since still unnam'd, unnumber'd ills behind
Rise black in air, and only wait the wind:
Let me, O let me, ere the tempest roar,
Catch the first gale, and make the nearest shore;
In sacred silence join th' inglorious train,
Where humble peace and sweet contentment reign;
If not thy precepts, thy example own,
And steal through life not useless, though unknown.

ANN BOLEYN TO HENRY VIII.

AN HEROIC EPISTLE, 1743.

The principal hints of the following epistle are taken from the celebrated last letter of Ann Boleyn to Henry the Eighth, published in the Spectator, No. 397.

If sighs could soften, or distress could move
Obdurate hearts, and bosoms dead to love,
Already sure these tears had ceas'd to flow,
And Henry's smiles reliev'd his Anna's woe.

Yet still I write, still breathe a fruitless prayer,
The last fond effort of extreme despair.
As some poor shipwreck'd wretch, for ever lost,
In strong delusion grasps the less'ning coast,
Thinks it still near, howe'er the billows drive,
And but with life resigns the hopes to live.
You bid me live; but oh how dire the means!
Virtue starts back, and conscious pride disdains.
Confess my crime?—what crime shall I confess?
In what strange terms the hideous falsehood dress?
A vile adultress! Heav'n defend my fame!
Condemn'd for acting what I fear'd to name.
Blast the foul wretch, whose impious tongue could dare
With sounds like those to wound the royal ear.
To wound?—alas! they only pleas'd too well,
And cruel Henry smil'd when Anna fell.
Why was I rais'd, why bade to shine on high
A pageant queen, an earthly deity?
This flower of beauty, small, and void of art,
Too weak to fix a mighty sovereign's heart,
In life's low vale its humbler charms had spread,
While storms roll'd harmless o'er its sheltered head.
Had found, perhaps, a kinder gath'rer's hand,
Grown to his breast, and, by his care sustain'd,
Had bloom'd a while, then, gradual in decay,
Grac'd with a tear had calmly pass'd away.
Yet, when thus rais'd, I taught my chaste desires
To know their lord, and burn with equal fires.
Why then these bonds? Is this that regal state
The fair expects, whom Henry bids be great?
Are these lone walls, and never varied scenes,
The envied mansion of Britannia's queens?
Where distant sounds in hollow murmurs die,
Where moss-grown tow'rs obstruct the trav'lling eye,
Where o'er dim suns eternal damps prevail,
And health ne'er enters wafted by the gale.
How curs'd the wretch, to such sad scenes confin'd,
If guilt's dread scorpions lash his tortur'd mind,
When injur'd innocence is taught to fear,
And coward virtue weeps and trembles here!
Nay, ev'n when sleep should ev'ry care allay,
And softly steal th' imprison'd soul away,

Quick to my thoughts excursive fancy brings
Long visionary trains of martyr'd kings.
There pious Henry, recent from the blow,
There ill-starr'd Edward lifts his infant brow.
Unhappy prince! thy weak defenceless age
Might soften rocks, or sooth the tiger's rage;
But not on these thy harder fates depend,
Man, man pursues, and murder is his end.
Such may my child, such dire protectors find,
Through av'rice cruel, through ambition blind.
No kind condolance in her utmost need,
Her friends all banish'd, and her parent dead!
O hear me, Henry, husband, father, hear,
If e'er those names were gracious in thy ear,
Since I must die, and so thy ease requires,
For love admits not of divided fires,
O to thy babe thy tend'rest cares extend,
As parent cherish, and as king defend!
Transferr'd to her, with transport I resign
Thy faithless heart—if e'er that heart was mine.
Nor may remorse thy guilty cheek inflame,
When the fond prattler lisps her mother's name;
No tear start conscious when she meets your eye,
No heart-felt pang extort th' unwilling sigh,
Lest she should find, and strong is nature's call,
I fell untimely, and lament my fall;
Forget that duty which high Heav'n commands,
And meet strict justice from a father's hands.
No, rather say what malice can invent,
My crimes enormous, small my punishment.
Pleas'd will I view from yon securer shore
Life, virtue, love too lost, and weep no more,
If in your breasts the bonds of union grow,
And undisturb'd the streams of duty flow.
—Yet can I tamely court the lifted steel,
Nor honour's wounds with strong resentment feel!
Ye powers! that thought improves ev'n terror's king,
Adds horrors to his brow, and torments to his sting.
No, try me, prince; each word, each action weigh,
My rage could dictate, or my fears betray;
Each sigh, each smile, each distant hint that hung
On broken sounds of an unmeaning tongue.

Recount each glance of these unguarded eyes
The seats where passion, void of reason, lies;
In those clear mirrors every thought appears;
Tell all their frailties—oh explain their tears!
Yes, try me, prince; but ah! let truth prevail,
And justice only hold the equal scale.
Ah, let not those the fatal sentence give,
Whom brothels blush to own, yet courts receive!
Base, vulgar souls—and shall such wretches raise
A queen's concern? to fear them, were to praise.
Yet oh! dread thought, oh must I, must I say
Henry commands, and these constrain'd obey?
Too well I know his faithless bosom pants
For charms, alas! which hapless Anna wants.
Yet once those charms this faded face could boast,
Too cheaply yielded, and too quickly lost.
Will she, O think, whom now your snares pursue,
Will she for ever please, be ever new?
Or must she, meteor like, a while be great,
Then weeping fall, and share thy Anna's fate?
Misguided maid! who now perhaps has form'd,
In transport melting, with ambition warm'd,
Long future greatness in ecstatic schemes,
Loose plans of wild delight, and golden dreams!
Alas! she knows not with how swift decay
Those visionary glories fleet away.
Alas! she knows not the sad time will come,
When Henry's eyes to other nymphs shall roam:
When she shall vainly sigh, plead, tremble, rave,
And drop, perhaps, a tear on Anna's grave.
Else would she sooner trust the wint'ry sea,
Rocks, deserts, monsters—any thing than thee:
Thee, whom deceit inspires, whose every breath
Sooths to despair, and every smile is death.
Fool that I was, I saw my rising fame,
Gild the sad ruins of a nobler name.
For me the force of sacred ties disown'd,
A realm insulted, and a queen dethron'd.
Yet fondly wild, by love, by fortune led,
Excus'd the crime, and shar'd the guilty bed.
With specious reason lull'd each rising care,
And hugg'd destruction in a form so fair.

'Tis just, ye powers; no longer I complain,
Vain be my tears, my boasted virtues vain;
Let rage, let flames, this destin'd wretch pursue,
Who begs to die—but begs that death from you.
Ah! why must Henry the dread mandate seal?
Why must his hand, uninjur'd, point the steel?
Say, for you search the images that roll
In deep recesses of the inmost soul,
Say, did ye e'er amid those numbers find
One wish disloyal, or one thought unkind?
Then snatch me, blast me, let the lightning's wing
Avert this stroke, and save the guilty king.
Let not my blood, by lawless passion shed,
Draw down Heaven's vengeance on his sacred head,
But nature's power prevent the dire decree,
And my hard lord without a crime be free.
Still, still I live, Heav'n hears not what I say,
Or turns, like Henry, from my pray'rs away.
Rejected, lost, O whither shall I fly,
I fear not death, yet dread the means to die!
To thee, O God, to thee again I come,
The sinner's refuge, and the wretch's home!
Since such thy will, farewell my blasted fame,
Let foul detraction seize my injur'd name:
No pang, no fear, no fond concern I'll know,
Nay, smile in death, though Henry gives the blow.
And now, resign'd, my bosom lighter grows,
And hope, soft-beaming, brightens all my woes.
Release me, earth; ye mortal bonds untie:
Why loiters Henry, when I pant to die?
For angels call, Heav'n opens at the sound,
And glories blaze, and mercy streams around.
Adieu, ye fanes, whose purer flames anew
Rose with my rise, and as I flourish'd grew.
Well may ye now my weak protection spare,
The pow'r that fix'd you shall preserve you there.
Small was my part, yet all I could employ,
And Heav'n repays it with eternal joy.
Thus rapt, O King! thus lab'ring to be free,
My gentlest passport still depends on thee.
My hov'ring soul, though rais'd to Heaven by prayer,
Still bends to earth, and finds one sorrow there;

Breathes for another's life its latest groan—
Resign'd and happy, might I part alone!
Why frowns my lord?—ere yet the stroke's decreed,
O hear a sister for a brother plead!
By Heaven he's wrong'd—alas! why that to you?
You know he's wrong'd—you know, and yet pursue.
Unhappy youth! what anguish he endures!—
Was it for this he press'd me to be yours,
When ling'ring, wav'ring on the brink I stood,
And ey'd obliquely the too tempting flood?
Was it for this his lavish tongue display'd
A monarch's graces to a love-sick maid?
With studied art consenting nature fir'd,
And forc'd my will to what it most desir'd?
Did he, enchanted by the flatt'ring scene,
Delude the sister, and exalt the queen,
To fall attendant on that sister's shade,
And die a victim with the queen he made?
And, witness Heav'n, I'd bear to see him die,
Did not that thought bring back the dreadful why:
The blasting foulness, that must still defame
Our lifeless ashes, and united name.
—Ah stop, my soul, nor let one thought pursue
That fatal track, to wake thy pangs anew.—
Perhaps some pitying bard shall save from death
Our mangled fame, and teach our woes to breathe;
Some kind historian's pious leaves display
Our hapless loves, and wash the stains away.
Fair truth shall bless them, virtue guard their cause,
And every chaste-ey'd matron weep applause.
Yet, though no bard should sing, or sage record,
I still shall vanquish my too faithless lord;
Shall see at last my injur'd cause prevail,
When pitying angels hear the mournful tale.
—And must thy wife, by Heav'n's severe command,
Before his throne thy sad accuser stand?
O Henry, chain my tongue, thy guilt atone,
Prevent my suff'rings—ah! prevent thy own!
Or hear me, Heav'n, since Henry's still unkind,
With strong repentance touch his guilty mind,
And oh! when anguish tears his lab'ring soul,
Through his rack'd breast when keenest horrors roll,

When, weeping, grov'ling in the dust he lies,
An humbled wretch, a bleeding sacrifice,
Then let me bear, 'its all my griefs shall claim,
For life's lost honours, and polluted fame,
Then let me bear thy mandate from on high,
With kind forgiveness let his Anna fly,
From every pang the much-lov'd suff'rer free,
And breathe that mercy he denies to me.

ON RIDICULE.

'Twas said of old, deny it now who can,
The only laughing animal is man.
The bear may leap, its lumpish cubs in view,
Or sportive cat her circling tail pursue;
The grin deep-lengthen pug's half-human face,
Or prick'd-up ear confess the simp'ring ass:
In awkward gestures awkward mirth be shown,
Yet, spite of gesture, man still laughs alone.
Th' all-powerful hand which, taught yon sun to shine,
First dress'd in smiles the human face divine;
And early innocence, unspoil'd by art,
Through the glad eye betray'd th' o'erflowing heart.
No weak disgusts disturb'd the social plan,
A brother's frailties but proclaim'd him man.
Nought perfect here they found, nor ought requir'd,
Excus'd the weakness, and the worth admir'd.
Succeeding ages more sagacious grew;
They mark'd our foibles, and would mend them too,
Each, strangely wise, saw what was just and best,
And by his model would reform the rest:
The rest, impatient, or reject with scorn
The spacious insult, or with pride return;
Till all meet all with controversial eyes,
If wrong refute them, and if right despise.
Not with their lives, but pointed wits, contend,
Too weak to vanquish, and too vain to mend.
Our mirthful age, to all extremes a prey,
Ev'n courts the lash, and laughs her pains away.

Declining worth imperial wit supplies,
And Momus triumphs, while Astræa flies.
No truth so sacred, banter cannot hit,
No fool so stupid, but he aims at wit.
Ev'n those, whose breasts ne'er plann'd one virtuous deed,
Nor rais'd a thought beyond the earth they tread;
Ev'n those can censure, those can dare deride
A Bacon's av'rice, or a Tully's pride;
And sneer at human checks by nature given,
To curb perfection ere it rival heaven:
Nay, chiefly such in these low arts prevail,
Whose wants of talents leaves them time to rail.
Born for no end, they worse than useless grow,
As waters poison if they cease to flow;
And pests become, whom kinder fate design'd
But harmless expletives of human kind.
See with what zeal th' insidious task they ply!
Where shall the prudent, where the virtuous fly?
Lurk as ye can, if they direct the ray,
The veriest atoms in the sun-beams play.
No venial slip their quick attention scapes;
They trace each Proteus through his hundred shapes;
To mirth's tribunal drag the caitif train,
Where mercy sleeps, and nature pleads in vain.
And whence this lust to laugh? what fond pretence,
Why Shaftsb'ry tells us, mirth's the test of sense:
Th' enchanted touch, which fraud and falsehood fear,
Like Una's mirror, or Ithuriel's spear.
Not so fair truth—aloft her temple stands
The work and glory of immortal hands.
Huge rocks of adamant its base enfold,
Steel bends the arch, the columns swell in gold.
No storms, no tumults, reach the sacred fane;
Waves idly beat, and winds grow loud in vain.
The shaft sinks pointless, ere it verges there,
And the dull hiss but dies away in air.
Yet let me say, howe'er secure it rise,
Sly fraud may reach it, and close craft surprise.
Truth, drawn like truth, must blaze divinely bright;
But, drawn like error, truth may cheat the sight.
Some awkward epithet with skill apply'd,
Some specious hints, which half their meanings hide,

Can right and wrong most courteously confound,
Banditti like, to stun us ere they wound.
Is there an art, through science' various store,
But, madly strain'd, becomes an art no more?
Is there a virtue, falsehood can't disguise?
Betwixt two vices every virtue lies:
To this, to that, the doubtful beam incline,
Or mirth's false balance take, the triumph's thine.
Let mighty Newton with an Augur's hand,
Through heaven's high concave stretch th' imperial wand,
The vagrant comet's dubious path assign,
And lead from star to star th' unerring line:
Who but with transport lifts his piercing eye,
Fond to be lost in vast immensity!
But should your taylor, with as much of thought,
Erect his quadrant, ere he cuts your coat:
The parchment slips with algebra o'erspread,
And calculations scrawl on ev'ry shred;
Art misapply'd must stare you in the face,
Nor could you, grave, the long deductions trace.
Fond of one art, most men the rest forego;
And all's ridiculous, but what they know.
Freely they censure lands they ne'er explore,
With tales they learn'd from coasters on the shore.
As Afric's petty kings, perhaps, who hear
Of distant states from some weak traveller,
Imperfect hints with eager ears devour,
And sneer at Europe's fate, and Britain's power.
All arts are useful, as all nature good,
Correctly known, and temp'rately pursued.
The active soul, that heav'n-born lamp, requires
Still new supports to feed, and raise its fires;
And science' ample stores expanded stand,
As diff'rent aids the varying flames demand.
And, as the sylvan chase bids bodies glow,
And purple health through vig'rous channels flow:
So fares the infant mind, by nature drawn,
By genius rous'd at reason's early dawn;
Which dares fair learning's arduous seats invade,
Climb the tall cliff, or pierce th' entangled shade:
New health, new strength, new force its powers receive,
And 'tis from toil th' immortal learns to live.

Or, if too harsh each boist'rous labour proves,
The muse conducts us to more happy groves;
Where sport her sister arts, with myrtles crown'd,
Expressive picture, and persuasive sound!
Where truth's rough rules the gentlest lays impart,
And virtue steals harmonious on the heart.
We oft, 'tis true, mistake the sat'rist's aim,
Not arts themselves, but their abuse they blame.
Yet, if, crusaders like, their zeal be rage,
They hurt the cause in which their arms engage:
On heav'nly anvils forge the temper'd steel,
Which fools can brandish, and the wise may feel.
Readers are few, who nice distinctions form,
Supinely cool, or credulously warm.
'Tis jest, 'tis earnest, as the words convey
Some glimm'ring sense to lead weak heads astray.
And when, too anxious for some art assail'd,
You point the latent flaw by which it fail'd;
Each to his bias leans, a steady fool,
And, for the part defective, damns the whole.
In elder James's ever peaceful reign,
Who sway'd alike the sceptre and the pen,
Had some rough poet, with satiric rage,
Alarm'd the court, and lash'd the pedant age;
What freights of genius on that rock had split?
Where now were learning, and where now were wit?
Matur'd and full the rising forest grows,
Lo! its wise owner lops th' advancing boughs:
For oaks, like arts, a length of years demand,
And shade the shepherd, ere they grace the land.
Where then may censure fall? 'tis hard to say;
On all that's wrong it may not, and it may.
In life, as arts, it asks our nicest care,
But hurts us more, as more immediate there.
Resign we freely to th' unthinking crowd
Their standing jest, which swells the laugh so loud,
The mountain back, or head advanc'd too high,
A leg mis-shapen, or distorted eye:
We pity faults by nature's hand imprest;
Thersites' mind, but not his form's the jest.
Here then we fix, and lash without controul
These mental pests, and hydras of the soul;

Acquir'd ill-nature, ever prompt debate,
A zeal for slander, and delib'rate hate:
These court contempt, proclaim the public foe,
And each, Ulysses like, should aim the blow.
Yet sure, ev'n here, our motives should be known:
Rail we to check his spleen, or ease our own?
Does injur'd virtue ev'ry shaft supply,
Arm the keen tongue, and flush th' erected eye?
Or do we from ourselves ourselves disguise;
And act, perhaps, the villain we chastise?
Hope we to mend him! hopes, alas, how vain!
He feels the lash, not listens to the rein.
'Tis dangerous too, in these licentious times,
Howe'er severe the smile, to sport with crimes,
Vices when ridicul'd, experience says,
First lose that horror which they ought to raise,
Grow by degrees approv'd, and almost aim at praise.
When Tully's tongue the Roman Clodius draws,
How laughing satire weakens Milo's cause!
Each pictur'd vice so impudently bad,
The crimes turn frolics, and the villain mad;
Rapes, murders, incest, treasons, mirth create,
And Rome scarce hates the author of her fate.
'Tis true, the comic muse, confin'd to rules,
Supply'd the laws and sham'd the tardy schools;
With living precepts urg'd the moral truth,
And by example form'd the yielding youth.
The titled knave with honest freedom shown,
His person mimic'd, nor his name unknown,
Taught the young breast its opening thoughts to raise
From dread of infamy to love of praise,
From thence to virtue; there perfection ends,
As gradual from the root the flower ascends;
Strain'd through the varying stems the juices flow,
Bloom o'er the top and leave their dregs below.
'Twas thus a while th' instructive stage survey'd,
From breast to breast its glowing influence spread,
Till, from his nobler task by passions won,
The man unravell'd what the bard had done;
And he, whose warmth had fir'd a nation's heart,
Debas'd to private piques the gen'rous art.

Here sunk the muse, and useless by degrees,
She ceas'd to profit as she ceas'd to please.
No longer wit a judging audience charm'd,
Who, rous'd not fir'd, not raptur'd but alarm'd,
To well-tun'd scandal lent a zealous ear,
And through the faint applause betray'd the fear.
We, like Menander, more discreetly dare,
And well-bred satire wears a milder air.
Still vice we brand, or titled fools disgrace,
But dress in fable's guise the borrow'd face.
Or as the bee, through nature's wild retreats,
Drinks the moist fragrance from th' unconscious sweets,
To injure none, we lightly range the ball,
And glean from diff'rent knaves the copious gall;
Extract, compound, with all a chemist's skill,
And claim the motley characters who will.
Happy the muse, could thus her tuneful aid
To sense, to virtue, wake the more than dead!
But few to fiction lend attentive ears,
They view the face, but soon forget 'tis theirs!
"'Twas not from them the bard their likeness stole,
"The random pencil haply hit the mole;
"Ev'n from their prying foes such specks retreat;"
—They hide them from themselves, and crown the cheat.
Or should, perhaps, some softer clay admit
The sly impressions of instructive wit;
To virtue's side in conscious silence steal,
And glow with goodness, ere we find they feel;
Yet more, 'tis fear'd, will closer methods take,
And keep with caution what they can't forsake;
For fear of man in his most mirthful mood,
May make us hypocrites, but seldom good.
And what avails that seas confess their bounds,
If subtler insects sap the Belgian mounds?
Though no wing'd mischief cleave the mid-day skies,
Still through the dark the baleful venom flies,
Still virtue feels a sure though ling'ring fate,
And, stabb'd in secret, bleeds th' unguarded state.
Besides in men have varying passions made
Such nice confusions, blending light with shade,
That eager zeal to laugh the vice away
May hurt some virtue's intermingling ray.

Mens faults, like Martin's broider'd coat, demand
The nicest touches of the steadiest hand.
Some yield with ease, while some their posts maintain;
And parts defective will at last remain.
There, where they best succeed, your labours bend:
Nor render useless, what you strive to mend.
The youthful Curio blush'd whene'er he spoke,
His ill-tim'd modesty the general joke;
Sneer'd by his friends, nor could that sneer endure—
Behold, sad instance of their skill to cure!
The conscious blood, which fir'd his cheek before,
Now leaves his bosom cool, and warns no more.
But affectation—there, we all confess,
Strong are the motives, and the danger less.
Sure we may smile where fools themselves have made,
As balk'd spectators of a farce ill play'd,
And laugh, if satire's breath should rudely raise
The painted plumes which vanity displays.
O fruitful source of everlasting mirth!
For fools, like apes, are mimics from their birth,
By fashion govern'd, nature each neglects,
And barters graces for admir'd defects.
The artful hypocrites, who virtue wear,
Confess, at least, the sacred form is fair;
And apes of science equally allow
The scholar's title to the laurell'd brow;
But what have those 'gainst satire's lash to plead,
Who court with zeal what others fly with dread?
Affect ev'n vice! poor folly's last excess,
As Picts mistook deformity for dress,
And smear'd with so much art their hideous charms,
That the grim beauty scar'd you from her arms.
Too oft these follies bask in virtue's shine,
The wild luxuriance of a soil too fine.
Yet oh, repress them, whereso'er they rise—
But how perform it?—there the danger lies.
Short are the lessons taught in nature's school,
Here each peculiar asks a sep'rate rule.
Nice is the task, be gen'ral if you can,
Or strike with caution, if you point the man:
And think, O think, the cause by all assign'd
To raise our laughter, makes it most unkind:

For though from nature these no strength receive,
We give them nature when we bid them live.
Like Jove's Minerva springs the gentle train,
The genuine offspring of each teeming brain;
On which, like tend'rest sires, we fondly doat,
Plan future fame in luxury of thought,
And scarce at last, o'erpower'd by foes or friends,
Torn from our breasts, the dear delusion ends.
Then let good-nature every charm exert,
And, while it mends it win th' enfolding heart.
Let moral mirth a face of triumph wear,
Yet smile unconscious of th' extorted tear.
See, with what grace instructive satire flows,
Politely keen, in Clio's number'd prose!
That great example should our zeal excite,
And censors learn from Addison to write.
So, in our age, too prone to sport with pain,
Might soft humanity resume her reign;
Pride without rancour feel th' objected fault,
And folly blush, as willing to be taught;
Critics grow mild, life's witty warfare cease,
And true good-nature breathe the balm of peace.

ON NOBILITY.

AN EPISTLE TO THE EARL OF ——

POETS, my lord, by some unlucky fate,
Condemn'd to flatter the too easy great,
Have oft, regardless of their heav'n-born flame,
Enshrin'd a title and ador'd a name;
For idol deities forsook the true,
And paid to greatness what was virtue's due.
Yet hear, at least, one recreant bard maintain
Their incense fruitless, and your honours vain:
Teach you to scorn th' auxiliar props, that raise
The painted produce of these sun-shine days;
Proud from yourself, like India's worm, to weave
Th' enobling thread, which fortune cannot give.

In two short precepts your whole lesson lies;
Would you be great?—be virtuous, and be wise.
In elder time, e'er heralds yet were known
To gild the vain with glories not their own;
Or infant language saw such terms prevail,
As fess and chev'ron, pale and contrepale;
'Twas he alone the shaggy spoils might wear,
Whose strength subdu'd the lion, or the bear;
For him the rosy spring with smiles beheld
Her honours stript from every grove and field;
For him the rustic quires with songs advance;
For him the virgins form the annual dance.
Born to protect, like gods they hail the brave;
And sure 'twas godlike, to be born to save!
In Turkey still these simple manners reign,
Though Pharamond has liv'd and Charlemagne:
The cottage hind may there admitted rise
A chief, or statesman, as his talent lies;
And all, but Othman's race, the only proud,
Fall with their sire, and mingle with the crowd.
Politer courts, ingenious to extend
The father's virtues, bid his pomps descend;
Chiefs premature with suasive wreaths adorn,
And force to glory heroes yet unborn.
Plac'd like Hamilcar's sun, their path's confin'd,
Forward they must, for monsters press behind;
Monsters more dire than Spain's, or Barca's snakes,
If fame they grasp not, infamy o'ertakes.
'Tis the same virtue's vigorous, just effort
Must grace alike St. James's or the Porte;
Alike, my lord, must Turk, or British peer,
Be to his king, and to his country dear;
Alike must either honour's cause maintain,
You to preserve a fame, and they to gain.
For birth——precarious were that boasted gem,
Though worth flow'd copious in the vital stream:
Of which a sad reverse historians preach,
And sage experience proves the truths they teach.
For say, ye great, who boast another's scars,
And, like Busiris, end among the stars,
What is this boon of heav'n? dependent still
On woman's weakness, and on woman's will.

Might not, in pagan days, and open air,
Some wand'ring Jove surprise th' unguarded fair?
And did your gentle grandames always prove
Stern rebels to the charms of lawless love?
And never pity'd, at some tender time,
A dying Damian, with'ring in his prime?
Or, more politely to their vows untrue,
Lov'd, and elop'd, as modern ladies do?

But grant them virtuous, were they all of birth?
Did never nobles mix with vulgar earth,
And city maid to envy'd heights translate,
Subdu'd by passion, and decay'd estate?
Or, sigh, still humbler, to the passing gales
By turf-built cots in daisy-painted vales?
Who does not, Pamela, thy suff'rings feel?
Who has not wept at beauteous Grisel's wheel?
And each fair marchioness, that Gallia pours,
Exotic sorrows, to Britannia's shores?

Then blame us not, if backward to comply
With your demand: we fear a forgery.
In spite of patents, and of kings' decrees,
And blooming coronets on parchment-trees,
Your proofs are gone, your very claims are lost,
But by the manners of that race you boast.
O if true virtue fires their gen'rous blood,
The feel for fame, the pant for public good,
The kind concern for innocence distrest,
The Titus' wish to make a people blest,
At every deed we see their father's tomb
Shoot forth new laurels in eternal bloom;
We hear the rattling car, the neighing steeds,
A Poictiers thunders, and a Cressy bleeds!
Titles and birth, like di'monds from the mine,
Must by your worth be polish'd e'er they shine;
Thence drink new lustre, there unite their rays,
And stream through ages one unsully'd blaze.

But what avails the crest with flow'rets crown'd,
The mother virtuous, or the sires renown'd,
If, from the breathing walls, those sires behold
The midnight gamester trembling for his gold:
And see those hours when sleep their toils repair'd,
Or, if they wak'd they wak'd for Britain's guard,

Now on lewd loves bestow'd, or drench'd in wine,
Drown and embrute the particle divine?
How must they wish with many a sigh, unheard
The warmest pray'r they once to heav'n preferr'd!
When not content with fame for kingdoms won,
They sought an added boon, and ask'd a son;
That cloud eternal in their sky serene,
That dull dead weight that drags them down to men,
And speaks as plainly as the muse's tongue,
"Frail were the sires from whom we mortals sprung."
Incense to such may breathe, but breathes in vain,
The dusky vapour but obscures the fane:
Loretto's lady like, such patrons bear
The flatt'ring strains of many a live-long year;
While but to shame them beams fictitious day,
And their own filth th' eternal lamps betray.
Tell us ye names preserv'd from Charles's times
In dedication prose, heroic rhymes;
Would ye not now, with equal joy resign
Though taught to flow in Dryden's strain divine,
The awkward virtues never meant to fit,
The alien morals, and imputed wit,
Whose very praise but lends a fatal breath
To save expiring infancy from death?
And yet, in conqu'ring vice small virtue lies;
The weak can shun it, and the vain despise.
'Tis yours, my lord, to form a nobler aim,
And build on active merit endless fame;
Unlike the loit'ring, still forgotten crowd,
Who, ev'n at best but negatively good,
Through sloth's dull round drag out a length of days,
While life's dun taper gradually decays;
And numbers fall, and numbers rise the same,
Their country's burdens and their nature's shame.
What though in youth, while flatt'ring hopes presume
On health's vain flourish for long years to come,
Thoughtless and gay, a mad good-nature draws
From followers flatt'ry, and from crowds applause;
Nay from the wise, by some capricious whim,
Should, mix'd with pity, force a faint esteem:
Yet will in age that syren charm prevail,
When cares grow peevish, and when spirits fail;

Or must, despis'd, each fool of fortune sigh
O'er years mispent with retrospective eye,
Till pomp's last honours load the pageant bier,
And much solemnity without a tear?

'Tis yours with judgment nobly to bestow,
And treasure joys the bounteous only know.
See, sav'd from sloth by you, with venial pride,
Laborious health the stubborn glebe divide;
Instructed want her folded arms unbend,
And smiling industry the loom attend.
Yours too the task to spread indulgent ease,
Steal cares from wrinkled age, disarm disease;
Insulted worth from proud oppression screen,
And give neglected science where to lean.
Titles, like standard-flags, exalted rise,
To tell the wretched where protection lies;
And he who hears unmov'd affliction's claim,
Deserts his duty, and denies his name.

Nor is't enough, though to no bounds confin'd,
Your cares instruct, or bounties bless mankind.
'Tis yours, my lord, with various skill to trace,
By history's clue, the statesman's subtle maze;
Observe the springs that mov'd each nice machine,
Not laid too open, and not drawn too thin;
From Grecian mines bring sterling treasures home,
And grace your Britain with the spoils of Rome;
But chief that Britain's gradual rise behold,
The changing world's reverse, from lead to gold:
Happy at last, through storms in freedom's cause,
Through fierce prerogative, and trampled laws,
To blend such seeming inconsistent things,
As strength with ease, and liberty with kings.
Know too, where Europe's wav'ring fates depend,
What states can injure, and what states defend,
Their strength, their arts, their policies your own—
And then, like Pelham, make that wisdom known.
Wake ev'ry latent faculty of soul,
Teach from your lips the glowing sense to roll,
Till list'ning senates bless the kind alarm,
Convinc'd, not dazzled, and with judgment warm.

Superior talents, on the great bestow'd,
Are Heav'n's peculiar instruments of good:

Not for the few, who have them, are design'd:
What flows from Heav'n must flow for all mankind.
Blush then, ye peers, who, niggards of your store,
Brood o'er the shining heap, not make it more;
Or Wilmot like, at some poor fool's expence,
Squander in wit the sacred funds of sense.
Wisdom alone is true ambition's aim,
Wisdom the source of virtue, and of fame,
Obtain'd with labour, for mankind employ'd,
And then, when most you share it, best enjoy'd.
See! on yon sea-girt isle the goddess stands,
And calls her vot'ries with applauding hands!
They pant, they strain, they glow through climes unknown,
With added strength, and spirits not their own.
Hark! what loud shouts each glad arrival hail!
How full fame's fragrance breathes in ev'ry gale!
How tempting nod the groves for ever green!
—"But tempests roar and oceans roll between."—
Yet see, my lord, your friends around you brave
That roaring tempest, and contending wave.
See —— lab'ring through the billowy tide!
See —— impatient for the adverse side!
O much-lov'd youths! to Britain justly dear,
Her spring, and promise of a fairer year:
Success be theirs, whate'er their hopes engage,
Worth grace their youth, and honours crown their age,
And ev'ry warmest wish sincere, and free,
My soul e'er breathes, O ——, for thee!
Hard is your stated task by all allow'd,
And modern greatness rarely bursts the cloud.
Lull'd high in fortune's silken lap, you feel
No shocks, nor turns of her uncertain wheel:
Amusements dazzle, weak admirers gaze,
And flatt'ry sooths, and indolence betrays.
Yet still, my lord, on happy peers attends
That noblest privilege, to choose their friends;
The wise, the good are theirs, their call obey;
If pride refuse not, fortune points the way.
Nor great your toils, on wisdom's seas, compar'd
With theirs who shift the sail, or watch the card.

For you, the sages every depth explore,
For you, the slaves of science ply the oar;
And nature's genii fly with sails unfurl'd,
The Drakes and Raleighs of the mental world.
But stay—too long mere English lays detain
Your light wing'd thoughts, that rove beyond the main:
No fancy'd voyage there expects the gale,
No allegoric zephyr swells the sail.
—Yet, e'er you go, e'er Gallia's pomp invades
The milder truths of Granta's peaceful shades,
This verse at least be yours, and boldly tell,
That if you fall, not unadvis'd you fell;
But, blest with virtue, and with sense adorn'd,
A willing victim of the fools you scorn'd.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

Much have we heard the peevish world complain
Of friends neglected, and of friends forgot:
Another's frailties blindly we arraign,
And blame, as partial ills, the common lot:
For what is friendship?—'Tis the sacred tie
Of souls unbodied, and of love refin'd;
Beyond, benevolence, thy social sigh,
Beyond the duties graven on our kind.
And ah, how seldom, in this vale of tears,
This frail existence by ourselves debas'd,
In hopes bewilder'd, or subdued by fears,
The joys unmix'd of mutual good we taste!
Proclaim, ye reverend sires, whom fate has spar'd
As life's example, and as virtue's test,
How few, how very few, your hearts have shar'd,
How much those hearts have pardon'd in the best.
Vain is their claim whom heedless pleasure joins
In bands of riot, or in leagues of vice;
They meet, they revel, as the day declines,
But, spectre-like, they shudder at its rise.
For 'tis not friendship, though the raptures run,
Led by the mad'ning god, through every vein;
Like the warm flower, which drinks the noon-tide sun,
Their bosoms open but to close again.

Yet there are hours of mirth, which friendship loves,
When prudence sleeps, and wisdom grows more kind,
Sallies of sense, which reason scarce approves,
When all unguarded glows the naked mind.
But far from those be each profaner eye,
With glance malignant withering fancy's bloom;
Far the vile ear, where whispers never die;
Far the rank heart, which teems with ills to come.
Full oft, by fortune near each other plac'd,
Ill-suited souls, nor studious much to please,
Whole fruitless years in awkward union waste, [ease:
'Till chance divides, whom chance had join'd, with
And yet, should either oddly soar on high,
And shine distinguish'd in some sphere remov'd,
The friend observes him with a jealous eye,
And calls ungrateful whom he never lov'd.
But leave we such for those of happier clay
On whose emerging stars the graces smile,
And search for truth, where virtue's sacred ray
Wakes the glad seed in friendship's genuine soil.
In youth's soft season, when the vacant mind
To each kind impulse of affection yields,
When nature charms, and love of human kind
With its own brightness every object gilds,
Should two congenial bosoms haply meet,
Or on the banks of Camus, hoary stream,
Or where smooth Isis glides on silver feet,
Nurse of the muses each, and each their theme,
How blithe the mutual morning task they ply!
How sweet the saunt'ring walk at close of day!
How steal, secluded from the world's broad eye,
The midnight hours insensibly away!
While glows the social bosom to impart
Each young idea dawning science lends,
Or big with sorrow beats th' unpractis'd heart
For suff'ring virtue, and disastrous friends.
Deep in the volumes of the mighty dead
They feast on joys to vulgar minds unknown;
The hero's, sage's, patriot's, path they tread,
Adore each worth, and make it half their own.
Sublime and pure as Thebes or Sparta taught
Eternal union from their souls they swear,

Each added converse swells the generous thought,
And each short absence makes it more sincere—
—" And can—I hear some eager voice exclaim,
Whose bliss now blossoms, and whose hopes beat high;
Can virtue's basis fail th' incumbent frame?
And may such friendships ever, ever die?"
Ah, gentle youth, they may. Nor thou complain
If chance the sad experience should be thine,
What cannot change where all is light and vain?
—Ask of the fates who twist life's varying line.
Ambition, vanity, suspense, surmise,
On the wide world's tempestuous ocean roll;
New loves, new friendships, new desires arise,
New joys elate, new griefs depress the soul.
Some, in the bustling mart of business, lose
The still small voice retirement loves to hear;
Some at the noisy bar enlarge their views,
And some in senates court a people's ear.
While others, led by glory's meteors, run
To distant wars for laurels, stain'd with blood:
Meanwhile the stream of time glides calmly on,
And ends its silent course in Lethe's flood.
Unhappy only he of friendship's train
Who never knew what change or fortune meant,
With whom th' ideas of his youth remain,
Too firmly fix'd, and rob him of content.
Condemn'd perhaps to some obscure retreat,
Where pale reflection wears a sickly bloom,
Still to the past he turns with pilgrim feet,
And ghosts of pleasure haunt him to his tomb.
O—but I will not name you—ye kind few,
With whom the morning of my life I pass'd,
May every bliss, your generous bosoms knew
In earlier days, attend you to the last.
I too, alas, am chang'd.—And yet there are
Who still with partial love my friendship own,
Forgive the frailties which they could not share,
Or find my heart unchang'd to them alone.
To them this votive tablet of the muse
Pleas'd I suspend.—Nor let th' unfeeling mind
From these loose hints its own vile ways excuse,
Or start a thought to injure human-kind.

Who knows not friendship, knows not bliss sincere.
Court it, ye young; ye aged, bind it fast;
Earn it, ye proud; nor think the purchase dear,
Whate'er the labour, if 'tis gain'd at last.
Compar'd with all th' admiring world calls great,
Fame's loudest blast, ambition's noblest ends,
Ev'n the last pang of social life is sweet:
The pang which parts us from our weeping friends.

THE ENTHUSIAST.

Once, I remember well the day,
'Twas ere the blooming sweets of May
Had lost their freshest hues,
When every flower on every hill,
In every vale, had drank its fill
Of sun-shine, and of dews.

'Twas that sweet season's loveliest prime
When spring gives up the reins of time
To summer's glowing hand,
And doubting mortals hardly know
By whose command the breezes blow
Which fan the smiling land.

'Twas then beside a green-wood shade
Which cloath'd a lawn's aspiring head
I wove my devious way,
With loit'ring steps, regardless where,
So soft, so genial was the air,
So wond'rous bright the day.

And now my eyes with transport rove
O'er all the blue expanse above,
Unbroken by a cloud!
And now beneath delighted pass,
Where winding through the deep-green grass
A full-brim'd river flow'd.

I stop, I gaze; in accents rude
To thee, serenest solitude,

Bursts forth th' unbidden lay;
Begone, vile world! the learn'd, the wise,
The great, the busy, I despise;
And pity ev'n the gay.

These, these, are joys alone! I cry;
'Tis here, divine philosophy,
Thou deign'st to fix thy throne!
Here contemplation points the road
Through nature's charms to nature's God!
These, these, are joys alone!

Adieu, ye vain low-thoughted cares,
Ye human hopes, and human fears,
Ye pleasures, and ye pains!—
While thus I spake, o'er all my soul
A philosophic calmness stole,
A stoic stillness reigns.

The tyrant passions all subside,
Fear, anger, pity, shame, and pride,
No more my bosom move;
Yet still I felt, or seem'd to feel,
A kind of visionary zeal
Of universal love.

When lo! a voice! a voice I hear!
'Twas reason whisper'd in my ear
These monitory strains:
What mean'st thou, man? would'st thou unbind
The ties which constitute thy kind,
The pleasures and the pains?

The same Almighty Power unseen,
Who spreads the gay or solemn scene
To contemplation's eye,
Fix'd every movement of the soul,
Taught every wish its destin'd goal,
And quicken'd every joy.

He bids the tyrant passions rage,
He bids them war eternal wage,

And combat each his foe:
Till from dissensions concords rise,
And beauties from deformities,
And happiness from woe.

Art thou not man? and darst thou find
A bliss which leans not to mankind?
Presumptuous thought, and vain!
Each bliss unshar'd is unenjoy'd,
Each power is weak, unless employ'd
Some social good to gain.

Shall light, and shade, and warmth, and air,
With those exalted joys compare
Which active virtue feels,
When on she drags as lawful prize,
Contempt, and indolence, and vice,
At her triumphant wheels.

As rest to labour still succeeds,
To man, while virtue's glorious deeds
Employ his toilsome day,
This fair variety of things
Are merely life's refreshing springs
To sooth him on his way.

Enthusiast, go, unstring thy lyre;
In vain thou sing'st, if none admire,
How sweet soe'er the strain:
And is not thy o'erflowing mind,
Unless thou mixest with thy kind,
Benevolent in vain?

Enthusiast, go; try every sense:
If not thy bliss, thy excellence
Thou yet hast learn'd to scan.
At least thy wants, thy weakness know;
And see them all uniting show
That man was made for man.

ODE TO THE TIBER.

On entering the Campania of Rome at Otricoli. 1755.

HAIL sacred stream, whose waters roll
Immortal through the classic page!
To thee the muse-devoted soul,
Though destin'd to a later age,
And less indulgent clime, to thee,
Nor thou disdain in Runic lays,
Weak mimic of true harmony,
His grateful homage pays.
Far other strains thine elder ear
With pleas'd attention wont to hear,
When he, who strung the Latian lyre,
And he, who led th' Aonian quire
From Mantua's reedy lakes with osiers crown'd,
Taught echo from thy banks with transport to resound.
Thy banks?—alas, is this the boasted scene,
This dreary, wide, uncultivated plain,
Where sick'ning nature wears a fainter green,
And desolation spreads her torpid reign?
Is this the scene where freedom breath'd
Her copious horn where plenty wreath'd,
And health at opening day
Bade all her roseate breezes fly,
To wake the sons of industry,
And make their fields more gay?

Where is the villa's rural pride,
The swelling dome's imperial gleam,
Which lov'd to grace thy verdant side,
And tremble in thy golden stream?
Where are the bold, the busy throngs,
That rush'd impatient to the war,
Or tun'd to peace triumphal songs,
And hail'd the passing car?
Along the solitary road,
Th' eternal flint by Consuls trod,
We muse, and mark the sad decays
Of mighty works, and mighty days!

For these vile wastes, we cry, had fate decreed
That Veii's sons should strive, for these Camillus bleed?
Did here, in after times of Roman pride,
The musing shepherd from Soracte's height
See towns extend where'er thy waters glide,
And temples rise, and peopled farms unite?
They did. For this deserted plain
The hero strove, nor strove in vain;
And here the shepherd saw
Unnumber'd towns and temples spread,
While Rome majestic rear'd her head,
And gave the nations law.

Yes, thou and Latium once were great,
And still, ye first of human things,
Beyond the grasp of time or fate,
Her fame and thine triumphant springs.
What though the mould'ring columns fall,
And strow the desart earth beneath,
Though ivy round each nodding wall
Entwine its fatal wreath;
Yet say, can Rhine or Danube boast
The numerous glories thou hast lost?
Can ev'n Euphrates' palmy shore,
Or Nile, with all his mystic lore,
Produce from old records of genuine fame
Such heroes, poets, kings, or emulate thy name?
Ev'n now the muse, the conscious muse is here:
From every ruin's formidable shade
Eternal music breathes on fancy's ear,
And wakes to more than form th' illustrious dead.
Thy Cæsars, Scipios, Catos, rise,
The great, the virtuous, and the wise,
In solemn state advance!
They fix the philosophic eye,
Or trail the robe, or lift on high
The light'ning of the lance.

But chief that humbler, happier train,
Who knew those virtues to reward
Beyond the reach of chance or pain
Secure, th' historian and the bard.

By them the hero's generous rage
Still warm in youth immortal lives;
And in their adamantine page
Thy glory still survives.
Through deep savannahs wild and vast,
Unheard, unknown through ages past,
Beneath the sun's directer beams,
What copious torrents pour their streams!
No fame have they, no fond pretence to mourn,
No annals swell their pride, or grace their storied urn.
While thou, with Rome's exalted genius join'd,
Her spear yet lifted, and her corslet brac'd,
Canst tell the waves, canst tell the passing wind,
Thy wond'rous tale, and cheer the list'ning waste.
Though from his caves th' unfeeling north
Pour'd all his legion'd tempests forth,
Yet still thy laurels bloom:
One deathless glory still remains,
Thy stream has roll'd through Latian plains,
Has wash'd the walls of Rome.

ELEGIES.

ELEGY I.

Written at the Convent of Haut Villers, in Champagne. 1754.

Silent and clear, through yonder peaceful vale,
While Marne's slow waters weave their mazy way,
See, to th' exulting sun, and fost'ring gale,
What boundless treasures his rich banks display!

Fast by the stream, and at the mountain's base,
The lowing herds through living pastures rove;
Wide waving harvests crown the rising space;
And still superior nods the viny grove.

High on the top, as guardian of the scene,
Imperial Sylvan spreads his umbrage wide;
Nor wants there many a cot, and spire between,
Or in the vale, or on the mountain's side:

To mark that man, as tenant of the whole,
Claims the just tribute of his culturing care,
Yet pays to Heaven, in gratitude of soul,
The boon which Heaven accepts of, praise and prayer.

O dire effects of war! the time has been
When desolation vaunted here her reign;
One ravag'd desart was yon beauteous scene,
And Marne ran purple to the frighted Seine.

Oft at his work, the toilsome day to cheat,
The swain still talks of those disastrous times,
When Guise's pride, and Condé's ill-starr'd heat,
Taught Christian zeal to authorise their crimes;

Oft to his children sportive on the grass,
Does dreadful tales of worn tradition tell,
Oft points to Epernay's ill-fated pass,
Where force thrice triumph'd, and where Biron fell.

O dire effects of war! may ever more
Through this sweet vale the voice of discord cease!
A British bard to Gallia's fertile shore
Can wish the blessings of eternal peace.

Yet say, ye monks, beneath whose moss-grown seat,
Within whose cloister'd cells th' indebted muse
A while sojourns, for meditation meet,
And these loose thoughts in pensive strain pursues,

Avails it aught, that war's rude tumults spare
Yon cluster'd vineyard, or yon golden field,
If niggards to yourselves, and fond of care,
You slight the joys their copious treasures yield?

Avails it aught, that nature's liberal hand
With every blessing grateful man can know,
Clothes the rich bosom of yon smiling land,
The mountain's sloping side, or pendent brow.

If meagre famine paint your pallid cheek,
If breaks the midnight bell your hours of rest,
If, midst heart-chilling damps, and winter bleak,
You shun the cheerful bowl, and moderate feast!

Look forth, and be convinc'd! 'tis nature pleads,
Her ample volume opens on your view:
The simple-minded swain, who running reads,
Feels the glad truth, and is it hid from you?

Look forth, and be convinc'd! Yon prospects wide
To reason's ear how forcibly they speak!
Compar'd with those, how dull is letter'd pride!
And Austin's babbling eloquence how weak!

Temp'rance, not abstinence, in every bliss
Is man's true joy, and therefore Heaven's command.
The wretch who riots thanks his God amiss:
Who starves, rejects the bounties of his hand.

Mark, while the Marne in yon full channel glides,
How smooth his course, how nature smiles around!
But should impetuous torrents swell his tides,
The fairy landskip sinks in oceans drown'd.

Nor less disastrous, should his thrifty urn
Neglected leave the once well-water'd land,
To dreary wastes yon paradise would turn,
Polluted ooze, or heaps of barren sand.

ELEGY II.

ON THE MAUSOLEUM OF AUGUSTUS.

To the Right Honourable George Bussy Villiers, Viscount Villiers.

Written at Rome. 1756.

Amid these mould'ring walls, this marble round,
Where slept the heroes of the Julian name,
Say, shall we linger still in thought profound,
And meditate the mournful paths to fame?

What though no cypress shades in funeral rows,
No sculptur'd urns, the last records of fate,
O'er the shrunk terrace wave their baleful boughs,
Or breathe in storied emblems of the great;

Yet not with heedless eye will we survey
The scene, though chang'd, nor negligently tread;
These variegated walks, however gay,
Were once the silent mansions of the dead.

In every shrub, in every flow'ret's bloom,
That paints with different hues yon smiling plain,
Some hero's ashes issue from the tomb,
And live a vegetative life again.

For matter dies not, as the sages say,
But shifts to other forms the pliant mass,
When the free spirit quits its cumb'rous clay,
And sees, beneath, the rolling planets pass.

Perhaps, my Villiers, for I sing to thee,
Perhaps, unknowing of the bloom it gives,
In yon fair scyon of Apollo's tree,
The sacred dust of young Marcellus lives.

Pluck not the leaf—'twere sacrilege to wound
Th' ideal memory of so sweet a shade;
In these sad seats an early grave he found,
And the first rites to gloomy Dis convey'd.

Witness, thou field of Mars, that oft hadst known
His youthful triumphs in the mimic war,
Thou heard'st the heart-felt universal groan,
When o'er thy bosom roll'd the funeral car.

Witness, thou Tuscan stream, where oft he glow'd
In sportive strugglings with th' opposing wave,
Fast by the recent tomb thy waters flow'd,
While wept the wise, the virtuous, and the brave.

O lost too soon!—yet why lament a fate
By thousands envied, and by Heav'n approv'd?
Rare is the boon to those of longer date
To live, to die, admir'd, esteem'd, belov'd.

Weak are our judgments, and our passions warm,
And slowly dawns the radiant morn of truth,
Our expectations hastily we form,
And much we pardon to ingenuous youth.

Too oft we satiate on the applause we pay
To rising merit, and resume the crown;
Full many a blooming genius snatch'd away,
Has fall'n lamented, who had liv'd unknown.

For hard the task, O Villiers, to sustain
Th' important burden of an early fame;
Each added day some added worth to gain,
Prevent each wish, and answer every claim.

Be thou Marcellus, with a length of days!
But O remember, whatso'er thou art,
The most exalted breath of human praise,
To please indeed must echo from the heart.

Though thou be brave, be virtuous, and be wise,
By all, like him, admir'd, esteem'd, belov'd;
'Tis from within alone true fame can rise,
The only happy is the self-approv'd.

ELEGY III.

To the Right Honourable George Simon Harcourt, Viscount Nuneham.

Written at Rome. 1756.

'Tis, noble youth, 'tis true; the softer arts,
The sweetly-sounding string, and pencil's power,
Have warm'd to rapture even heroic hearts,
And taught the rude to wonder and adore.

For beauty charms us, whether she appears
In blended colours; or to soothing sound
Attunes her voice; or fair proportion wears
In yonder swelling dome's harmonious round.

All, all she charms; but not alike to all
'Tis given to revel in her blissful bower;
Coercive ties, and reason's powerful call,
Bid some but taste the sweets, which some devour.

When nature govern'd, and when man was young,
Perhaps at will th' untutor'd savage rov'd,
Where waters murmur'd, and where clusters hung,
He fed, and slept beneath the shade he lov'd.

But since the sage's more sagacious mind,
By Heaven's permission, or by Heaven's command,
To polish'd states has social laws assign'd,
And general good on partial duties plann'd,

Not for ourselves our vagrant steps we bend,
As heedless chance, or wanton choice ordain;
On various stations various tasks attend,
And men are born to trifle or to reign.

As chaunts the woodman, while the dryads weep,
And falling forests fear the uplifted blow;
As chaunts the shepherd, while he tends his sheep,
Or weaves to pliant forms the osier bough:

To me 'tis given, whom fortune loves to lead
Through humbler toils to life's sequester'd bowers,
To me 'tis given to wake th' amusive reed,
And sooth with song the solitary hours.

But thee superior, soberer toils demand,
Severer paths are thine of patriot fame;
Thy birth, thy friends, thy king, thy native land,
Have given thee honours, and have each their claim.

Then nerve with fortitude thy feeling breast,
Each wish to combat, and each pain to bear;
Spurn with disdain th' inglorious love of rest,
Nor let the syren ease approach thine ear.

Beneath yon cypress shade's eternal green
See prostrate Rome her wond'rous story tell,
Mark how she rose the world's imperial queen,
And tremble at the prospect how she fell!

Not that my rigid precepts would require
A painful struggling with each adverse gale,
Forbid thee listen to th' enchanting lyre,
Or turn thy steps from fancy's flowery vale.

Whate'er of Greece in sculptur'd brass survives,
  Whate'er of Rome in mould'ring arch remains,
Whate'er of genius on the canvas lives,
  Or flows in polish'd verse, or airy strains.

Be these thy leisure; to the chosen few
  Who dare excel, thy fost'ring aid afford;
Their arts, their magic powers, with honours due
  Exalt; but be thyself what they record.

ELEGY IV.

TO AN OFFICER.

Written at Rome. 1756.

From Latian fields, the mansions of renown,
  Where fix'd the warrior god his fated seat;
Where infant heroes learn'd the martial frown,
  And little hearts for genuine glory beat;

What for my friend, my soldier, shall I frame?
  What nobly-glowing verse that breathes of arms,
To point his radiant path to deathless fame,
  By great examples, and terrific charms?

Quirinus first, with bold, collected bands,
  The sinewy sons of strength, for empire strove;
Beneath his prowess bow'd th' astonish'd lands,
  And temples rose to Mars, and to Feretrian Jove.

War taught contempt of death, contempt of pain,
  And hence the Fabii, hence the Decii come:
War urg'd the slaughter, though she wept the slain,
  Stern war, the rugged nurse of virtuous Rome.

But not from antique fables will I draw,
  To fire thy active soul, a dubious aid,
Though now, ev'n now, they strike with rev'rend awe,
  By poets or historian sacred made.

Nor yet to thee the babbling muse shall tell
  What mighty kings with all their legions wrought,
What cities sunk, and storied nations fell,
  When Cæsar, Titus, or when Trajan fought.

While o'er yon hill th' exalted trophy shows
To what vast heights of incorrupted praise
The great, the self-ennobled Marius rose
From private worth, and fortune's private ways.

From steep Arpinum's rock-invested shade,
From hardy virtue's emulative school;
His daring flight th' expanding genius made,
And by obeying, nobly learn'd to rule.

Abash'd confounded, stern Iberia groan'd,
And Afric trembled to her utmost coasts;
When the proud land its destin'd conqueror own'd
In the new consul, and his veteran hosts.

Yet chiefs are madmen, and ambition weak,
And mean the joys the laurell'd harvests yield,
If virtue fail. Let fame, let envy speak
Of Capsa's walls, and Sextia's wat'ry field.

But sink for ever, in oblivion cast,
Dishonest triumphs, and ignoble spoils.
Minturnæ's Marsh severely paid at last
The guilty glories gain'd in civil broils.

Nor yet his vain contempt the muse shall praise
For scenes of polish'd life, and letter'd worth;
The steel-rib'd warrior wants not envy's ways
To darken theirs, or call his merits forth:

Witness yon Cimbrian trophies!—Marius, there
Thy ample pinion found a space to fly,
As the plum'd eagle soaring sails in air,
In upper air, and scorns a middle sky.

Thence, too, thy country claim'd thee for her own,
And bade the sculptor's toil thy acts adorn,
To teach in characters of living stone
Eternal lessons to the youth unborn.

For wisely Rome her warlike sons rewards
With the sweet labours of her artists' hands,
He wakes her graces who her empire guards,
And both Minervas join in willing bands.

O why, Britannia, why untrophied pass
The patriot deeds thy godlike sons display,
Why breathes on high no monumental brass,
Why swells no arch to grace Culloden's day?

Wait we till faithless France submissive bow
Beneath that hero's delegated spear,
Whose light'ning smote rebellion's haughty brow,
And scatter'd her vile rout with horror in the rear?

O land of freedom, land of arts, assume
That graceful dignity thy merits claim;
Exalt thy heroes like imperial Rome,
And build their virtues on their love of fame!

ELEGY V.

TO A SICK FRIEND.

Written at Rome. 1756.

'Twas in this isle,* O Wright indulge my lay,
Whose naval form divides the Tuscan flood,
In the bright dawn of her illustrious day
Rome fix'd her temple to the healing god!

Here stood his altars, here his arm he bar'd,
And round his mystic staff the serpent twin'd,
Through crowded portals hymns of praise were heard,
And victims bled, and sacred seers divin'd.

On every breathing wall, on every round
Of column, swelling with proportion'd grace,
Its stated seat some votive tablet found,
And storied wonders dignified the place.

Oft from the balmy blessings of repose,
And the cool stillness of the night's deep shade,
To light and health th' exulting votarist rose,
While fancy work'd with med'cine's powerful aid.

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* The Insula Tiberina, where there are still some small remains of the famous Temple of Æsculapius.

Oft in his dreams, no longer clogg'd with fears
Of some broad torrent, or some headlong steep,
With each dire form imagination wears,
When harass'd nature sinks in turbid sleep.

Oft in his dreams he saw diffusive day
Through bursting glooms its cheerful beams extend,
On billowy clouds saw sportive genii play,
And bright Hygëia from her heaven descend.

What marvel then, that man's o'erflowing mind
Should wreath-bound columns raise, and altars fair,
And grateful offerings pay to powers so kind,
Though fancy-form'd, and creatures of the air?

Who that has writh'd beneath the scourge of pain,
Or felt the burden'd languor of disease,
But would with joy the slightest respite gain,
And idolize the hand which lent him ease?

To thee, my friend, unwillingly to thee,
For truths like these the anxious muse appeals.
Can memory answer from affliction free,
Or speaks the sufferer what, I fear, he feels?

No, let me hope ere this in Romely grove
Hygëia revels with the blooming spring,
Ere this the vocal seats the muses love,
With hymns of praise, like Pæon's temple, ring.

It was not written in the book of fate
That, wand'ring far from Albion's sea-girt plain,
Thy distant friend should mourn thy shorter date,
And tell to alien woods and streams his pain.

It was not written. Many a year shall roll,
If aught th' inspiring muse aright presage,
Of blameless intercourse from soul to soul,
And friendship well matur'd from youth to age.

ELEGY VI.

TO THE REV. MR. SANDERSON.

Written at Rome. 1756.

Behold, my friend, to this small * orb confin'd,
The genuine features of Aurelius' face;
The father, friend, and lover of his kind,
Shrunk to a narrow coin's contracted space.

Not so his fame; for erst did Heaven ordain,
While seas should waft us, and while suns should warm,
On tongues of men the friend of man should reign,
And in the arts he lov'd the patron charm.

Oft as amidst the mould'ring spoils of age,
His moss-grown monuments my steps pursue;
Oft as my eye revolves th' historic page,
Where pass his generous acts in fair review,

Imagination grasps at mighty things,
Which men, which angels, might with rapture see;
Then turns to humbler scenes its safer wings,
And, blush not while I speak it, thinks on thee.

With all that firm benevolence of mind
Which pities while it blames th' unfeeling vain.
With all that active zeal to serve mankind,
That tender suffering for another's pain,

Why wert not thou to thrones imperial rais'd?
Did heedless fortune slumber at thy birth,
Or on thy virtues with indulgence gaz'd,
And gave her grandeurs to her sons of earth?

Happy for thee, whose less distinguish'd sphere
Now cheers in private the delighted eye,
For calm content, and smiling ease are there,
And Heaven's divinest gift, sweet liberty.

---

* The medal of Marcus Aurelius.

Happy for me, on life's serener flood,
Who sail, by talents as by choice restrain'd,
Else had I only shar'd the general good,
And lost the friend the universe had gain'd.

VERSES

TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND. 1758.

——"Mures animos in martia bella
"Versibus exacuit."—— Hor.

Britons, rouse to deeds of death!
Waste no zeal in idle breath,
Nor lose the harvest of your swords
In a civil war of words!
Wherefore teems the shameless press
With labour'd births of emptiness?
Reas'nings, which no facts produce,
Eloquence, that murders use;
Ill-tim'd humour, that beguiles
Weeping idiots of their smiles;
Wit, that knows but to defame,
And satire that profanes the name.
Let th' undaunted Grecian teach
The use and dignity of speech,
At whose thunders nobly thrown
Shrunk the man of Macedon.
If the storm of words must rise,
Let it blast our enemies.
Sure and nervous be it hurl'd
On the Philips of the world.
Learn not vainly to despise,
Proud of Edward's victories!
Warriors wedg'd in firm array,
And navies powerful to display
Their woven wings to every wind,
And leave the panting foe behind.
Give to France the honours due,
France has chiefs and statesmen too.

Breasts which patriot-passions feel,
Lovers of the common-weal.
And when such the foes we brave,
Whether on the land or wave,
Greater is the pride of war,
And the conquest nobler far.
Agincourt and Cressy long
Have flourish'd in immortal song;
And lisping babes aspire to praise
The wonders of Eliza's days.
And what else of late renown
Has added wreaths to Britain's crown;
Whether on th' impetuous Rhine
She bade her harness'd warriors shine,
Or snatch'd the dangerous palm of praise
Where the Sambre meets the Maese;
Or Danube rolls his wat'ry train;
Or the yellow tressed Mayne
Through Dettingen's immortal vale—
Ev'n Fontenoy could tell a tale,
Might modest worth ingenuous speak,
To raise a blush on victory's cheek;
And bid the vanquish'd wreaths display
Great as on Culloden's day.
But glory which aspires to last
Leans not merely on the past.
'Tis the present now demands
British hearts, and British hands.
Curst be he, the willing slave,
Who doubts, who lingers to be brave.
Curst be the coward tongue that dare
Breathe one accent of despair,
Cold as winter's icy hand
To chill the genius of the land.
Chiefly you, who ride the deep,
And bid our thunders wake or sleep
As pity pleads, or glory calls—
Monarchs of our wooden walls!
Midst your mingling seas and skies
'Rise ye Blakes, ye Raleighs rise!
Let the sordid lust of gain
Be banish'd from the liberal main.

He who strikes the generous blow,
Aims it at the public foe.
Let glory be the guiding star,
Wealth and honours follow her.
  See! she spreads her lustre wide
O'er the vast Atlantic tide!
Constant as the solar ray,
Points the path and leads the way!
Other worlds demand your care,
Other worlds to Britain dear;
Where the foe insidious roves
O'er headlong streams, and pathless groves;
And justice' simpler laws confounds
With imaginary bounds.
  If protected commerce keep
Her tenor o'er yon heaving deep,
What have we from war to fear?
Commerce steels the nerves of war;
Heals the havoc rapine makes,
And new strength from conquest takes.
  Nor less at home O deign to smile,
Goddess of Britannia's isle!
Thou, that from her rocks survey'st
Her boundless realms the wat'ry waste;
Thou, that rov'st the hill and mead
Where her flocks and heifers feed;
Thou, that cheer'st th' industrious swain,
While he strows the pregnant grain;
Thou, that hear'st his caroll'd vows
When th' expanded barn o'erflows;
Thou, the bulwark of our cause,
Thou, the guardian of our laws,
Sweet liberty!—O deign to smile,
Goddess of Britannia's isle!
  If to us indulgent Heaven
Nobler seeds of strength has given,
Nobler should the produce be;
Brave, yet gen'rous, are the free.
Come then, all thy powers diffuse,
Goddess of extended views!
Every breast which feels thy flame
Shall kindle into martial fame,

Till shame shall make the coward bold,
And indolence her arms unfold:
Ev'n avarice shall protect his hoard,
And the plough-share gleam a sword.
Goddess, all thy powers diffuse!—
And thou, genuine British muse,
Nurs'd amidst the druids old
Where Deva's wizard waters roll'd,
Thou that bear'st the golden key
To unlock eternity,
Summon thy poetic guard——
Britain still has many a bard,
Whom, when time and death shall join
T' expand the ore, and stamp the coin,
Late posterity shall own
Lineal to the muse's throne—
Bid them leave th' inglorious theme
Of fabled shade, or haunted stream.
In the daisy painted mead
'Tis to peace we tune the reed;
But when war's tremendous roar
Shakes the isles from shore to shore,
Every bard of purer fire,
Tyrtæus-like, should grasp the lyre;
Wake with verse the hardy deed,
Or in the generous strife like * Sydney bleed.

VENUS ATTIRING THE GRACES.

——— "In naked beauty more adorn'd,
"More lovely." MILTON.

As Venus one day at her toilet affairs,
With the Graces attending, adjusted her airs,
In a negligent way, without boddice or hoop,
As Guido† has painted the beautiful group,

* Sir Philip Sydney, mortally wounded in an action near Zutphen in Guelderland.

† The celebrated picture of Venus attired by the Graces.

For Guido, no doubt, in idea at least,
Had seen all the Graces and Venus undrest,
Half pensive, half smiling, the goddess of beauty
Look'd round on the girls, as they toil'd in their duty:
And surely, she cried, you have strangely miscarried,
That not one of the three should have ever been married.
Let me nicely examine—Fair foreheads, straight noses,
And cheeks that might rival Aurora's own roses,
Lips; teeth; and what eyes! that can languish or roll,
To enliven or soften the elegant whole.
The sweet auburn tresses, that shade what they deck;
The shoulders, that fall from the delicate neck;
The polish'd round arm, which my statues might own,
And the lovely contour which descends from the zone.
Then how it should happen I cannot divine:
Either you are too coy, or the gods too supine.
I believe 'tis the latter; for every soft bosom
Must have its attachments, and wish to disclose 'em.
Some lovers not beauty, but novelty warms,
They have seen you so often, they're tir'd of your charms.
But I'll find out a method their langour to move,
And at least make them stare, if I can't make them love.
Come here, you two girls, that look full in my face,*
And you that so often are turning your back,
Put on these cork rumps, and then tighten your stays,
'Till your hips and your ribs, and the strings themselves crack.
Can ye speak? can ye breathe?—Not a word—Then 'twill do.
You have often dress'd me, and for once I'll dress you.
Don't let your curls fall with that natural bend,
But stretch them up tight 'till each hair stands an end.
One, two, nay three cushions, like Cybele's tow'rs;
Then a few ells of gauze, and some baskets of flow'rs.
These bottles of nectar will serve for perfumes.
Go pluck the fledg'd Cupids, and bring me their plumes.
If that's not enough, you may strip all the fowls,
My doves, Juno's peacocks, and Pallas's owls.

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* Alluding to the usual representation of the Graces.

And stay, from Jove's eagle, if napping you take him,
You may snatch a few quills—but be sure you don't
wake him.
Hold! what are ye doing! I vow and protest,
If I don't watch you closely, you'll spoil the whole jest.
What I have disorder'd, you still set to rights,
And seem half unwilling to make yourselves frights;
What I am concealing you want to display,
But it shan't serve the turn, for I will have my way.
Those crimp'd colet'montés don't reach to your chins,
And the heels of your slippers are broader than pins.
You can stand, you can walk, like the girls in the street;
Those buckles won't do, they scarce cover your feet.
Here, run to the Cyclops, you boys without wings,
And bring up their boxes of contraband things.—
* * * * * *
Well, now you're bedizen'd, I'll swear, as ye pass,
I can scarcely help laughing—Don't look in the glass.
Those tittering boys shall be whipt if they teaze you;
So come away, girls. From your torments to ease you,
We'll haste to Olympus and get the thing over;
I have not the least doubt but you'll each find a lover.
And if it succeeds, with a torrent of mirth,
We'll pester their godships agen and agen;
Then send the receipt to the ladies on earth,
And bid them become monsters, till men become
men.

THE JE NE SCAI QUOI.

A SONG.

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,
And Cælia has undone me;
And yet I'll swear I can't tell how
The pleasing plague stole on me.

'Tis not her face which love creates,
For there no graces revel;
'Tis not her shape, for there the fates
Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her air, for sure in that
There's nothing more than common;
And all her sense is only chat,
Like any other woman.

Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm—
'Twas both perhaps, or neither;
In short, 'twas that provoking charm
Of Cælia altogether.

SONG FOR RANELAGH.

Ye belles and ye flirts, and ye pert little things,
Who trip in this frolicksome round,
Pray tell me from whence this impertinence springs,
The sexes at once to confound?
What means the cock'd hat, and the masculine air,
With each motion design'd to perplex?
Bright eyes were intended to languish, not stare,
And softness the test of your sex.

The girl who on beauty depends for support,
May call every art to her aid;
The bosom display'd, and the petticoat short,
Are samples she gives of her trade.
But you on whom fortune indulgently smiles,
And whom pride has preserv'd from the snare,
Should slily attack us with coyness and wiles,
Not with open and insolent war.

The Venus, whose statue delights all mankind,
Shrinks modestly back from the view,
And kindly should seem by the artist design'd
To serve as a model for you.
Then learn, with her beauty, to copy her air,
Nor venture too much to reveal:
Our fancies will paint what you cover with care,
And double each charm you conceal.

The blushes of morn, and the mildness of May,
Are charms which no art can procure:
O be but yourselves, and our homage we pay,
And your empire is solid and sure.
But if, Amazon-like, you attack your gallants,
And put us in fear of our lives,
You may do very well for sisters and aunts,
But, believe me, you'll never be wives.

IN A HERMITAGE.

AT MIDDLETON PARK, OXFORDSHIRE.

The man whose days of youth and ease
In nature's calm enjoyments pass'd,
Will want no monitors like* these,
To torture and alarm his last.

The gloomy grot, the cypress shade,
The zealot's list of rigid rules,
To him are merely dull parade,
The tragic pageantry of fools.

What life affords he freely tastes,
When nature calls, resigns his breath;
Nor age in weak repining wastes,
Nor acts alive the farce of death.

Not so the youths of folly's train,
Impatient of each kind restraint
Which parent nature fix'd, in vain,
To teach us man's true bliss, content,

For something still beyond enough
With eager impotence they strive,
Till appetite has learn'd to loath
The very joys by which we live.

* A skull, hour-glass, &c.

Then, fill'd with all which sour disdain
To disappointed vice can add,
Tir'd of himself, man flies from man,
And hates the world he made so bad.

THE VISION OF SOLOMON.

'Twas night, and sleep with gently-waving wand
Sat softly brooding o'er that monarch's brow,
Whose waking nod could Judah's realms command,
Or deal destruction to the frighted foe.
Great David's son—but at this tranquil hour
No dreams of state disturb'd his peaceful bed;
To nobler heights his thoughts unfetter'd soar,
And brighter visions hover round his head.
Let meaner kings by mortals guard their state,
Around his sacred couch aërial legates wait.

"Hail, best belov'd!" superior to the rest,
One bending angel cry'd with heavenly voice,
"Earth, seas, and air, stand to thy view confess'd,
And God's own mandate ratifies thy choice.
Choose then from these—say, shall thy pow'r extend
Where suns scarce warm this earth's remotest shore,
Shall India's lords beneath thy sceptre bend,
Whilst their black troops stand silent and adore?
To thee, sole lord, shall earth her stores unfold,
Pour all her gems to thee, and mines that flame with gold?

Shall ocean's waves, obedient to thy call,
As erst to Moses, rang'd in order stand;
While crowds once more admire the floating wall,
And treasures open on the glittering sand?
Or Shall Fame's breath inspire each softer air,
Thee just and good, to distant worlds resound,
While Peace, fair goddess, leads the smiling year,
Swells the glad grain, and spreads the harvest round,
Bids Jordan's stream extend its azure pride,
Pleas'd with reflected fruits that tremble in the tide?"

The cherub spoke—when Power majestic rose;
A Tyrian-tinctur'd robe she dragg'd behind,
Whose artful folds at every turn disclose
Sceptres and crowns that flutter'd in the wind.
Gigantic phantom! in her face appear'd
Terrific charms, too fierce for mortal eyes.
Aw'd and amaz'd, her very smiles we fear'd,
As though storms lurk'd beneath the smooth disguise;
But when she frowns, tremendous thunders roar,
Stern desolation reigns, and kingdoms float in gore.

Her, Wealth succeeds—and scarce his tottering head
Sustains the glittering ore's incumbent weight;
O'er his old limbs were tatter'd garments spread;
A well-fix'd staff directs his feeble feet.
Thus mean himself appear'd; but all around
What crowds unnumber'd hail the passing seer!
Power, as he came, bow'd lowly to the ground,
And own'd with reverence a superior there.
"Rise, David's son, thy utmost wish extend,
See to thy sceptre Wealth, the world's great monarch, bend."

Fame next approach'd, whose clarion's martial sound
Bids conqu'ring laurels flourish ever green;
And gentle Peace with olive chaplets crown'd,
And Plenty, goddess of the sylvan scene.
These Pleasure join'd; loose flow'd her radiant hair;
Her flying fingers touch'd the trembling lyre.
"Come, Mirth," she sung, your blooming wreaths prepare;
Come, gay Delight, and ever-young Desire:
Let days, let years in downy circles move,
Sacred to sprightly Joy, and all-subduing Love."

The mingled train advanc'd; to close the rear,
As lost in thought, appear'd a pensive maid;
Bright was her aspect, lovely, yet severe,
In virgin white her decent limbs array'd:
She mov'd in sober state; on either side
A beauteous handmaid friendly aid bestow'd,
Fair Virtue here, her view from earth to guide
There Contemplation rais'd her golden rod.

Hail, Wisdom, hail! I see and bless the sight,
First-born of Heav'n, pure source of intellectual light.

On her the monarch fix'd his eager eyes,
On her alone, regardless of the crowd:
" Let vulgar souls, he cry'd, yon trifles prize,
Mortals that dare of misery to be proud,
Hence then: I burn for more ingenuous charms;
Nature's true beauties with more lustre shine.
Then take me, Wisdom, take me to thy arms;
O snatch me from myself, and make me thine.
All Heav'n calls good, or man felicity,
Peace, plenty, health, content, are all compriz'd in thee."

TO DR. STEBBING.

O EVER mine! whate'er my fate portends,
Of absence, passions, business, fortune, friends;
Whether in wide-spread scarf and rustling gown,
My borrow'd rhetoric sooths the saints in town,
Or makes in country pews soft matrons weep,
Gay damsels smile, and tir'd church-wardens sleep.
Whether to ease consign'd my future day,
One downy circle, sportive rolls away;
Or, deep in Cambria, or the wilds of Kent,
I drag out life, and learn from ills content;
Still be thy friendship like a genius there,
Zest of the joy, and solace of the care.

A PATHETIC APOLOGY.

YE silly dogs, whose half-year lays
Attend like satellites on *Bays*,
And still, with added lumber load
Each birth-day, and each new-year ode,
Why will ye *strive* to be *severe*?
In pity to yourselves forbear;

Nor let the sneering public see
What numbers write far worse than he.
His muse, *oblig'd* by sack and pension,
Without a subject or invention—
Must certain words in order set,
As innocent as a gazette;
Must some half-meaning, half-disguise,
And utter neither truth nor lies.
But why will *you*, ye volunteers
In nonsense, teaze us with your jeers,
Who *might* with dulness and her crew
Securely slumber? Why will *you*
Sport your dim orbs amidst her fogs,
You're not *oblig'd*—ye silly dogs!
When Jove, as ancient fables sing,
Made of a senseless log a king,
The frogs at first their doubts express'd,
But soon leap'd up, and smok'd the jest,
While every tadpole of the lake
Lay quiet, though they felt it quake.
They knew their nature's due degree,
Themselves scarce more alive than he;
They knew they could not croak like frogs,
—Why will *you* try?—ye silly dogs!
When the poor barber felt askance
The thunder of a Quixote's lance,
For merely bearing on his head
Th' expressive emblem of his trade.
The barber was a harmless log,
The hero was the silly dog.—
What trivial things are cause of quarrel;
Mambrino's helmet, or the laurel,
Alike distract an idiot's brain,
"Unreal mock'ries!" shadowy pain!
Each laureat, if kind Heaven dispense
Some little gleam of common sense,
Blest with *one hundred pounds per. ann.*
And that too tax'd, and but ill paid,
With caution frames his frugal plan,
Nor apes his brethren of the trade.
He never will to garrets rise,
For inspiration from the skies,

And pluck, as Hotspur would have done,
"Bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon."
He never will to cellars venture,
To drag up glory from the centre,
But calmly steer his course between
Th' aërial and infernal scene,
—*One hundred pounds!* a golden mean!
Nor need *he* ask a printer's pains,
To fix the type, and share the gains;
Each morning paper is so kind,
To give his works to every wind.
Each evening post and magazine
Gratis adopts the *lay serene*.
On their frail barks his praise or blame
Floats for an hour, and sinks with them.
Sure without envy you might see
Such floundering immortality.
Why will ye then, amidst the bogs,
Thrust in *your* oar?—ye silly dogs!
He ne'er desires his stated loan
I honestly can speak for one,
Should meet in print the public eye;
Content with *Boyce's* harmony,
Who throws on many a worthless lay
His music and his powers away.
Are *you* not charm'd, when at Vauxhall,
Or Marybone, the Syrens squall
Your oft-repeated madrigals,
Your Nancys of the hills or vales,
While tip-toe misses and their beaux
Catch the dear sounds in triple rows,
And whisper, as their happiness,
They know the author of the piece?
This vanity, my gentle brothers,
You feel: forgive it then in others;
At least in one you call a dunce,
The laureat's odes are sung but once,
And then not heard—while your renown
For half a season stuns the town—
Nay, on brown paper fairly spread,
With wooden print to grace its head,

Each barber pastes you on his wall,
Each cobler chants you in his stall;
And *Dolly*, from her master's shop,
Encores you, as she twirls her mop.
Then "ponder well ye parents dear"
Of works, which live a whole half year,
And with a tender eye survey
The frailer offspring of a day,
Whose glories wither ere they bloom,
Whose very cradle is their tomb.
Have ye no bowels, cruel men!
You who may grasp or quit the pen,
May choose your subject, nay, your time,
When genius prompts to sport in rhyme,
Dependent on yourselves alone,
To be immortal, or unknown;
Does no compassion touch your breast,
For brethren to the service prest?
To laureats is no pity due,
Encumber'd with a thousand clogs?
I'm very sure they *pity* you,
Ye silliest of all silly dogs!

INSCRIPTION

IN THE GARDENS AT NUNEHAM, IN OXFORDSHIRE.

To the Memory of Walter Clark, Florist, who died suddenly near this spot, 1784.

On him whose very soul was here,
Whose duteous, careful, constant toil
Has varied with the varying year,
To make the gay profusion smile;
Whose harmless life in silent flow
Within these circling shades has past,
What happier death could Heaven bestow,
Than in these shades to breathe his last?

'Twas here he fell: not far remov'd
Has earth receiv'd him in her breast;
Still far beside the scenes he lov'd,
In holy ground his relicks rest.

Each clambering woodbine, flaunting rose,
Which round yon bow'r he taught to wave,
With ev'ry fragrant brier that blows,
Shall lend a wreath to bind his grave.

Each village matron, village maid,
Shall with chaste fingers chaplets tie:
Due honours to the rural dead,
And emblems of mortality.
Each village swain that passes by,
A sigh shall to his memory give;
For sure his death demands a sigh,
Whose life instructs them how to live.

If spirits walk, as fabling age
Relates to childhood's wond'ring ear,
Full oft, does fancy dare presage,
Shall Walter's faithful shade be here;
Athwart yon glade, at night's pale noon,
Full oft shall glide with busy feet,
And by the glimmering of the moon
Revisit each belov'd retreat:

Perhaps the tasks on earth he knew,
Resume, correct the gadding spray,
Brush from the plants the sickly dew,
Or chase the noxious worm away.
The bursting buds shall gladlier grow,
No midnight blasts the flowers shall fear;
And many a fair effect shall show
At noon that Walter has been here.

Nay, ev'ry morn, in times to come,
If quainter ringlets curl the shade,
If richer breezes breathe perfume,
If softer swell the verdant glade;
If neatness charm a thousand ways,
Till nature almost art appear,
Tradition's constant fav'rite theme
Shall be—Poor Walter has been here.

JENYNS.

Soame Jenyns was born in London in 1704. His father was knighted by King William, and resided at Bottisham Hall in Cambridgeshire. After receiving a domestic education under a private tutor, he was entered a fellow commoner of St. John's College, Cambridge, where he pursued his studies with great industry, but took no degree.

At an early age, he began to display his poetical talents, and in 1728 published "the Art of Dancing, a Poem," which possesses extraordinary merit. Other pieces both in prose and verse followed; but as he wrote only for amusement, or to answer some political purpose, his works are not very numerous. "His View of the Internal Evidences of the Christian Religion" excited much attention: and though its object and aim have been questioned, it appeared that the author considered it as likely to support the cause of true religion and to give ardour to virtue.

Mr. Jenyns came into parliament soon after his father's death in 1741, and continued to sit in the House of Commons for many years, an useful rather than an active member. In 1755, he was appointed one of the lords of trade and plantations, and held that place during every change of administration till it was abolished in 1780. Hence it may be inferred that he was a supporter of ministry; but when he lost his office, he retired wholly from public business, and devoted himself to a learned leisure, producing from time to time occasional compositions in various walks of literature.

He died in the 83d year of his age, in 1787, without issue, though twice married, and was buried in the church of Bottisham, where the following entry, which gives a somewhat lavish estimate of his talents and character, was made in the register by William Lort Mansell, of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Soame Jenyns, in the 83d year of his age.
What his literary character was,
The world hath already judged for itself;
But it remains for his parish minister

To do his duty, by declaring,
That while he registers the burial of Soame Jenyns,
He regrets the loss of one of the most amiable of men,
And one of the truest Christians.
To the parish of Bottisham he is an
Irreparable loss.
He was buried in this church December 27, near midnight,
By William Lort Mansell sequestrator;
Who thus transgresses the common forms of a register
Merely because he thinks it to be
The most solemn and lasting method
Of recording to posterity,
That the finest understanding
Has been united to the best heart.

His character indeed appears to have been amiable and respectable, his life active and diversified: he had studied much, he had seen more, he conversed as well as he wrote, his thoughts were sprightly, and his expressions neat and appropriate. As an author, he attained no small degree of reputation, by powers which have had every aid that useful and polite learning could give.

With a judgment critically just, he combined an elegant taste, and a rich vein of wit and humour, and is entitled to great praise for many excellencies of style, and a purity of language simple and aboriginal, and one of the least qualified with foreign impregnation. As a poet he is rather distinguished for elegance and correctness, than for invention or enthusiasm. He writes with terseness and neatness, seldom with much vigour or animation. No person ever felt more for the miseries of others than Mr. Jenyns, no one ever saw, or more strictly practised, the duty imposed on those who form the superior ranks of life, to reconcile the lower classes to their condition, by contributing the utmost to make them happy; and thereby to cause them to feel as little of that difference as is possible; for he was ever kind and courteous to all his inferiors, not only in his expressions and in his behaviour, but in assisting them in all their wants and distresses, as far as he could; ever considering his poor neighbours in the country as parts of his family, and, as such, entitled to his care and protection. When in the country, he constantly acted as a magistrate in his own district, and attended all those meetings which were holden for the purposes of public justice.

THE ART OF DANCING.*

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1730.

CANTO I.

In the smooth dance to move with graceful mien,
Easy with care, and sprightly, though serene,
To mark th' instructions echoing strains convey,
And with just steps each tuneful note obey,
I teach; be present, all ye sacred choir,
Blow the soft flute, and strike the sounding lyre:
When Fielding bids, your kind assistance bring,
And at her feet the lowly tribute fling;
O may her eyes, to her this verse is due,
What first themselves inspir'd, vouchsafe to view!
Hail, loveliest art! that canst all hearts ensnare,
And make the fairest still appear more fair.
Beauty can little execution do,
Unless she borrows half her arms from you;
Few, like Pygmalion, doat on lifeless charms,
Or care to clasp a statue in their arms;
But breasts of flint must melt with fierce desire,
When art and motion wake the sleeping fire:
A Venus drawn by great Apelles' hand,
May for a while our wond'ring eyes command,
But still, though form'd with all the pow'rs of art,
The lifeless piece can never warm the heart;
So a fair nymph, perhaps, may please the eye,
Whilst all her beauteous limbs unactive lie.
But when her charms are in the dance display'd,
Then ev'ry heart adores the lovely maid:
This sets her beauty in the fairest light,
And shows each grace in full perfection bright;
Then as she turns around, from ev'ry part,
Like porcupines, she sends a piercing dart;

* Inscribed to Lady Fanny Fielding, daughter of Basil, fourth Earl of Denbigh. She married Daniel Earl of Winchelsea, and died September 27, 1734.

In vain, alas! the fond spectator tries
To shun the pleasing dangers of her eyes,
For, Parthian like, she wounds as sure behind
With flowing curls, and ivory neck reclin'd:
Whether her steps the minuet's mazes trace,
Or the slow Louvre's more majestic pace,
Whether the rigadoon employs her care,
Or sprightly jigg displays the nimble fair,
At every step new beauties we explore,
And worship now, what we admir'd before:
So when Æneas in the Tyrian grove
Fair Venus met, the charming queen of love,
The beauteous goddess, whilst unmov'd she stood,
Seem'd some fair nymph, the guardian of the wood;
But when she mov'd, at once her heavenly mien
And graceful step confess bright beauty's queen,
New glories o'er her form each moment rise,
And all the goddess opens to his eyes.

Now haste my muse, pursue thy destin'd way,
What dresses best become the dancer, say;
The rules of dress forget not to impart,
A lesson previous to the dancing art.

The soldier's scarlet glowing from afar,
Shows that his bloody occupation's war;
Whilst the lawn band, beneath a double chin,
As plainly speaks divinity within;
The milk-maid safe through driving rains and snows,
Wrapp'd in her cloke and propp'd on pattens goes;
While the soft belle immur'd in velvet chair,
Needs but the silken shoe, and trusts her bosom bare:
The wooly drab, and English broad cloth warm,
Guard well the horseman from the beating storm,
But load the dancer with too great a weight,
And call from ev'ry pore the dewy sweat;
Rather let him his active limbs display
In camblet thin, or glossy paduasoy:
Let no unwieldy pride his shoulders press,
But airy, light, and easy be his dress;
Thin be his yielding sole, and low his heel,
So shall he nimbly bound, and safely wheel.

But let not precepts known my verse prolong,
Precepts which use will better teach than song;

For why should I the gallant spark command,
With clean white gloves to fit his ready hand?
Or in his fob enlivening spirits wear,
And pungent salts to raise the fainting fair?
Or hint, the sword that dangles at his side,
Should from its silken bondage be unty'd?
Why should my lays the youthful tribe advise,
Lest snowy clouds from out their wigs arise:
So shall their partners mourn their laces spoil'd,
And shining silks with greasy powder soil'd.
Nor need I, sure, bid prudent youths beware,
Lest with erected tongues their buckles stare,
The pointed steel shall oft their stockings rend,
And oft th' approaching petticoat offend.

And now, ye youthful fair, I sing to you,
With pleasing smiles my useful labours view:
For you the silk-worm's fine-wrought webs display,
And lab'ring spin their little lives away;
For you bright gems with radiant colours glow,
Fair as the dyes that paint the heavenly bow,
For you the sea resigns its pearly store,
And earth unlocks her mines of treasur'd ore;
In vain yet nature thus her gifts bestows,
Unless yourselves with art those gifts dispose.

Yet think not, nymphs, that in the glitt'ring ball,
One form of dress prescrib'd can suit with all;
One brightest shines when wealth and art combine,
To make the finish'd piece completely fine;
When least adorn'd, another steals our hearts,
And rich in native beauties, wants not arts;
In some are such resistless graces found,
That in all dresses they are sure to wound;
Their perfect forms all foreign aids despise,
And gems but borrow lustre from their eyes.

Let the fair nymph, in whose plump cheeks are seen
A constant blush, be clad in cheerful green;
In such a dress the sportive sea-nymphs go;
So in their grassy bed fresh roses blow:
The lass, whose skin is like the hazel brown,
With brighter yellow should o'ercome her own;
While maids grown pale with sickness or despair,
The sable's mournful dye should choose to wear;

So the pale moon still shines with purest light,
Cloth'd in the dusky mantle of the night.
But far from you be all those treach'rous arts,
That wound with painted charms unwary hearts;
Dancing's a touch-stone that true beauty tries,
Nor suffers charms that nature's hand denies:
Though for a while we may with wonder view
'The rosy blush, and skin of lovely hue,
Yet soon the dance will cause the cheeks to glow,
And melt the waxen lips, and neck of snow;
So shine the fields in icy fetters bound,
Whilst frozen gems bespangle all the ground;
Through the clear crystal of the glitt'ring snow,
With scarlet dye the blushing hawthorns glow;
O'er all the plains unnumber'd glories rise,
And a new bright creation charms our eyes;
'Till zephyr breathes, then all at once decay
'The splendid scenes, their glories fade away,
The fields resign the beauties not their own,
And all their snowy charms run trickling down.
Dare I in such momentous points advise,
I should condemn the hoop's enormous size:
Of ills I speak by long experience found,
Oft have I trod th' immeasurable round,
And mourn'd my shins bruis'd black with many a wound.
Nor should the tighten'd stays, too straitly lac'd,
In whalebone bondage gall the slender waist;
Nor waving lappets should the dancing fair,
Nor ruffles edg'd with dangling fringes wear;
Oft will the cobweb-ornaments catch hold
On the approaching button rough with gold,
Nor force nor art can then the bonds divide,
When once th' entangled Gordian knot is ty'd.
So the unhappy pair, by Hymen's power,
Together join'd in some ill-fated hour,
The more they strive their freedom to regain,
The faster binds th' indissoluble chain.
Let each fair maid, who fears to be disgrac'd,
Ever be sure to tie her garters fast,
Lest the loos'd string, amidst the public ball,
A wish'd-for prize to some proud fop should fall.

Who the rich treasure shall triumphant show,
And with warm blushes cause her cheeks to glow.
But yet, as fortune by the self-same ways
She humbles many, some delights to raise,
It happen'd once, a fair illustrious dame
By such neglect acquir'd immortal fame.
And hence the radiant star and garter blue
Britannia's nobles grace, if fame says true;
Hence still, Plantagenet, thy beauties bloom,
Though long since moulder'd in the dusky tomb,
Still thy lost garter is the sovereign's care,
And what each royal breast is proud to wear.
But let me now my lovely charge remind,
Lest they forgetful leave their fans behind;
Lay not, ye fair, the pretty toy aside,
A toy at once display'd for use and pride,
A wond'rous engine, that by magic charms
Cools your own breasts, and ev'ry other's warms.
What daring bard shall e'er attempt to tell
The pow'rs that in this little weapon dwell?
What verse can e'er explain its various parts,
Its num'rous uses, motions, charms, and arts?
Its painted folds that oft extended wide,
Th' afflicted fair one's blubber'd beauties hide,
When secret sorrows her sad bosom fill,
If Strephon is unkind or Shock is ill:
Its sticks, on which her eyes dejected pore,
And pointing fingers number o'er and o'er,
When the kind virgin burns with secret shame,
Dies to consent, yet fears to own her flame;
Its shake triumphant, its victorious clap,
Its angry flutter, and its wanton tap?
Forbear, my muse, th' extensive theme to sing,
Nor trust in such a flight thy tender wing:
Rather do you in humble lines proclaim,
From whence this engine took its form and name,
Say from what cause it first deriv'd its birth,
How form'd in heaven, how thence deduc'd to earth.
Once in Arcadia, that fam'd seat of love,
There liv'd a nymph the pride of all the grove,
A lovely nymph, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
An easy shape, and sweetly blooming face;

Fanny, the damsel's name, as chaste as fair,
Each virgin's envy, and each swain's despair;
To charm her ear the rival shepherds sing,
Blow the soft flute, and wake the trembling string;
For her they leave their wand'ring flocks to rove,
Whilst Fanny's name resounds through ev'ry grove,
And spreads on ev'ry tree, enclos'd in knots of love;
As Fielding's now, her eyes all hearts enflame,
Like her in beauty, as alike in name.

'Twas when the summer sun now mounted high,
With fiercer beams had scorch'd the glowing sky,
Beneath the covert of a cooling shade,
To shun the heat, this lovely nymph was laid;
The sultry weather o'er her cheeks had spread
A blush that added to their native red,
And her fair breast, as polish'd marble white,
Was half conceal'd, and half expos'd to sight:
Æolus, the mighty god whom winds obey,
Observ'd the beauteous maid, as thus she lay;
O'er all her charms he gaz'd with fond delight,
And suck'd in poison at the dangerous sight;
He sighs, he burns; at last declares his pain,
But still he sighs, and still he woos in vain;
The cruel nymph, regardless of his moan,
Minds not his flame, uneasy with her own;
But still complains, that he who rul'd the air
Would not command one zephyr to repair
Around her face, nor gentle breeze to play
Through the dark glade, to cool the sultry day;
By love incited, and the hopes of joy,
Th' ingenious god contriv'd this pretty toy,
With gales incessant to relieve her flame,
And call'd it Fan, from lovely Fanny's name.

CANTO II.

Now see prepar'd to lead the sprightly dance,
The lovely nymphs and well-dress'd youths advance,
The spacious room receives its jovial guest,
And the floor shakes with pleasing weight oppress:
Thick rang'd on ev'ry side, with various dyes
The fair in glossy silks our sight surprise;

So in a garden bath'd with genial show'rs,
A thousand sorts of variegated flow'rs,
Jonquils, carnations, pinks, and tulips rise,
And in a gay confusion charm our eyes.
High o'er their heads, with num'rous candles bright,
Large sconces shed their sparkling beams of light,
Their sparkling beams, that still more brightly glow,
Reflected back from gems, and eyes below:
Unnumber'd fans to cool the crowded fair,
With breathing zephyrs move the circling air:
The sprightly fiddle, and the sounding lyre,
Each youthful breast with gen'rous warmth inspire;
Fraught with all joys the blissful moments fly,
Whilst music melts the ear, and beauty charms the eye.
Now let the youth, to whose superior place
It first belongs the splendid ball to grace,
With humble bow and ready hand prepare
Forth from the crowd to lead his chosen fair;
The fair shall not his kind request deny,
But to the pleasing toil with equal ardour fly.
But stay, rash pair, nor yet untaught advance:
First hear the muse, ere you attempt to dance:
By art directed o'er the foaming tide,
Secure from rocks the painted vessels glide;
By art the chariot scours the dusty plain,
Springs at the whip, and hears the strait'ning rein;
To art our bodies must obedient prove,
If e'er we hope with graceful ease to move.
Long was the dancing art unfix'd and free,
Hence lost in error, and uncertainty;
No precepts did it mind, or rules obey,
But ev'ry master taught a diff'rent way:
Hence ere each new-born dance was fully tried,
The lovely product ev'n in blooming died;
Through various hands in wild confusion tost;
Its steps were alter'd, and its beauties lost;
Till Fuillet, the pride of Gallia rose,
And did the dance in characters compose:
Each lovely grace by certain marks he taught,
And ev'ry step in lasting volumes wrote;
Hence o'er the world this pleasing art shall spread,
And ev'ry dance in ev'ry clime be read,

By distant masters shall each step be seen,
Though mountains rise, and oceans roar between;
Hence, with her sister arts, shall dancing claim
An equal right to universal fame;
And Isaac's rigadoon shall live as long
As Raphael's painting, or as Virgil's song.
Wise nature ever, with a prudent hand,
Dispenses various gifts to ev'ry land;
To ev'ry nation frugally imparts
A genius fit for some peculiar arts;
To trade the Dutch incline, the Swiss to arms,
Music and verse are soft Italia's charms;
Britannia justly glories to have found
Land unexplor'd, and sail'd the globe around;
But none will sure presume to rival France,
Whether she forms or executes the dance:
To her exalted genius 'tis we owe
The sprightly rigadoon and Louvre slow,
The borée, and courant unpractis'd long,
Th' immortal minuet, and smooth bretagne,
With all those dances of illustrious fame,
Which from their native country take their name:
With these let ev'ry ball be first begun,
Nor country-dance intrude till these are done.
Each cautious bard, ere he attempts to sing,
First gently flutt'ring tries his tender wing;
And if he finds that with uncommon fire
The muses all his raptur'd soul inspire,
At once to Heav'n he soars in lofty odes,
And sings alone of heroes and of gods;
But if he trembling fears a flight so high,
He then descends to softer elegy;
And if in elegy he can't succeed,
In pastoral he may tune the oaten reed:
So should the dancer, ere he tries to move,
With care his strength, his weight and genius prove;
Then, if he finds kind nature's gifts impart
Endowments proper for the dancing art,
If in himself he feels together join'd,
An active body and ambitious mind,
In nimble rigadoons he may advance,
Or in the Louvre's slow majestic dance:

If these he fears to reach, with easy pace
Let him the minuet's circling mazes trace:
Is this too hard? This too let him forbear,
And to the country-dance confine his care.
Would you in dancing ev'ry fault avoid,
To keep true time be first your thoughts employ'd;
All other errors they in vain shall mend,
Who in this one important point offend;
For this, when now united hand in hand
Eager to start the youthful couple stand,
Let them awhile their nimble feet restrain,
And with soft taps beat time to every strain:
So for the race prepar'd two coursers stand,
And with impatient pawings spurn the sand.
In vain a master shall employ his care,
Where nature has once fix'd a clumsy air;
Rather let such, to country sports confin'd,
Pursue the flying hare or tim'rous hind:
Nor yet, while I the rural 'squire despise,
A mien effeminate would I advise:
With equal scorn I would the fop deride,
Nor let him dance—but on the woman's side.
And you, fair nymphs, avoid with equal care
A stupid dulness, and a coquette air;
Neither with eyes, that ever love the ground,
Asleep, like spinning tops, run round and round,
Nor yet with giddy looks and wanton pride
Stare all around, and skip from side to side.
True dancing, like true wit, is best exprest
By nature only to advantage drest;
'Tis not a nimble bound, or caper high,
That can pretend to please a curious eye;
Good judges no such tumbler's tricks regard,
Or think them beautiful, because they're hard.
'Tis not enough that ev'ry stander by
No glaring errors in your steps can spy,
The dance and music must so nicely meet,
Each note should seem an echo to her feet;
A nameless grace must in each movement dwell,
Which words can ne'er express, or precepts tell,
Not to be taught, but ever to be seen
In Flavia's air, and Chloe's easy mien;

'Tis such an air that makes her thousands fall,
When Fielding dances at a birth-night ball;
Smooth as Camilla she skims o'er the plain,
And flies like her through crowds of heroes slain.
Now when the minuet, oft repeated o'er,
Like all terrestrial joys, can please no more,
And ev'ry nymph, refusing to expand
Her charms, declines the circulating hand;
Then let the jovial country-dance begin,
And the loud fiddles call each straggler in:
But ere they come, permit me to disclose,
How first, as legends tell, this pastime rose.
In ancient times, such times are now no more,
When Albion's crown illustrious Arthur wore,
In some fair op'ning glade, each summer's night,
Where the pale moon diffus'd her silver light,
On the soft carpet of a grassy field,
The sporting fairies their assemblies held:
Some lightly tripping with their pigmy queen,
In circling ringlets mark'd the level green,
Some with soft notes bade mellow pipes resound,
And music warble through the groves around;
Oft lonely shepherds by the forest side,
Belated peasants oft their revels spied,
And home returning, o'er their nut-brown ale
Their guests diverted with the wond'rous tale.
Instructed hence, throughout the British isle,
And fond to imitate the pleasing toil,
Round where the trembling May-pole fix'd on high,
Uplifts its flow'ry honours to the sky,
The ruddy maids and sun-burnt swains resort,
And practise ev'ry night the lovely sport;
On ev'ry side Æolian artists stand,
Whose active elbows swelling winds command,
The swelling winds harmonious pipes inspire,
And blow in ev'ry breast a gen'rous fire.
Thus taught, at first the country dance began,
And hence to cities and to courts it ran;
Succeeding ages did in time impart
Various improvements to the lovely art;
From fields and groves to palaces remov'd,
Great ones the pleasing exercise approv'd:

Hence the loud fiddle and shrill trumpet's sounds
Are made companions of the dancer's bounds;
Hence gems, and silks, brocades, and ribbons join,
To make the ball with perfect lustre shine.
So rude at first the tragic muse appear'd,
Her voice alone by rustic rabble heard;
Where twisting trees a cooling arbour made,
The pleas'd spectators sat beneath the shade;
The homely stage with rushes green was strew'd,
And in a cart the strolling actors rode;
Till time at length improv'd the great design,
And bade the scenes with painted landscapes shine:
Then art did all the bright machines dispose,
And theatres of Parian marble rose;
Then mimic thunder shook the canvas sky,
And gods descended from their tow'rs on high.
With caution now let ev'ry youth prepare
To choose a partner from the mingled fair;
Vain would be here th' instructing muse's voice,
If she pretended to direct his choice:
Beauty alone by fancy is exprest,
And charms in diff'rent forms each diff'rent breast:
A snowy skin this am'rous youth admires,
Whilst nut-brown cheeks another's bosom fires;
Small waists and slender limbs some hearts insnare,
Whilst others love the more substantial fair.
But let not outward charms your judgment sway,
Your reason rather than your eyes obey;
And in the dance, as in the marriage noose,
Rather for merit, than for beauty choose:
Be her your choice, who knows with perfect skill
When she should move, and when she should be still,
Who uninstructed can perform her share,
And kindly half the pleasing burden bear.
Unhappy is that hopeless wretch's fate,
Who fetter'd in the matrimonial state
With a poor simple inexperienc'd wife,
Is forc'd to lead the tedious dance of life:
And such is his, with such a partner join'd,
A moving puppet, but without a mind;
Still must his hand be pointing out the way,
Yet ne'er can teach so fast as she can stray;

Beneath her follies he must ever groan,
And ever blush for errors not his own.
But now behold, united hand in hand,
Rang'd on each side, the well-pair'd couples stand!
Each youthful bosom beating with delight,
Waits the brisk signal for the pleasing sight;
While lovely eyes, that flash unusual rays,
And snowy bubbies pull'd above the stays,
Quick busy hands, and bridling heads declare
The fond impatience of the starting fair.
And see, the sprightly dance is now begun!
Now here, now there, the giddy maze they run;
Now with slow steps they pace the circling ring,
Now all confus'd, too swift for sight they spring:
So in a wheel, with rapid fury tost,
The undistinguish'd spokes are in the motion lost.
The dancer here no more requires a guide,
To no strict steps his nimble feet are tied;
The muse's precepts here would useless be,
Where all is fancy'd, unconfin'd, and free;
Let him but to the music's voice attend,
By this instructed, he can ne'er offend:
If to his share it falls the dance to lead,
In well-known paths he may be sure to tread;
If others lead, let him their motions view,
And in their steps the winding maze pursue.
In every country-dance a serious mind,
Turn'd for reflection, can a moral find.
In hunt-the-squirrel thus the nymph we view,
Seeks when we fly, but flies when we pursue:
Thus in round-dances where our partners change,
And unconfin'd from fair to fair we range,
As soon as one from his own consort flies,
Another seizes on the lovely prize;
A while the fav'rite youth enjoys her charms,
Till the next comer steals her from his arms;
New ones succeed, the last is still her care;
How true an emblem of th' inconstant fair!
Where can philosophers, and sages wise,
Who read the curious volumes of the skies,
A model more exact than dancing name
Of the creation's universal frame?

Where worlds unnumber'd o'er th' ethereal way
In a bright regular confusion stray;
Now here, now there, they whirl along the sky,
Now near approach, and now far distant fly;
Now meet in the same order they begun,
And then the great celestial dance is done.

Where can the mor'list find a juster plan
Of the vain labours and the life of man;
A while through justling crowds we toil, and sweat,
And eagerly pursue we know not what;
Then when our trifling short-liv'd race is run,
Quite tir'd sit down, just where we first begun.

Though to your arms kind fate's indulgent care
Has giv'n a partner exquisitely fair,
Let not her charms so much engage your heart,
That you neglect the skilful dancer's part;
Be not, when you the tuneful notes would hear,
Still whisp'ring idle prattle in her ear;
When you should be employ'd, be not at play,
Nor for your joys all other steps delay:
But when the finish'd dance you once have done,
And with applause through ev'ry couple run,
There rest a while; there snatch the fleeting bliss,
The tender whisper, and the balmy kiss;
Each secret wish, each softer hope confess,
And her moist palm with eager fingers press;
With smiles the fair shall hear your warm desires,
When music melts her soul, and dancing fires.

Thus mix'd with love, the pleasing toil pursue,
Till the unwelcome morn appears in view;
Then, when approaching day its beams displays,
And the dull candles shine with fainter rays;
Then, when the sun just rises o'er the deep,
And each bright eye is almost set in sleep:
With ready hand, obsequious youths prepare
Safe to her coach to lead each chosen fair,
And guard her from the morn's inclement air:
Let a warm hood enwrap her lovely head,
And o'er her neck a handkerchief be spread;
Around her shoulders let this arm be cast;
Whilst that from cold defends her slender waist;

With kisses warm her balmy lips shall glow,
Unchill'd by nightly damps or wint'ry snow;
While gen'rous white-wine, mull'd with ginger warm,
Safely protects her inward frame from harm.
But ever let my lovely pupils fear
To chill their mantling blood with cold small beer.
Ah, thoughtless fair! the tempting draught refuse,
When thus forewarn'd by my experienc'd muse:
Let the sad consequence your thoughts employ,
Nor hazard future pains for present joy;
Destruction lurks within the pois'nous dose,
A fatal fever, or a pimpled nose.
Thus through each precept of the dancing art
The muse has play'd the kind instructor's part;
Through ev'ry maze her pupils she has led,
And pointed out the surest paths to tread:
No more remains; no more the goddess sings,
But drops her pinions, and unfurls her wings.
On downy beds the weary dancers lie,
And sleep's silk cords tie down each drowsy eye;
Delightful dreams their pleasing sports restore,
And ev'n in sleep they seem to dance once more.
And now the work completely finish'd lies,
Which the devouring teeth of time defies:
Whilst birds in air, or fish in streams we find,
Or damsels fret with aged partners join'd;
As long as nymphs shall with attentive ear
A fiddle rather than a sermon hear:
So long the brightest eyes shall oft peruse
These useful lines of my instructive muse;
Each belle shall wear them wrote upon her fan,
And each bright beau shall read them—if he can.

AN ESSAY ON VIRTUE.

To the Honourable Philip Yorke, Esq.

Thou, whom nor honours, wealth, nor youth can spoil,
With the least vice of each luxuriant soil,
Say, Yorke, for sure, if any, thou can'st tell,
What virtue is, who practise it so well;

Say, where inhabits this sultana queen;
Prais'd and ador'd by all, but rarely seen:
By what sure mark her essence can we trace,
When each religion, faction, age, and place
Sets up some fancied idol of its own,
A vain pretender to her sacred throne?
In man too oft a well dissembled part,
A self-denying pride in woman's heart;
In synods faith, and in the fields of fame,
Valour usurps her honours and her name.
Whoe'er their sense of virtue would express,
'Tis still by something they themselves possess.
Hence youth, good-humour, frugal craft, old-age,
Warm politicians term it party-rage,
True churchmen zeal right orthodox; and hence
Fools think it gravity, and wits pretence;
To constancy alone fond lovers join it,
And maids unask'd to chastity confine it.

But have we then no law besides our will?
No just criterion fix'd to good and ill?
As well at noon we may obstruct our sight,
Then doubt if such a thing exists as light;
For no less plain would nature's law appear
As the meridian sun unchang'd, and clear.
Would we but search for what we were design'd,
And for what end th' Almighty form'd mankind;
A rule of life we then should plainly see,
For to pursue that end must virtue be.

Then what is that? Not want of power, or fame,
Or worlds unnumber'd to applaud his name,
But a desire his blessings to diffuse,
And fear lest millions should existence lose;
His goodness only could his power employ,
And an eternal warmth to propagate his joy.

Hence soul and sense diffus'd through ev'ry place,
Make happiness as infinite as space;
Thousands of suns beyond each other blaze,
Orbs roll o'er orbs, and glow with mutual rays;
Each is a world, where, form'd with wond'rous art,
Unnumber'd species live through ev'ry part:
In ev'ry tract of ocean, earth, and skies,
Myriads of creatures still successive rise:

Scarce buds a leaf, or springs the vilest weed,
But little flocks upon its verdure feed :
No fruit our palate courts, or flow'r our smell,
But on its fragrant bosom nations dwell,
All form'd with proper faculties to share
The daily bounties of their Maker's care :
The great Creator from his heav'nly throne
Pleas'd on the wide-expanded joy looks down,
And his eternal law is only this,
That all contribute to the general bliss.
Nature so plain this primal law displays,
Each living creature sees it, and obeys ;
Each form'd for all, promotes through private care
The public good, and justly takes its share.
All understand their great Creator's will,
Strive to be happy, and in that fulfil ;
Mankind excepted, lord of all beside,
But only slave to folly, vice, and pride ;
'Tis he that's deaf to this command alone,
Delights in other's woe, and courts his own ;
Racks and destroys with tort'ring steel and flame,
For luxury brutes, and man himself for fame :
Sets superstition high on virtue's throne,
Then thinks his Maker's temper like his own :
Hence are his altars stain'd with reeking gore,
As if he could atone for crimes by more :
Hence whilst offended Heav'n he strives in vain
T' appease by fasts and voluntary pain,
Ev'n in repenting he provokes again.
How easy is our yoke ! how light our load !
Did we not strive to mend the laws of God :
For his own sake no duty he can ask,
The common welfare is our only task :
For this sole end, his precepts, kind as just,
Forbid intemperance, murder, theft, and lust,
With ev'ry act injurious to our own
Or others good, for such are crimes alone :
For this are peace, love, charity, enjoin'd,
With all that can secure and bless mankind.
Thus is the public safety virtue's cause,
And happiness the end of all her laws ;

For such by nature is the human frame,
Our duty and our interest are the same.
" But hold," cries out some puritan divine,
Whose well-stuff'd cheeks with ease and plenty shine,
" Is this to fast, to mortify, refrain?
" And work salvation out with fear and pain?"
We own the rigid lessons of their schools
Are widely diff'rent from these easy rules:
Virtue, with them, is only to abstain
From all that nature asks, and covet pain;
Pleasure and vice are ever near a-kin,
And, if we thirst, cold water is a sin:
Heaven's path is rough and intricate, they say,
Yet all are damn'd that trip, or miss their way;
God is a Being cruel and severe,
And man a wretch by his command plac'd here,
In sun-shine for a while to take a turn,
Only to dry and make him fit to burn.
Mistaken men, too piously severe!
Through craft misleading, or misled by fear;
How little they God's counsels comprehend,
Our universal parent, guardian, friend!
Who, forming by degrees to bless mankind,
This globe our sportive nursery assign'd,
Where for a while his fond paternal care
Feasts us with ev'ry joy our state can bear:
Each sense, touch, taste, and smell, dispense delight,
Music our hearing, beauty charms our sight;
Trees, herbs, and flow'rs to us their spoils resign,
Its pearl the rock presents, its gold the mine;
Beasts, fowl, and fish their daily tribute give
Of food and clothes, and die that we may live:
Seasons but change, new pleasures to produce,
And elements contend to serve our use:
Love's gentle shafts, ambition's tow'ring wings,
The pomps of senates, churches, courts, and kings,
All that our rev'rence, joy, or hope, create,
Are the gay play-things of this infant state.
Scarcely an ill to human life belongs,
But what our follies cause, or mutual wrongs;
Or if some stripes from Providence we feel,
He strikes with pity, and but wounds to heal;

Kindly perhaps sometimes afflicts us here,
To guide our views to a sublimer sphere,
In more exalted joys to fix our taste,
And wean us from delights that cannot last.
Our present good the easy task is made,
To earn superior bliss, when this shall fade;
For, soon as e'er these mortal pleasures cloy,
His hand shall lead us to sublimer joy;
Snatch us from all our little sorrows here,
Calm ev'ry grief, and dry each childish tear;
Waft us to regions of eternal peace,
Where bliss and virtue grow with like increase;
From strength to strength our souls for ever guide
Through wond'rous scenes of being yet untry'd,
Where in each stage we shall more perfect grow,
And new perfections, new delights bestow.
Oh! would mankind but make these truths their guide,
And force the helm from prejudice and pride;
Were once these maxims fix'd, that God's our friend,
Virtue our good, and happiness our end,
How soon must reason o'er the world prevail,
And error, fraud, and superstition fail!
None would hereafter then with groundless fear
Describe th' Almighty cruel and severe,
Predestinating some without pretence
To Heav'n, and some to hell for no offence;
Inflicting endless pains for transient crimes,
And favouring sects or nations, men or times.
To please him none would foolishly forbear
Or food, or rest, or itch in shirts of hair,
Or deem it merit to believe or teach
What reason contradicts or cannot reach;
None would fierce zeal for piety mistake,
Or malice for whatever tenets sake,
Or think salvation to one sect confin'd,
And heaven too narrow to contain mankind.
No more than nymphs, by long neglect grown nice,
Would in one female frailty sum up vice,
And censure those, who, nearer to the right,
Think virtue is but to dispense delight.
No servile tenets would admittance find,
Destructive of the rights of human kind;

Of power divine, hereditary right,
And non-resistance to a tyrant's might:
For sure that all should thus for one be curs'd,
Is but great nature's edict just revers'd.
No moralists then, righteous to excess,
Would show fair virtue in so black a dress,
That they, like boys, who some feign'd spright array,
First from the spectre fly themselves away:
No preachers in the terrible delight,
But choose to win by reason, not affright;
Not, conjurers like, in fire and brimstone dwell,
And draw each moving argument from hell.
No more our sage interpreters of laws
Would fatten on obscurities and flaws,
But rather, nobly careful of their trust,
Strive to wipe off the long contracted dust,
And be, like Hardwicke, guardians of the just.
No more applause would on ambition wait,
And laying waste the world be counted great,
But one good-natur'd act more praises gain
Than armies overthrown, and thousands slain;
No more would brutal rage disturb our peace,
But envy, hatred, war and discord cease;
Our own and others good each hour employ,
And all things smile with universal joy;
Virtue with happiness her consort join'd,
Would regulate and bless each human mind,
And Man be what his Maker first design'd.

THE MODERN FINE GENTLEMAN.

Written in the Year 1746.

Just broke from school, pert, impudent, and raw,
Expert in Latin, more expert in taw,
His honour posts o'er Italy and France,
Measures St. Peter's dome, and learns to dance.
Thence, having quick through various countries flown,
Glean'd all their follies and expos'd his own,
He back returns, a thing so strange all o'er,
As never ages past produc'd before:
A monster of such complicated worth,
As no one single clime could e'er bring forth;
Half atheist, papist, gamester, bubble, rook,
Half fiddler, coachman, dancer, groom, and cook.
Next, because business is now all the vogue,
And who'd be quite polite must be a rogue,
In parliament he purchases a seat,
To make th' accomplish'd gentleman complete.
There safe in self-sufficient impudence,
Without experience, honesty, or sense,
Unknowing in her int'rest, trade, or laws,
He vainly undertakes his country's cause:
Forth from his lips, prepar'd at all to rail,
Torrents of nonsense burst, like bottled ale,
Though shallow, muddy; brisk, though mighty dull;
Fierce without strength; o'erflowing, though not full.
Now quite a Frenchman in his garb and air,
His neck yok'd down with bag and solitaire,
The liberties of Britain he supports,
And storms at place-men, ministers, and courts;
Now in cropt greasy hair, and leather breeches,
He loudly bellows out his patriot speeches;
King, lords, and commons, ventures to abuse,
Yet dares to show those ears he ought to lose.
From thence to White's our virtuous Cato flies,
There sits with countenance erect and wise,
And talks of games of whist, and pig-tail pies;
Plays all the night, nor doubts each law to break,
Himself unknowingly has help'd to make;

Trembling and anxious, stakes his utmost groat,
Peeps o'er his cards, and looks as if he thought;
Next morn disowns the losses of the night,
Because the fool would fain be thought a bite.
Devoted thus to politics and cards,
Nor mirth, nor wine, nor women, he regards;
So far is ev'ry virtue from his heart,
That not a gen'rous vice can claim a part;
Nay, lest one human passion e'er should move
His soul to friendship, tenderness, or love,
To Figg and Broughton he commits his breast,
To steel it to the fashionable test.
Thus poor in wealth, he labours to no end,
Wretched alone, in crowds without a friend;
Insensible to all that's good or kind,
Deaf to all merits, to all beauty blind:
For love too busy, and for wit too grave,
A harden'd, sober, proud, luxurious knave;
By little actions striving to be great,
And proud to be, and to be thought, a cheat.
And yet in this so bad is his success,
That as his fame improves, his rents grow less;
On parchment wings his acres take their flight,
And his unpeopled groves admit the light;
With his estate his int'rest too is done,
His honest borough seeks a warmer sun:
For him, now cash and liquor flows no more,
His independent voters cease to roar;
And Britain soon must want the great defence
Of all his honesty and eloquence,
But that the gen'rous youth, more anxious grown
For public liberty than for his own,
Marries some jointur'd antiquated crone;
And boldly, when his country is at stake,
Braves the deep yawning gulf, like Curtius, for its sake.
Quickly again distress'd for want of coin,
He digs no longer in th' exhausted mine,
But seeks preferment, as the last resort,
Cringes each morn at levées, bows at court,
And from the hand he hates, implores support.
The minister, well pleas'd at small expence
To silence so much rude impertinence,

With squeeze and whisper yields to his demands,
And on the venal list enroll'd he stands;
A ribband and a pension buy the slave:
This bribes the fool about him; that the knave.
And now arriv'd at his meridian glory,
He sinks apace, despis'd by Whig and Tory;
Of independence now he talks no more,
Nor shakes the senate with his patriot roar;
But silent votes, and with court-trappings hung,
Eyes his own glitt'ring star and holds his tongue.
In craft political a bankrupt made,
He sticks to gaming, as the surer trade;
Turns downright sharper, lives by sucking blood,
And grows, in short, the very thing he would:
Hunts out young heirs who have their fortunes spent,
And lends them ready cash at *cent. per cent.*
Lays wagers on his own, and others lives,
Fights uncles, fathers, grandmothers, and wives;
Till death at length, indignant to be made
The daily subject of his sport and trade,
Veils with his sable hand the wretch's eyes,
And, groaning for the betts he loses by't, he dies.

THE MODERN FINE LADY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1750.

Skill'd in each art that can adorn the fair,
The sprightly dance, the soft Italian air,
The toss of quality and high-bred fleer,
Now Lady Harriet reach'd her fifteenth year:
Wing'd with diversions all her moments flew,
Each, as it pass'd, presenting something new;
Breakfast and auctions wear the morn away,
Each evening gives an opera, or a play;
Then Brag's eternal joys all night remain,
And kindly usher in the morn again.
For love no time has she, or inclination,
Yet must coquette it for the sake of fashion;

For this she listens to each fop that's near,
Th' embroider'd colonel flatters with a sneer,
And the cropt ensign nuzzles in her ear.
But with most warmth her dress and airs inspire
Th' ambitious bosom of the landed 'squire,
Who fain would quit plump Dolly's softer charms
For wither'd lean Right Honourable arms;
He bows with reverence at her sacred shrine,
And treats her as if sprung from race divine,
Which she returns with insolence and scorn,
Nor deigns to smile on a plebeian born.

Ere long by friends, by cards, and lovers cross'd,
Her fortune, health, and reputation lost;
Her money gone, yet not a tradesman paid,
Her fame, yet she still doom'd to be a maid:
Her spirits sink, her nerves are so unstrung
She weeps, if but a handsome thief is hu
By mercers, lacemen, mantua-makers pr
But most for ready cash for play distrest,
Where can she turn?—The 'squire must a
She condescends to listen to his pray'r,
And marries him at length in mere despair.

But soon th' endearments of a husband cl
Her soul, her frame incapable of joy:
She feels no transports in the bridal bed,
Of which so oft sh' has heard, so much has
Then vex'd, that she should be condemn'd
To seek in vain this philosophic stone,
To abler tutors she resolves t' apply,
A prostitute from curiosity:
Hence men of ev'ry sort, and ev'ry size,
Impatient for Heaven's cordial drop, she tries
The fribbling beau, the rough unwieldy clow
The ruddy templar newly on the town,
The Hibernian captain of gigantic make,
The brimful parson, and th' exhausted rake.

But still malignant fate her wish denies,
Cards yield superior joys, to cards she flies;
All night from rout to rout her charmen run,
Again she plays, and is again undone.

Behold her now in ruin's frightful jaws!
Bonds, judgments, executions ope their paws:
Seize jewels, furniture, and plate, nor spare
The gilded chariot, or the tassel'd chair;
For lonely seat she's forc'd to quit the town,
And Tubbs conveys the wretched exile down.
Now rumbling o'er the stones of Tyburn-road,
Ne'er press'd with a more griev'd or guilty load,
She bids adieu to all the well-known streets,
And envies ev'ry cinder-wench she meets:
And now the dreaded country first appears,
With sighs unfeign'd the dying noise she hears
Of distant coaches fainter by degrees,
Then starts and trembles at the sight of trees.
Silent and sullen, like some captive queen,
She's drawn along unwilling to be seen,
Until at length appears the ruin'd hall
Within the grass green moat and ivy'd wall,
The doleful prison where for ever she,
But not, alas! her griefs, must bury'd be.
Her coach the curate and the tradesmen meet,
Great-coated tenants her arrival greet,
And boys with stubble bonfires light the street,
While bells her ears with tongues discordant grate,
Types of the nuptial tyes they celebrate:
But no rejoicings can unbend her brow,
Nor deigns she to return one aukward bow,
But bounces in, disdaining once to speak,
And wipes the trickling tear from off her cheek.
Now see her in the sad decline of life,
A peevish mistress, and a sulky wife;
Her nerves unbrac'd, her faded cheek grown pale
With many a real, and many a fancy'd ail;
Of cards, admirers, equipage bereft,
Her insolence and title only left;
Severely humbled to her one-horse chair,
And the low pastimes of a country fair:
Too wretched to endure one lonely day,
Too proud one friendly visit to repay,
Too indolent to read, too criminal to pray;
At length half dead, half mad, and quite confin'd,
Shunning, and shunn'd by all of human kind,

Ev'n robb'd of the last comfort of her life,
Insulting the poor curate's callous wife,
Pride, disappointed pride, now stops her breath,
And with true scorpion rage she stings herself to death.

TO A LADY.

IN ANSWER TO A LETTER WROTE IN A VERY FINE HAND.

WHILST well-wrote lines our wond'ring eyes command,
The beauteous work of Chloe's artful hand,
Throughout the finish'd piece we see display'd
The exactest image of the lovely maid;
Such is her wit, and such her form divine,
This pure, as flows the style through ev'ry line,
That like each letter, exquisitely fine.
See with what art the sable currents stain
In wand'ring mazes all the milk-white plain!
Thus o'er the meadows wrapp'd in silver snow
Unfrozen brooks in dark meanders flow;
Thus jetty curls in shining ringlets deck
The ivory plain of lovely Chloe's neck:
See, like some virgin, whose unmeaning charms
Receive new lustre from a lover's arms,
The yielding paper's pure but vacant breast,
By her fair hand and flowing pen imprest,
At ev'ry touch more animated grows,
And with new life and new ideas glows,
Fresh beauties from the kind defiler gains,
And shines each moment brighter from its stains.
Let mighty love no longer boast his darts,
That strike unerring, aim'd at mortal hearts;
Chloe, your quill can equal wonders do,
Wound full as sure, and at a distance too:
Arm'd with your feather'd weapons in your hands,
From pole to pole you send your great commands;
To distant climes in vain the lover flies,
Your pen o'ertakes him, if he 'scapes your eyes;

So those who from the sword in battle run,
But perish victims to the distant gun.
Beauty's a short-liv'd blaze, a fading flow'r,
But these are charms no ages can devour.
These, far superior to the brightest face,
Triumph alike o'er time as well as space,
When that fair form, which thousands now adore,
By years decay'd, shall tyrannize no more,
These lovely lines shall future ages view,
And eyes unborn, like ours, be charm'd by you.
How oft do I admire with fond delight
The curious piece, and wish like you to write!
Alas, vain hope! that might as well aspire
To copy Paulo's stroke, or Titian's fire:
Ev'n now your splendid lines before me lie,
And I in vain to imitate them try:
Believe me, fair, I'm practising this art,
To steal your hand, in hopes to steal your heart.

CHLOE TO STREPHON.

A SONG.

Too plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes
My heart your own declare;
But, for Heaven's sake, let it suffice,
You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmost pow'r to try,
Nor farther urge your sway;
Press nor for what I must deny,
For fear I should obey.

Could all your arts successful prove,
Would you a maid undo,
Whose greatest failing is her love,
And that her love for you?

Say, would you use that very pow'r
You from her fondness claim,
To ruin in one fatal hour
A life of spotless fame?

Ah cease, my dear, to do an ill,
Because perhaps you may!
But rather try your utmost skill
To save me than betray.

Be you yourself my virtue's guard,
Defend, and not pursue;
Since 'tis a task for me too hard,
To fight with love and you.

THE CHOICE.

Had I, Pygmalion-like, the pow'r
To make the nymph I would adore,
The model should be thus design'd,
Like this her form, like this her mind.
Her skin should be as lilies fair,
With rosy cheeks and jetty hair;
Her lips with pure vermilion spread,
And soft and moist, as well as red;
Her eyes should shine with vivid light,
At once both languishing and bright;
Her shape should be exact and small,
Her stature rather low than tall;
Her limbs well turn'd, her air and mien
At once both sprightly and serene;
Besides all this, a nameless grace
Should be diffus'd all o'er her face:
To make the lovely piece complete,
Not only beautiful, but sweet.
This for her form; now for her mind;
I'd have it open, gen'rous, kind,
Void of all coquettish arts,
And vain designs of conquering hearts,
Not sway'd by any views of gain,
Nor fond of giving others pain;
But soft, though bright, like her own eyes,
Discreetly witty, gayly wise.
I'd have her skill'd in ev'ry art
That can engage a wand'ring heart;

Know all the sciences of love,
Yet ever willing to improve;
To press the hand, and roll the eye,
And drop sometimes an amorous sigh,
To lengthen out the balmy kiss,
And heighten ev'ry tender bliss;
And yet I'd have the charmer be
By nature only taught—or me.
I'd have her to strict honour ty'd,
And yet without one spark of pride;
In company well dress'd and fine,
Yet not ambitious to outshine;
In private always neat and clean,
And quite a stranger to the spleen;
Well pleas'd to grace the park and play,
And dance sometimes the night away,
But oft'ner fond to spend her hours
In solitude and shady bow'rs,
And there beneath some silent grove,
Delight in poetry and love.
Some sparks of the poetic fire
I fain would have her soul inspire,
Enough, at least, to let her know
What joys from love and virtue flow;
Enough, at least, to make her wise,
And fops and fopperies despise;
Prefer her books, and her own muse,
To visits, scandal, chat, and news;
Above her sex exalt her mind,
And make her more than womankind.

WRITTEN IN MR. LOCKE'S ESSAY ON HUMAN UNDERSTANDING.

Long had the mind of man with curious art
Search'd nature's wond'rous plan through ev'ry part,
Measur'd each tract of ocean, earth and sky,
And number'd all the rolling orbs on high;
Yet still, so learn'd, herself she little knew,
'Till Locke's unerring pen the portrait drew.

So beauteous Eve a while in Eden stray'd,
And all her great Creator's works survey'd;
By sun, and moon, she knew to mark the hour;
She knew the genus of each plant and flow'r;
She knew, when sporting on the verdant lawn,
The tender lambkin, and the nimble fawn:
But still a stranger to her own bright face,
She guess'd not at its form, nor what she was;
'Till led at length to some clear fountain's side,
She view'd her beauties in the crystal tide;
The shining mirror all her charms displays,
And her eyes catch their own rebounded rays.

THE SNOW-BALL.

FROM PETRONIUS AFRANIUS.

WHITE as her hand fair Julia threw
A ball of silver snow;
The frozen globe fired as it flew,
My bosom felt it glow.

Strange pow'r of love! whose great command
Can thus a snow-ball arm;
When sent, fair Julia, from thine hand,
Ev'n ice itslf can warm.

How should we then secure our hearts?
Love's pow'r we all must feel,
Who thus can, by strange magic arts,
In ice his flames conceal.

'Tis thou alone, fair Julia, know,
Can'st quench my fierce desire;
But not with water, ice, or snow,
But with an equal fire.

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Translated from the Latin of Isaac Hawkins Browne, Esq.

BOOK I.

To all inferior animals 'tis giv'n
T' enjoy the state allotted them by Heav'n;
No vain researches e'er disturb their rest,
No fears of dark futurity molest.
Man, only man, solicitous to know
The springs whence nature's operations flow,
Plods through a dreary waste with toil and pain,
And reasons, hopes, and thinks and lives in vain;
For sable death still hovering o'er his head,
Cuts short his progress, with his vital thread.
Wherefore, since nature errs not, do we find,
These seeds of science in the human mind,
If no congenial fruits are predesign'd?
For what avails to man this pow'r to roam
Through ages past, and ages yet to come,
T' explore new worlds o'er all th' ethereal way,
Chain'd to a spot, and living but a day?
Since all must perish in one common grave,
Nor can these long laborious searches save,
Were it not wiser far, supinely laid,
To sport with Phillis in the noontide shade?
Or at thy jovial festivals appear,
Great Bacchus, who alone the soul can clear
From all that it has felt, and all that it can fear?
Come on then, let us feast; let Chloe sing,
And soft Neæra touch the trembling string;
Enjoy the present hour, nor seek to know
What good or ill to-morrow may bestow.
But these delights soon pall upon the taste;
Let's try then if more serious cannot last:
Wealth let us heap on wealth, or fame pursue,
Let pow'r and glory be our point in view;
In courts, in camps, in senates let us live,
Our levees crowded like the buzzing hive:

Each weak attempt the same sad lesson brings !
Alas ! what vanity in human things !
What means then shall we try ? where hope to find
A friendly harbour for the restless mind ?
Who still, you see, impatient to obtain
Knowledge immense, so nature's laws ordain,
Ev'n now, though fetter'd in corporeal clay,
Climbs step by step the prospect to survey,
And seeks unwearied truth's eternal ray.
No fleeting joys she asks which must depend
On the frail senses, and with them must end ;
But such as suit her own immortal frame,
Free from all change, eternally the same.
Take courage then, these joys we shall attain ;
Almighty wisdom never acts in vain ;
Nor shall the soul, on which it has bestow'd
Such pow'rs, e'er perish like an earthly clod ;
But purg'd at length from foul corruption's stain,
Freed from her prison and unbound her chain,
She shall her native strength and native skies regain ;
To Heav'n an old inhabitant return,
And draw nectareous streams from truth's perpetual urn.
Whilst life remains, if life it can be call'd
T' exist in fleshly bondage thus enthrall'd,
Tir'd with the dull pursuit of worldly things,
The soul scarce wakes, or opes her gladsome wings,
Yet still the godlike exile in disgrace
Retains some marks of her celestial race ;
Else whence from mem'ry's store can she produce
Such various thoughts, or range them so for use ?
Can matter these contain, dispose, apply ?
Can in her cells such mighty treasures lie ?
Or can her native force produce them to the eye ?
Whence is this pow'r, this roundness of all arts,
Serving, adorning life, through all its parts,
Which names impos'd, by letters mark'd those names,
Adjusted properly by legal claims,
From woods and wilds collected rude mankind,
And cities, laws, and governments design'd ?
What can this be, but some bright ray from heav'n,
Some emanation from Omniscience given ?

When now the rapid stream of eloquence
Bears all before it, passion, reason, sense,
Can its dread thunder, or its lightning's force
Derive their essence from a mortal source?
What think you of the bard's enchanting art,
Which, whether he attempts to warm the heart
With fabled scenes, or charm the ear with rhyme,
Breathes all pathetic, lovely, and sublime?
Whilst things on earth roll round from age to age,
The same dull farce repeated on the stage,
The poet gives us a creation new,
More pleasing, and more perfect than the true;
The mind, who always to perfection hastes,
Perfection such as here she never tastes,
With gratitude accepts the kind deceit,
And thence foresees a system more complete.
Of those what think you, who the circling race
Of suns, and their revolving planets trace,
And comets journeying through unbounded space?
Say, can you doubt, but that th' all searching soul,
That now can traverse heav'n from pole to pole,
From thence descending visits but this earth,
And shall once more regain the regions of her birth?

Could she thus act, unless some power unknown,
From matter quite distinct and all her own,
Supported, and impell'd her? She approves
Self-conscious, and condemns; she hates and loves,
Mourns and rejoices, hopes and is afraid,
Without the body's unrequested aid:
Her own internal strength her reason guides,
By this she now compares things, now divides;
Truth's scatter'd fragments piece by piece collects,
Rejoins, and thence her edifice erects;
Piles arts on arts, effects to causes ties,
And rears the aspiring fabric to the skies;
From whence, as on a distant plain below,
She sees from causes consequences flow,
And the whole chain distinctly comprehends,
Which from the Almighty's throne to earth descends:
And lastly, turning inwardly her eyes,
Perceives how all her own ideas rise,

Contemplates what she is, and whence she came,
And almost comprehends her own amazing frame.
Can mere machines be with such pow'rs endu'd,
Or conscious of those pow'rs, suppose they cou'd?
For body is but a machine alone
Mov'd by external force, and impulse not its own.
Rate not th' extension of the human mind
By the plebeian standard of mankind,
But by the size of those gigantic few
Whom Greece and Rome still offer to our view,
Or Britain, well deserving equal praise,
Parent of heroes too in better days.
Why shou'd I try her numerous sons to name,
By verse, law, eloquence consign'd to fame;
Or who have forc'd fair science into sight,
Long lost in darkness, and afraid of light?
O'er all superior, like the solar ray,
First Bacon usher'd in the dawning day,
And drove the mists of sophistry away;
Pervaded nature with amazing force,
Following experience still throughout his course,
And finishing at length his destin'd way,
To Newton he bequeath'd the radiant lamp of day.
Illustrious souls! if any tender cares
Affect angelic breasts for man's affairs,
If in your present happy heav'nly state,
You're not regardless quite of Britain's fate,
Let this degenerate land again be blest
With that true vigour which she once possest;
Compel us to unfold our slumb'ring eyes,
And to our ancient dignity to rise.
Such wond'rous pow'rs as these must sure be giv'n
For most important purposes by Heav'n;
Who bids these stars as bright examples shine,
Besprinkled thinly by the hand divine,
To form to virtue each degenerate time,
And point out to the soul its origin sublime.
That there's a self which after death shall live,
All are concern'd about, and all believe;
That something's ours, when we from life depart,
This all conceive, all feel it at the heart;
The wise of learn'd antiquity proclaim
This truth, the public voice declares the same;

No land so rude but looks beyond the tomb
For future prospects in a world to come.
Hence, without hopes to be in life repaid,
We plant slow oaks posterity to shade;
And hence vast pyramids aspiring high
Lift their proud heads aloft, and time defy.
Hence is our love of fame; a love so strong,
We think no dangers great, or labours long,
By which we hope our beings to extend,
And to remotest times in glory to descend.
For fame the wretch beneath the gallows lies,
Disowning every crime for which he dies;
Of life profuse, tenacious of a name,
Fearless of death, and yet afraid of shame.
Nature has wove into the human mind
This anxious care for names we leave behind,
T' extend our narrow views beyond the tomb,
And give an earnest of a life to come:
For if when dead we are but dust or clay,
Why think of what posterity shall say?
Her praise or censure cannot us concern,
Nor ever penetrate the silent urn.
What mean the nodding plumes, the fun'ral train,
And marble monument that speaks in vain,
With all those cares which ev'ry nation pays
To their unfeeling dead in diff'rent ways!
Some in the flower-strewn grave the corpse have laid,
And annual obsequies around it paid,
As if to please the poor departed shade;
Others on blazing piles the body burn,
And store their ashes in the faithful urn;
But all in one great principle agree,
To give a fancy'd immortality.
Why shou'd I mention those, whose oozy soil
Is render'd fertile by th' o'erflowing Nile?
Their dead they bury not, nor burn with fires,
No graves they dig, erect no fun'ral pires,
But washing first th' embowel'd body clean,
Gums, spice, and melted pitch they pour within;
Then with strong fillets bind it round and round,
To make each flaccid part compact and sound;
And lastly paint the varnish'd surface o'er
With the same features which in life it wore:

So strong their presage of a future state,
And that our nobler part survives the body's fate.
Nations behold, remote from reason's beams,
Where Indian Ganges rolls his sandy streams,
Of life impatient rush into the fire,
And willing victims to their gods expire!
Persuaded the loos'd soul to regions flies,
Blest with eternal spring, and cloudless skies.
Nor is less fam'd the oriental wife
For stedfast virtue, and contempt of life:
These heroines mourn not with loud female cries
Their husbands lost, or with o'erflowing eyes;
But, strange to tell! their funeral piles ascend,
And in the same sad flames their sorrows end;
In hopes with them beneath the shades to rove,
And there renew their interrupted love.
In climes where Boreas breathes eternal cold,
See num'rous nations, warlike, fierce, and bold,
To battle all unanimously run,
Nor fire, nor sword, nor instant death they shun.
Whence this disdain of life in ev'ry breast,
But from a notion on their minds imprest,
That all who for their country die, are blest?
Add too to these, the once-prevailing dreams
Of sweet Elysian groves, and Stygian streams;
All show with what consent mankind agree
In the firm hope of immortality.
Grant these inventions of the crafty priest,
Yet such inventions never could subsist,
Unless some glimmerings of a future state
Were with the mind coeval, and innate;
For ev'ry fiction which can long persuade,
In truth must have its first foundations laid.
Because we are unable to conceive
How unembody'd souls can act, and live,
The vulgar give them forms, and limbs, and faces,
And habitations in peculiar places:
Hence reas'ners more refin'd, but not more wise,
Struck with the glare of such absurdities,
Their whole existence fabulous suspect,
And truth and falsehood in a lump reject;

Too indolent to learn what may be known,
Or else too proud that ignorance to own.
For hard's the task the daubing to pervade
Folly and fraud on truth's fair form have laid:
Yet let that task be our's; for great the prize;
Nor let us truth's celestial charms despise,
Because that priests or poets may disguise.

That there's a God, from nature's voice is clear;
And yet what errors to this truth adhere?
How have the fears and follies of mankind
Now multiply'd their gods, and now subjoin'd
To each the frailties of the human mind?
Nay superstition spread at length so wide,
Beasts, birds, and insects too were deify'd.

Th' Athenian sage, revolving in his mind
This weakness, blindness, madness of mankind,
Foretold, that in maturer days, though late,
When time should ripen the decrees of fate,
Some God would light us, like the rising day,
Through error's maze, and chase these clouds away:
Long since has time fulfill'd this great decree,
And brought us aid from this divinity.

Well worth our search discoveries may be made
By nature, void of this celestial aid:
Let's try what her conjectures then can reach,
Nor scorn plain reason, when she deigns to teach.

That mind and body often sympathize
Is plain; such is the union nature ties:
But then as often too they disagree,
Which proves the soul's superior progeny.
Sometimes the body in full strength we find,
Whilst various ails debilitate the mind;
At others, whilst the mind its force retains,
The body sinks with sickness and with pains:
Now, did one common fate their beings end,
Alike they'd sicken, and alike they'd mend.
But sure experience, on the slightest view,
Shows us, that the reverse of this is true;
For when the body oft expiring lies,
Its limbs quite senseless, and half clos'd its eyes,
The mind new force and eloquence acquires,
And with prophetic voice the dying lips inspires.

Of like materials were they both compos'd,
How comes it that the mind, when sleep has clos'd
Each avenue of sense, expatiates wide,
Her liberty restor'd, her bonds unty'd?
And like some bird, who from its prison flies,
Claps her exulting wings, and mounts the skies.
Grant that corporeal is the human mind,
It must have parts *in infinitum* join'd;
And each of these must will, perceive, design,
And draw confus'dly in a diff'rent line;
Which then can claim dominion o'er the rest,
Or stamp the ruling passion in the breast?
Perhaps the mind is form'd by various arts
Of modelling and figuring these parts;
Just as if circles wiser were than squares;
But surely common sense aloud declares
That site and figure are as foreign quite
From mental pow'rs, as colours black or white.
Allow that motion is the cause of thought,
With what s range pow'rs must motion then be fraught?
Reason, sense, science must derive their source
From the wheel's rapid whirl, or pully's force;
Tops whipp'd by school-boys sages must commence,
Their hoops, like them, be cudgell'd into sense,
And boiling pots o'erflow with eloquence.
Whence can this very motion take its birth?
Not sure from matter, from dull clods of earth?
But from a living spirit lodg'd within,
Which governs all the bodily machine:
Just as th' Almighty Universal Soul
Informs, directs, and animates the whole.
Cease then to wonder how th' immortal mind
Can live, when from the body quite disjoin'd;
But rather wonder, if she e'er could die,
So fram'd, so fashion'd for eternity;
Self mov'd, not form'd of parts together ty'd,
Which time can dissipate, and force divide;
For beings of this make can never die,
Whose pow'rs within themselves and their own essence lie.
If to conceive how any thing can be
From shape extracted and locality
Is hard, what think you of the Deity?

His being not the least relation bears,
As far as to the human mind appears,
To shape or size, similitude or place,
Cloth'd in no form, and bounded by no space.
Such then is God, a Spirit pure, refin'd
From all material dross; and such the human mind.
For in what part of essence can we see
More certain marks of immortality?
Ev'n from this dark confinement with delight
She looks abroad, and prunes herself for flight;
Like an unwilling inmate longs to roam
From this dull earth, and seek her native home.
Go then, forgetful of its toils and strife,
Pursue the joys of this fallacious life;
Like some poor fly, who lives but for a day,
Sip the fresh dews, and in the sunshine play,
And into nothing then dissolve away.
Are these our great pursuits? Is this to live?
These all the hopes this much-lov'd world can give?
How much more worthy envy is their fate,
Who search for truth in a superior state?
Not groping step by step, as we pursue,
And following reason's much-entangled clue,
But with one great and instantaneous view.
But how can sense remain, perhaps you'll say,
Corporeal organs if we take away?
Since it from them proceeds, and with them must decay.
Why not? or why may not the soul receive
New organs, since ev'n art can these retrieve?
The silver trumpet aids th' obstructed ear,
And optic glasses the dim eye can clear;
These in mankind new faculties create,
And lift him far above his native state;
Call down revolving planets from the sky,
Earth's secret treasures open to his eye,
The whole minute creation make his own,
With all the wonders of a world unknown.
How could the mind, did she alone depend
On sense, the errors of those senses mend?
Yet oft we see those senses she corrects,
And oft their information quite rejects.

In distances of things, their shapes and size,
Our reason judges better than our eyes.
Declares not this the soul's pre-eminence
Superior to, and quite distinct from sense?
For sure 'tis likely, that, since now so high
Clogg'd and unfledg'd she dares her wings to try,
Loos'd and mature she shall her strength display,
And soar at length to truth's refulgent ray.
Inquire you how these pow'rs we shall attain,
'Tis not for us to know: our search is vain.
Can any now remember or relate
How he existed in the embryo state?
Or one from birth insensible of day
Conceive ideas of the solar ray?
That light's deny'd to him, which others see,
He knows, perhaps you'll say,—and so do we.
The mind contemplative finds nothing here
On earth that's worthy of a wish or fear:
He whose sublime pursuit is God and truth,
Burns, like some absent and impatient youth,
To join the object of his warm desires;
Thence to sequester'd shades and streams retires,
And there deligths his passion to rehearse
In wisdom's sacred voice, or in harmonious verse.
To me most happy therefore he appears,
Who having once, unmov'd by hopes or fears,
Survey'd this sun, earth, ocean, clouds, and flame,
Well satisfy'd returns from whence he came.
Is life an hundred years, or e'er so few,
'Tis repetition all, and nothing new;
A fair, where thousands meet, but none can stay;
An inn, where trav'llers bait, then post away;
A sea, where man perpetually is tost,
Now plung'd in business, now in trifles lost:
Who leave it first, the peaceful port first gain;
Hold, then! nor further launch into the main:
Contract your sails; life nothing can bestow
By long continuance, but continued woe;
The wretched priv'lege daily to deplore
The funerals of our friends, who go before;
Diseases, pains, anxieties, and cares,
And age surrounded with a thousand snares.

But whither, bury'd by a gen'rous scorn
Of this vain world, ah whither am I borne?
Let's not unbid th' Almighty's standard quit;
Howe'er severe our post, we must submit.
Could I a firm persuasion once attain
That after death no being would remain;
To those dark shades I'd willingly descend,
Where all must sleep, this drama at an end,
Nor life accept, although renew'd by fate,
Ev'n from its earliest and its happiest state.
Might I from fortune's bounteous hand receive
Each boon, each blessing in her pow'r to give,
Genius, and science, morals, and good sense,
Unenvy'd honours, wit, and eloquence;
A num'rous offspring to the world well known,
Both for paternal virtues, and their own;
Ev'n at this mighty price I'd not be bound
To tread the same dull circle round and round;
The soul requires enjoyments more sublime,
By space unbounded, undestroy'd by time.

BOOK II.

God then through all creation gives, we find,
Sufficient marks of an indulgent mind,
Excepting in ourselves; ourselves of all
His works the chief on this terrestrial ball,
His own bright image, who alone unblest
Feel ills perpetual, happy all the rest.
But hold, presumptuous! charge not Heaven's decree
With such injustice, such partiality.
Yet true it is, survey we life around,
Whole hosts of ills on ev'ry side are found;
Who wound not here and there by chance a foe,
But at the species meditate the blow.
What millions perish by each other's hands
In war's fierce rage? or by the dread commands
Of tyrants languish out their lives in chains,
Or lose them in variety of pains?
What numbers pinch'd by want and hunger die,
In spite of nature's liberality?
Those, still more num'rous, I to name disdain,
By lewdness and intemperance justly slain.

What numbers guiltless of their own disease
Are snatch'd by sudden death, or waste by slow degrees?
Where then is virtue's well-deserv'd reward?—
Let's pay to virtue ev'ry due regard;
That she enables man, let us confess,
To bear those evils which she can't redress,
Gives hope, and conscious peace, and can assuage
Th' impetuous tempests both of lust and rage;
Yet she's a guard so far from being sure,
That oft her friends peculiar ills endure:
Where vice prevails severest is their fate,
Tyrants pursue them with a threefold hate;
How many struggling in their country's cause,
And from their country meriting applause,
Have fall'n by wretches fond to be enslav'd,
And perish'd by the hands themselves had sav'd?
Soon as superior worth appears in view,
See knaves and fools united to pursue!
The man so form'd they all conspire to blame,
And envy's pois'nous tooth attacks his fame:
Should he at length so truly good and great,
Prevail, and rule with honest views the state,
Then must he toil for an ungrateful race,
Submit to clamour, libels, and disgrace,
Threaten'd, oppos'd, defeated in his ends,
By foes seditious, and aspiring friends.
Hear this, and tremble! all who would be great,
Yet know not what attends that dang'rous wretched stat
Is private life from all these evils free?
Vice of all kinds, rage, envy there we see,
Deceit, that friendship's mask insidious wears,
Quarrels and feuds, and law's entangling snares.
But there are pleasures still in human life;
Domestic ease, a tender loving wife,
Children whose dawning smiles your heart engage,
The grace and comfort of soft-stealing age;
If happiness exists, 'tis surely here:
But are these joys exempt from care and fear?
Need I the miseries of that state declare,
When diff'rent passions draw the wedded pair?
Or say how hard those passions to discern,
Ere the die's cast, and 'tis too late to learn?

Who can insure, that what is right, and good,
These children shall pursue? or if they should,
Death comes when least you fear so black a day,
And all your blooming hopes are snatch'd away.
We say not that these ills from virtue flow;
Did her wise precepts rule the world, we know
The golden ages would again begin:
But 'tis our lot in this to suffer, and to sin.
Observing this, some sages have decreed,
That all things from two causes must proceed;
Two principles with equal pow'r endu'd,
This wholly evil, that supremely good.
From this arise the mis'ries we endure,
Whilst that administers a friendly cure;
Hence life is chequer'd still with bliss and woe,
Hence tares with golden crops promiscuous grow,
And pois'nous serpents make their dread repose
Beneath the covert of the fragrant rose.
Can such a system satisfy the mind?
Are both these gods in equal pow'r conjoin'd,
Or one superior? Equal if you say,
Chaos returns, since neither will obey:
Is one superior? good or ill must reign,
Eternal joy or everlasting pain:
Which e'er is conquer'd must entirely yield,
And the victorious god enjoy the field:
Hence with these fictions of the Magi's brain!
Hence oozy Nile, with all her monstrous train!
Or comes the Stoic nearer to the right?
He holds, that whatsoever yields delight,
Wealth, fame, externals all, are useless things;
Himself half-starving happier far than kings.
'Tis fine indeed to be so wond'rous wise!
By the same reasoning too he pain denies;
Roast him, or flay him, break him on the wheel,
Retract he will not, though he can't but feel:
Pain's not an ill, he utters with a groan;
What then? An inconvenience 'tis, he'll own!
What vigour, health, and beauty? are these good?
No; they may be accepted, not pursued:
Absurd to squabble thus about a name,
Quibbling with diff'rent words that mean the same.

Stoic, were you not fram'd of flesh and blood,
You might be blest without external good;
But know, be self-sufficient as you can,
You are not spirit quite, but frail and mortal man.
But since these sages, so absurdly wise,
Vainly pretend enjoyments to despise,
Because externals, and in fortune's pow'r,
Now mine, now thine, the blessing of an hour;
Why value, then, that strength of mind they boast,
As often varying, and as quickly lost?
A head-ach hurts it, or a rainy day,
And a slow fever wipes it quite away.
See one whose councils, one whose conqu'ring hand
Once sav'd Britannia's almost sinking land,
Examples of the mind's extensive pow'r;
Examples too how quickly fades that flow'r.
Him let me add, whom late we saw excel
In each politer kind of writing well;
Whether he strove our follies to expose
In easy verse, or droll and hum'rous prose;
Few years, alas! compel his throne to quit
This mighty monarch o'er the realms of wit:
See self-surviving he's an idiot grown!
A melancholy proof our parts are not our own.
Thy tenets, Stoic, yet we may forgive,
If in a future state we cease to live.
For here the virtuous suffer much 'tis plain,
If pain is evil, this must God arraign;
And on this principle confess we must,
Pain can no evil be, or God must be unjust.
Blind man! whose reason such strait bounds confine,
That ere it touches truth's extremest line,
It stops amaz'd, and quits the great design.
Own you not, Stoic, God is just and true?
Dare to proceed; secure this path pursue,
'Twill soon conduct you far beyond the tomb,
To future justice, and a life to come.
This path, you say, is hid in endless night;
'Tis self-conceit alone obstructs your sight;
You stop ere half your destin'd course is run,
And triumph when the conquest is not won!

By this the Sophists were of old misled;
See what a monstrous race from one mistake is bred!
Hear then my argument:—Confess we must,
A God there is, supremely wise and just:
If so, however things affect our sight,
As sings our bard, *whatever is, is right*:
But is it right what here so oft appears,
That vice should triumph, virtue sink in tears?
The inference then that closes this debate,
Is, that there must exist a future state.
The wise extending their inquiries wide,
See how both states are by connection ty'd:
Fools view but part, and not the whole survey,
So crowd existence all into a day.
Hence are they led to hope, but hope in vain,
That justice never will resume her reign;
On this vain hope adulterers, thieves rely,
And to this altar vile assassins fly.
"But rules not God by general laws divine:
"Man's vice or virtue change not the design:"
What laws are these? Instruct us if you can:—
There's one design'd for brutes, and one for man:
Another guides inactive matter's course,
Attracting, and attracted by its force:
Hence mutual gravity subsists between
Far distant worlds, and ties the vast machine.
The laws of life, why need I call to mind,
Obey'd by birds and beasts of ev'ry kind?
By all the sandy desart's savage brood,
And all the num'rous offspring of the flood;
Of these none uncontroul'd and lawless rove,
But to some destin'd end spontaneous move:
Led by that instinct Heav'n itself inspires,
Or so much reason as their state requires.
See all with skill acquire their daily food,
All use those arms which nature has bestow'd;
Produce their tender progeny, and feed
With care parental, whilst that care they need;
In these lov'd offices completely blest,
No hopes beyond them, nor vain fears molest.
Man o'er a wider field extends his views:
God through the wonders of his works pursues

Exploring thence his attributes and laws,
Adores, loves, imitates th' Eternal Cause;
For sure in nothing we approach so nigh
The great example of divinity,
As in benevolence: the patriot's soul
Knows not self-center'd for itself to roll,
But warms, enlightens, animates the whole:
Its mighty orb embraces first his friends,
His country next, then man; nor here it ends,
But to the meanest animal descends.
Wise nature has this social law confirm'd,
By forming man so helpless and unarm'd:
His want of others' aid, and pow'r of speech
T' implore that aid, this lesson daily teach:
Mankind with other animals compare,
Single, how weak and impotent they are!
But view them in their complicated state,
Their pow'rs how wond'rous, and their strength how great,
When social virtue individuals joins,
And in one solid mass, like gravity combines!
This then's the first great law by nature giv'n,
Stamp'd on our souls, and ratified by Heav'n:
All from utility this law approve,
As ev'ry private bliss must spring from social love.
Why deviate then so many from this law?
See passions, custom, vice, and folly draw!
Survey the rolling globe from east to west,
How few, alas! how very few are blest!
Beneath the frozen poles, and burning line,
What poverty and indolence combine
To cloud with error's mists the human mind?
No trace of man, but in the form we find.
And are we free from error and distress,
Whom Heav'n with clearer light has pleas'd to bless?
Whom true religion leads! for she but leads
By soft persuasion, not by force proceeds;
Behold how we avoid this radiant sun,
This proferr'd guide how obstinately shun,
And after sophistry's vain systems run!
For these as for essentials we engage
In wars and massacres with holy rage

Brothers by brothers' impious hands are slain,
Mistaken zeal, how savage is thy reign!
Unpunish'd vices here so much abound,
All right and wrong, all order they confound;
These are the giants who the gods defy,
And mountains heap on mountains to the sky:
Sees this th' Almighty Judge, or seeing spares,
And deems the crimes of man beneath his cares?
He sees; and will at last rewards bestow,
And punishments, not less assur'd for being slow.
Nor doubt I, though this state confus'd appears,
That ev'n in this, God sometimes interferes;
Sometimes, lest man should quite his pow'r disown,
He makes that pow'r to trembling nations known:
But rarely this; not for each vulgar end,
As superstition's idle tales pretend,
Who thinks all foes to God who are her own,
Directs his thunder, and usurps his throne.
Nor know I not, how much a conscious mind
Avails to punish, or reward mankind;
Ev'n in this life thou, impious wretch, must feel
The fury's scourges, and th' infernal wheel;
From man's tribunal though thou hop'st to run,
Thyself thou canst not, nor thy conscience shun:
What must thou suffer, when each dire disease,
The progeny of vice, thy fabric seize?
Consumption, fever, and the racking pain
Of spasms, and gout, and stone, a frightful train!
When life new tortures can alone supply,
Life thy sole hope thou'lt hate, yet dread to die.
Should such a wretch to num'rous years arrive,
It can be little worth his while to live:
No honours, no regards his age attend,
Companions fly; he ne'er could have a friend:
His flatterers leave him, and with wild affright
He looks within, and shudders at the sight:
When threat'ning death uplifts his pointed dart,
With what impatience he applies to art,
Life to prolong amidst disease and pains!
Why this, if after it no sense remains?
Why should he choose these miseries to endure,
If death could grant an everlasting cure?

'Tis plain there's something whispers in his ear,
Though fain he'd hide it he has much to fear.
See the reverse, how happy those we find,
Who know by merit to engage mankind;
Prais'd by each tongue, by ev'ry heart belov'd,
For virtues practis'd, and for arts improv'd;
Their easy aspects shine with smiles serene,
And all is peace and happiness within:
Their sleep is ne'er disturb'd by fears or strife,
Nor lust, nor wine, impair the springs of life.
Him fortune cannot sink, nor much elate,
Whose views extend beyond this mortal state;
By age when summon'd to resign his breath,
Calm, and serene, he sees approaching death,
As the safe port, the peaceful silent shore,
Where he may rest, life's tedious voyage o'er:
He, and he only, is of death afraid,
Whom his own conscience has a coward made;
Whilst he who virtue's radiant course has run,
Descends like a serenely setting sun,
His thoughts triumphant Heav'n alone employs,
And hope anticipates his future joys.
So good, so blest th' illustrious Hough we find,
Whose image dwells with pleasure on my mind;
The mitre's glory, freedom's constant friend,
In times which ask'd a champion to defend;
Who after near an hundred virtuous years,
His senses perfect, free from pains and fears,
Replete with life, with honours, and with age,
Like an applauded actor left the stage;
Or like some victor in th' Olympic games,
Who, having run his course, the crown of glory claims.
From this just contrast plainly it appears,
How conscience can inspire both hopes and fears:
But whence proceed these hopes, or whence this dread,
If nothing really can affect the dead?
See all things join to promise, and presage
The sure arrival of a future age!
Whate'er their lot is here, the good and wise
Nor doat on life, nor peevishly despise.
An honest man, when fortune's storms begin,
Has consolation always sure within;

And if she sends a more propitious gale,
He's pleas'd, but not forgetful it may fail.
Nor fear that he who sits so loose to life,
Should too much shun its labours, and its strife;
And, scorning wealth, contented to be mean,
Shrink from the duties of this bustling scene;
Or, when his country's safety claims his aid,
Avoid the fight, inglorious and afraid:
Who scorns life most must surely be most brave,
And he who pow'r contemns, be least a slave:
Virtue will lead him to ambition's ends,
And prompt him to defend his country and his friends.
But still his merit you can not regard,
Who thus puruses a posthumous reward;
His soul, you cry, is uncorrupt and great,
Who, quite uninfluenc'd by a future state,
Embraces virtue from a nobler sense
Of her abstracted, native excellence,
From the self-conscious joy her essence brings,
The beauty, fitness, harmony of things.
It may be so: yet he deserves applause,
Who follows where instructive nature draws;
Aims at rewards by her indulgence giv'n,
And soars triumphant on her wings to heav'n.
Say what this venal virtuous man pursues;
No mean rewards, no mercenary views;
Not wealth usurious, or a num'rous train,
Not fame by fraud acquir'd, or title vain!
He follows but where nature points the road,
Rising in virtue's school, till he ascends to God.
But we th' inglorious common herd of man,
Sail without compass, toil without a plan;
In fortune's varying storms for ever tost,
Shadows pursue, that in pursuit are lost;
Mere infants all till life's extremest day,
Scrambling for toys, then tossing them away.
Who rests of immortality assur'd
Is safe, whatever ills are here endur'd:
He hopes not vainly in a world like this,
To meet with pure uninterrupted bliss;
For good and ill, in this imperfect state,
Are ever mix'd by the decrees of fate.

With wisdom's richest harvest folly grows,
And baleful hemlock mingles with the rose;
All things are blended, changeable, and vain,
No hope, no wish we perfectly obtain;
God may perhaps, might human reason's line
Pretend to fathom infinite design,
Have thus ordain'd things, that the restless mind
No happiness complete on earth may find;
And, by this friendly chastisement made wise,
To Heav'n her safest best retreat may rise.
Come then, since now in safety we have past
Through error's rocks, and see the port at last;
Let us review and recollect the whole——
Thus stands my argument——The thinking soul
Cannot terrestrial, or material be,
But claims by nature immortality;
God, who created it, can make it end,
We question not, but cannot apprehend
He will; because it is by him endued
With strong ideas of all perfect good;
With wond'rous pow'rs to know and calculate
Things too remote from this our earthly state
With sure presages of a life to come;
All false and useless, if beyond the tomb
Our beings cease: we therefore can't believe
God either acts in vain, or can deceive.
If ev'ry rule of equity demands,
That vice and virtue from the Almighty's hands
Should due rewards and punishments receive,
And this by no means happens whilst we live;
It follows, that a time must surely come,
When each shall meet their well-adjusted doom:
Then shall this scene, which now to human sight
Seems so unworthy Wisdom Infinite,
A system of consummate skill appear,
And ev'ry cloud dispers'd, be beautiful and clear.
Doubt we of this! what solid proof remains,
That o'er the world a wise Disposer reigns?
Whilst all creation speaks a pow'r divine,
Is it deficient in the main design?
Not so: the day shall come, pretend not now
Presumptuous to inquire or when, or how.

But after death shall come th' important day,
When God to all his justice shall display;
Each action with impartial eyes regard,
And in a just proportion punish and reward.

THE AMERICAN COACHMAN.

Crown'd be the man with lasting praise,
Who first contriv'd the pin
From vicious steeds to loose a chaise,
And save the necks within.

See how they prance, and bound, and skip,
And all controul disdain;
Defy the terrors of the whip,
And rend the silken rein!

Awhile we try if art or strength
Are able to prevail;
But hopeless, when we find at length
That all our efforts fail,

With ready foot the spring we press,
Out flies the magic plug,
Then, disengag'd from all distress,
We sit quite safe and snug.

The pamper'd steeds, their freedom gain'd,
Run off full speed together?
But having no plan ascertain'd,
They run they know not whither.

Boys, who love mischief, and of course
Enjoying the disaster,
Bawl, Stop them! Stop them! till they're hoarse,
But mean to drive them faster.

Each claiming now his native right,
Scorns to obey his brother;
So they proceed to kick and bite,
And worry one another.

Hungry at length, and blind and lame,
Bleeding at nose and eyes;
By sufferings growing mighty tame,
And by experience wise;

With bellies full of liberty,
But void of oats and hay;
They both sneak back, their folly see,
And run no more away.

Let all who view th' instructive scene,
And patronize the plan,
Give thanks to Glos'ter's honest Dean,
For, Tucker,—thou'rt the man.

BURLESQUE ODE.

I'll combat nature, interrupt her course,
And baffle all her stated laws by force;
Tear from its bed the deeply-rooted pine,
And hurl it up the craggy mountain's side:
Divert the tempest from its destin'd line,
And stem the torrent of th' impetuous tide;
Teach the dull ox to dance, the ass to play,
And even obstinate Americans t'obey.

Like some dread herald, tygers I'll compel
In the same field with stags in peace to dwell:
The rampant lion now erect shall stand,
Now couchant at my feet shall lie deprest;
And if he dares but question my command,
With one strong blow I'll halve him to a crest.
Thus spoke the giant G[illegible]gmagog: the sound
Reverberates from all the echoing rocks around.

Now morning, rob'd in saffron-colour'd gown,
Her head with pink and pea-green ribbands dress,
Climes the celestial staircase, and looks down
From out the gilt balcony of the east.

From whence around she sees
The crystal lakes and tufted trees,
The lawns all powder'd o'er with straggling flocks,
The scarce-enlighten'd vales, and high o'er-shadowing rocks.
Enamour'd with her newly-dawning charms,
Old ocean views her with desiring eyes,
And longs once more to clasp her in his arms,
Repenting he had suffer'd her to rise;
Forth from his tumbled bed,
From whence she just had fled,
To the slow, loitering hours he roars amain,
To hasten back the lovely fugitive again.

Parent of life! refulgent lamp of day!
Without whose genial animating ray
Men, beasts, the teeming earth, and rolling seas,
Courts, camps, and mighty cities, in a trice
Must share one common fate intensely freeze,
And all become one solid mass of ice;
Ambition would be froze, and faction numb,
Speeches congeal'd, and orators be dumb.
Say, what new worlds and systems you survey!
In circling round your planetary way;
What beings Saturn's orb inhabit, tell,
Where cold in everlasting triumph reigns;
Or what their frames, who unconsum'd can dwell
In Mercury's red-hot and molten plains;
Say! for most ardently I wish to know,
What bodies can endure eternal fire, or snow!

And thou, sweet moon! canst tell a softer tale;
To thee the maid, thy likeness, fair and pale,
In pensive contemplation oft applies,
When parted from her lov'd and loving swain,
And looks on you with tear-besprinkled eyes,
And sighs and looks, and looks and sighs again;
Say, for thou know'st what constant hearts endure;
And by thy frequent changes teach the cure.
Thy gentle beams the lonely hermit sees,
Gleam through the waving branches of the trees,

Which, high-embow'ring, shade his gloomy cell,
Where undisturb'd perpetual silence reigns,
Unless the owl is heard, or distant bell,
Or the wind whilstling o'er the furzy plains.
How blest to dwell in this sequester'd spot:
Forgetting parliaments; by them forgot!
Now lovely spring her velvet mantle spreads,
And with green and gold the flow'ry meads;
Fruit-trees in vast white perriwigs are seen,
Resembling much some antiquated beau,
Which north-east winds, that blow so long and keen,
Powder full oft with gentle flakes of snow;
Soft nightingales their tuneful vigils hold,
And sweetly sing and shake—and shake with cold.

Summer succeeds; in ev'nings soft and warm,
Thrice-happy lovers saunter arm in arm;
The gay and fair now quit the dusty town,
O'er turnpike-roads incessant chaises sweep,
And whirling, bear their lovely ladings down,
To brace their nerves beneath the briny deep;
There with success each swain his nymph assails,
As birds, they say, are caught—can we but salt their tails.

Then autumn, more serene, if not so bright,
Regales at once our palate, and our sight:
With joy the ruddy orchards we behold,
And of its purple clusters rob the vine;
The spacious fields are cover'd o'er with gold.
Which the glad farmer counts as ready coin:
But disappointments oft his hopes attend—
In tithes and mildews the rich prospect ends.

Last, winter comes; decrepit, old, and dull;
Yet has his comforts too—his barns are full;
The social converse, circulating glass,
And cheerful fire, are his: to him belong
Th' enlivening dance that warms the chilly lass,
The serious game at whist, and merry song;
Nor wants he beauties—see the sun-beams glow
O'er lakes of crystal ice, and plains of silver snow!
Thus roll the seasons o'er Britannia's land,
But none her freeborn-weather can command;

Seasons unlike to those in servile climes,
Which o'er Hispania's or Italia's plains
Dispense, at regular and stated times,
Successive heat and cold, and drought and rains;
Her's scorning, like her sons, to be controul'd,
Breathe heat in winter oft, and oft in summer cold.

Hail, liberty, fair goddess of this isle!
Deign on my verses, and on me, to smile;
Like them unfetter'd by the bonds of sense,
Permit us to enjoy life's transient dream,
To live, and write, without the least pretence
To method, order, meaning, plan, or scheme:
And shield us safe beneath thy guardian wings,
From law, religion, ministers, and kings.

GRÆME.

The poet, whose life we are about to delineate, has many claims to a place among the writers of our nation, although his days, past in obscurity, and the silent acquisition of knowledge, presents few objects for description to embellish, or events, to which narrative could give importance.

James Græme was born at Cornwath, in Lanarkshire. He was descended from a respectable family of the middling class of farmers, that had resided on the estate of Cornwath, ever since it come into the possession of the family of Lockhart, without producing a single example of literary ambition. His father, William Græme, or Graham, occupied a small farm in the village of Cornwath, and afterwards rented the farm of Spittal, on the river Medwan, about half a mile above its junction with the Clyde. The occupation of his ancestors was his principal inheritance His mother was of a family of the same rank, and remarkable for her exemplary prudence and frugality. They had six children, of whom our poet was the youngest. In his early childhood, he was of a delicate constitution, and in consequence of an affection commonly produced by extraordinary attention, the favourite of his parents; Providence wisely ordaining, that where extraordinary attention is most wanted, parental affection should be most conspicuous.

The first years of his life did not pass without distinction: he very early discovered the most promising marks of lively parts and an active mind. He received the first rudiments of education from Mr. Hugh Smith, teacher at the parish school at Cornwath, a man of such amplitude of learning, and such copiousness of intelligence, that it would be difficult to name any branch of literature or science with which he was unacquainted.

When he was fourteen years old, he was sent to the grammar-school of Lanark, where, under Mr. Robert Thomson, brother-in-law to the "poet of the Seasons," he made a still greater proficiency in classical learning, and gave evident signs of a propensity to the study of poetry. Having passed through the forms of the school, he was sent to the university of Edinburgh, where he applied himself to the several branches of literature and

philosophy, with assiduity and success. Here he contracted an intimacy with Mr. John Græme, then tutor to the sons of the Lord Chief Baron Montgomery, who excited him to poetical composition, by his example and his applause. He was afterwards engaged by Laurence Brown, esq. of Edmonston, to assist the studies of his sons. Mr. Brown resided at Easthills, in the parish of Dansyre; and in this retreat he spent his time in promoting the literary labours of his pupils, and pursuing his own, and particularly he applied himself to the study of poetry; but his powers were as yet confined to the narrow province of external description, and the walks of humour and satire. He had written pastorals, crowded with trite sentiments, and images borrowed from Theocritus and Virgil; composed a mock-heroic poem, called the Ralphiad, in three cantos, with annotations, in imitation of Pope's "Dunciad," and produced a variety of shorter pieces in Hudibrastic verse; but he had not yet attained to the noblest end of poetry, the power of addressing himself to the heart. The passion of love was wanting to kindle the flame of enthusiasm, and to improve his poetical imagination; and he was hardy enough to risk the dangers attending it. In the quiet of rural solitude, so precious to the poetic spirit, he became acquainted with a young lady whose beauty and accomplishments made an impression on his susceptible heart, which contributed greatly to heighten his poetical enthusiasm, and determined his choice of the species of composition he chiefly cultivated. His tender attachment to this lady, which ended but with his life, produced a variety of amatory poems, written under the character of Alexis, and addressed to her under the names Eliza and Mira, which may be considered as the most interesting of his poetical compositions.

It is, however, a mortifying consideration to humanity, that fine talents, and exquisite sensibility, are often the predisposing cause of an insidious and fatal disease. In the midst of various plans for the publication of his literary productions, he was seized with a fever and cough, which terminated in a pulmonary consumption, of which he expired, in the 22d year of his age. His life was virtuous and innocent, and his end pious and exemplary.

ELEGIES.

MORAL, DESCRIPTIVE, AND AMATORY.

ELEGY I.

Written in Spring.

THE tuneful lark awakes the purple morn,
Returning plovers glad the dreary waste;
The trees no more their ravish'd honours mourn,
Nor longer bend below the wintry blast.

Fair spring o'er all her genial influence sheds,
Her varied fragrance scents the balmy breeze;
Her op'ning blossoms purple o'er the meads,
Her vivid verdure veils the beauteous trees.

The airy cliff resounds the shepherd's lay,
Within its banks the murm'ring stream'let flows;
Around their dams the sportive lambkins play.
And from the stall the vacant heifer lows.

The voice of music warbles from the wood,
Heart-soothing objects crowd the smiling scene;
All nature shares the universal good,
And cold despair pervades no breast but mine.

Dreary to me appears the bloomy vale,
The haunts of pleasure sadden at my tread;
Unheard, unnoted, vernal zephyrs sail
The flow'ry waste, and bend the quiv'ring reed.

No more, enraptur'd with successful love,
I fit my numbers to the tuneful string;
No more pourtray the verdure of the grove,
Or hear the voice of incense-breathing spring.

The torrents, whiten'd with descending rain,
The wave-worn windings of the wand'ring rill,
The flow'ry flush that glows along the plain,
The blue-gray mist that hovers o'er the hill,

I sing no more :—but ravish'd from the maid
Who kindly listen'd to my faithful sighs,
Inly I grieve, and droop the pensive head,
And mourn the bliss relentless fate denies.

ELEGY II.

TO MIRA.

The cottage-swains, how exquisitely blest
With sun-burnt virgins in the prime of years!
A sigh obtains the fairest and the best;
Or pleading eloquence of native tears.

No stubborn honour parts the willing pair;
No maiden barters happiness for fame;
No proud deluder whispers in her ear,
The long succession of a titled name.

O, had a turf-built hamlet's humble roof,
A shot-clad rafter caught your earliest view!
Or, sternly rigid, fortune scowl'd aloof,
Nor stampt with dignity a parent's brow!

Or had I (love demands the lowly boon)
Grown to maturity in splendor's ray!
In folly's tinsel tatters tript the town,
The pride of fops, and glitter of a day!

Had treasur'd gold improv'd my native worth,
Inglorious robb'd from Afric's ebon sons;
A ruin'd castle claim'd a father's birth,
Where jack-daws nestle, and the howlet moans!

But money'd merit, and paternal fame,
The gods to poor Alexis never meant:
He lives unstory'd; lost, alas! to him,
The herald's blazon and the painter's tint.

A soul unsully'd by the thirst of gain,
A bosom heaving at another's woe,
He boasts no more;—his cottage bounds the plain,
Where wild woods thicken, and where waters flow.

A mansion not unworthy of the fair:
Why blushes Mira at the simple tale?
Can all the pomp of smoaky cities dare
Vie with the fragrance of the vernal vale?

But, nurs'd amid the formulas of pride,
You want the heart to own the man you love,
Walk with feign'd pleasure by the fopling's side,
And praise the nonsense which you disapprove.

The very vale, you tread with willing feet,
You seem to scorn, and wantonly prefer,
The dull rotation of a crowded street,
A shrill-pip'd actress, and a dancing bear.

Farewell, dear maid! some happier youth possess
The blooming beauties ne'er design'd for me;
May fruitful Hymen yield him every bliss,
And every joy I, hapless! hop'd in thee.

But, O, may none, invidious of your mirth,
Name lost Alexis on the bridal day!
For, could you, Mira, though obscure his birth,
Unpitying hear, a lifeless corse he lay?

ELEGY III.

Night, raven-wing'd, usurps her peaceful reign,
Sleep's lenient balsam stills the voice of woe;
A keener breeze is wafted o'er the plain,
And pebbly rills in deeper murmurs flow.

The paly moon through yonder dreary grove,
The screech-owl's haunt, emits a feeble ray;
The plumy warblers quit the song of love,
And sleep unconscious, on the dewy spray.

The mastiff, listening to the lover's tread,
With wakeful yell the list'ning maid alarms,
Who, loosely rob'd, forsakes the downy bed,
And springs reserveless to his longing arms.

O, happy he! who, with the maid he loves,
Thus meets endearment on the twilight green,
While all is rapture, Cupid's self approves,
And Jove consenting veils the tender scene.

Once mine the bliss:—but now with plaintive care
I, lonely wand'ring, tune the voice of woe;
And, patient, brave the chilly midnight air,
Where wild woods thicken, and where waters flow.

ELEGY IV.

Within this willow-woven bower
I lay my limbs to rest;
And breathe the fragrance of the mead,
In orient colours drest.

Sacred to grief, hail, hallow'd spot!
Here, long inur'd to woe,
Alexis tun'd the plaintive reed,
By Medwan's mazy flow.

Reclining on this verdant sod,
While sorrow dimm'd his eyes,
He rais'd his suppliant hands in vain!
Relentless were the skies.

O, cruel, to refuse his boon!
How little did he crave?
'Twas but the cov'ring of a turf,
The measure of a grave.

And still more cruel, to exile
The luckless lover so!
To drive him from the lovely haunts
Of solitary woe.

Here, memory of former days
Would cheer the musing boy;
And o'er his melancholy spread
A transient gleam of joy.

But the wild hurry of a town
Recals no blissful scene;
Starves fond remembrance, and affords
No leisure to complain.

The willows wav'd, by wanton winds,
Still shade thy sedgy shore;
But rueful, Medwan! are thy banks,
Thy muses mourn no more.

On yonder poplar's topmost bough,
Their airy harps are hung;
And silence muses on the mead,
Where midnight fairies sung.

ELEGY V.

IN THE MANNER OF THE ANCIENTS.

The zephyrs, wak'd at spring's refreshing gale,
Flap their light wings, and fan the verdant vale;
Where'er their balmy influence they breathe,
Green grows the grass, and flow'rets bloom beneath;
In softer numbers rolling waters flow,
And ev'ry heart is freed from ev'ry woe;
The feather'd songsters wanton on the spray,
Sport with their mates, and love their lives away:
From hill to hill the careless shepherd roves,
And gathers garlands for the maid he loves:
With art he blends the flowers of diff'rent hue,
The green, the red, the yellow, and the blue.
O happy swain! O swain secure of bliss!
The grateful girl will thank you with a kiss.
Come, gentle swain! I'll join my toil with yours,
I'll weave gay garlands, and I'll gather flow'rs;
Won with such gifts, Eliza may relent,
Forego her harshness, and her frowns repent;
Pity my passion, and relieve my pain,
Nor let me sigh the live-long night in vain.
Ah, flatt'ring thought! what garland, what device,
Can melt a bosom of unfeeling ice?
Still might I hope more happy days to see,
Were she but cold and cruel unto me.
But the whole race alike her scorn and hate,
The gods themselves can hardly mend my fate!
Then ply your labour, shepherd, and be blest,
With some fair maiden of more tender breast,
While I indulge, in unavailing woe,
Another's joy, the only joy I know.

ELEGY VII.

While sad I stray again, in lonely grief,
Where wild woods thicken, and where waters flow;
No hope prophetic ministers relief,
Nor thought presaging mitigates my woe.

The dismal prospect thick'ning ills deform,
Black, and more black, each coming day appears;
Remov'd from shelter, I expect the storm,
And wait the period of deceitful years.

Soon may it come:—and O, may Mira, soon
Forget the pleasures she has left behind;
All that at first her virgin graces won,
And all that since engag'd her youthful mind.

What is Alexis? what his boasted love,
The banks of Medwan, and the vales around?
But a fair blossom in the dreamer's grove,
That sudden sinks, and never more is found.

Yes, yes, dear maid! the happiness of youth
Is but at least a transitory dream;
We catch delusions in the guise of truth;
A lover's raptures are not what they seem.

But yet a little, and the eye of age
Dissolves the phantoms to their native air;
A new creation opens on the sage,
Another passion, and another fair.

Forgive my weakness, for 'tis surely weak,
To teach, and yet despise the prudent part;
I feel, alas! I feel it as I speak;
This is a language foreign to my heart.

Her rigid lecture reason reads in vain,
Cold are her precepts, and her comforts cold;
I would not barter poverty and pain
For Clodio's wisdom, or for Florio's gold.

One only boon is all I ask of thee ;
When in the mansion of the peaceful plac'd,
O, do not shed one precious tear for me,
But let my sorrows in oblivion rest !

As in the bosom of unwater'd wilds
A lowly lily languishes unseen,
And soon to drought, unknown, unnoted, yields,
Leaving no traces that it once had been.

HYMN

TO THE ETERNAL MIND.

Hail, source of happiness ! whate'er thy name,
Through ages vast succession still the same ;
For ever blest, in giving others bliss
No boon thou askest of our mortal race ;
Their virtues please thee, and their crimes offend,
Not as a governor, but as a friend :
What can our goodness profit thee ? and say
Can guilt's black dye thy happiness allay !
Raise vengeful passions in thy heav'nly mind,
Passions that ev'n disgrace the human kind ?
No : are we wise ? the wisdom is our own ;
And folly's mis'ries wait on fools alone :
We live and breathe by thy divine command,
Our life, our breath, are in thy holy hand ;
But something still is ours, and only ours,
A moral nature, grac'd with moral pow'rs,
Thy perfect gift, unlimited and free,
Without reserve of service, or of fee.
Poor were the gift, if given but to bind
In everlasting fetters all mankind !
To bind us o'er to debts we ne'er could pay,
And for our torment cheat us into day !
Not thus thou dealest, sure it is not thus,
Father beneficent ! with all, with us !
Thou form'dst our souls susceptible of bliss,
In spite of circumstance, of time and place :

A bliss internal, ev'ry way our own,
Which none can forfeit, is denied to none;
For ever forfeit; for our freedom's such,
'Tis scorn'd or courted, still within our reach;
And if we sink to misery and woe,
Thou neither made us, nor decreed us so;
Perfection in a creature cannot dwell,
Some men have fallen, and some yet may fall;
Many the baits that tempt our steps astray,
From reason's dictates, and from wisdom's way.
But hail, Eternal Essence! ever hail!
Though vice now triumph, passion now prevail;
Though all should err, yet all are sure to find
In thee the tender Father of mankind!
A friend, to overlook the mortal part,
And ev'ry weakness of the human heart.

GLOVER.

The subject of the present memoir was born in St. Martin's-lane, Cannon-street, London. He was the son of Richard Glover, Esq. an eminent Hamburgh merchant in the city. He received the whole of his education under the Rev. Daniel Sanxay, at Cheam school, a place which he afterwards delighted to visit, and sometimes attended the anniversary, held of late years in London, where he seemed happy in relating his juvenile adventures. At this seminary he distinguished himself by the quickness of his progress, and early began to exhibit specimens of his poetical powers. At the age of sixteen, he wrote a *Poem to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton*, prefixed to the "View of Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy," published in 4to, by his intimate friend Dr. Pemberton. Considering this poem as the composition of a school-boy, it will excite no small degree of surprise, as it possesses more claim to applause, and requires fewer allowances for faults, than productions of such an age are always allowed. To Glover may be applied what the Earl of Oxford said of his friend Gray, "that he never was a boy."

Though possessed of talents which were calculated to excel in literature, he was content to devote his attention to commerce, and at a proper period commenced a Hamburgh merchant, in which character, he soon made a conspicuous figure; but his commercial affairs did not occupy his whole attention. He still found leisure to cultivate the study of poetry: and continued to associate with those who were eminent in literature and science; especially among the party in opposition to the administration of Walpole.

With his wife, a Miss Nunn, he received a fortune of 12,000*l.* and soon after his marriage he published his *Leonidas*, an epic poem in nine books, which completely established his poetical reputation. It was inscribed to Lord Cobham, and on its first appearance, was re-

ceived by the public with great approbation; though it has since been unaccountably neglected. Indeed the imprudent zeal of his friends had encouraged such extravagant ideas of it, that though it was found to have very great beauties, yet the ardour of the lovers of poetry, soon sunk into a kind of cold forgetfulness with regard to it; because it did not possess more than the narrow limits of the design would admit of, or indeed than it was in the power of human genius to execute. He next published his *London*, or *the Progress of Commerce*, and soon after his Ballad intituled *Hosier's Ghost;* both these pieces seem to have been written with a view to incite the nation to resent the depredations of the Spaniards; and the latter had a very considerable effect. Glover had also considerable talents as a public speaker, which with his knowledge of political affairs, and his information concerning trade and commerce, pointed him out to the merchants of London, as a proper person to conduct their application to parliament, on the subject of the neglect of their trade, he accepted the office, and on this, as on many other occasions, gave very striking proofs of his oratorical powers. His own affairs, however, from losses in trade, and, perhaps, in some measure from his zealous warmth for the public good, which had induced a neglect to his private interests, became considerably embarrassed; and he withdrew, with a commendable delicacy, from observation, until they should put on a more prosperous appearance. In his retirement, he finished the Tragedy of *Boadicea*, begun many years before; it was brought out at Drury-Lane, and acted with great success. He afterwards produced his Medea, which, also, met the public approval. At length having surmounted the difficulties of his situation, he emerged from retirement, and was elected *M. P.* for Weymouth, continuing to charm by his eloquence, and benefit by his active exertions; but having reached that period which demands a recess from business, he retired to ease and independence, and past the remainder of his days with dignity and honour, in the exercise of the virtues of private and domestic life. He died at his house in Albemarle-street in the 73d year of his age.

ON SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

To Newton's genius and immortal fame,
Th' advent'rous muse with trembling pinions soars.
Thou, heav'nly truth, from thy seraphic throne
Look favourable down, do thou assist
My lab'ring thought, do thou inspire my song.
Newton, who first th' Almighty's works display'd,
And smooth'd that mirror, in whose polish'd face
The great Creator now conspicuous shines;
Who open'd nature's adamantine gates,
And to our minds her secret powers expos'd;
Newton demands the muse; his sacred hand
Shall guide her infant steps; his sacred hand
Shall raise her to the Heliconian height,
Where, on its lofty top enthron'd, her head
Shall mingle with the stars. Hail nature, hail,
O goddess, handmaid of th' ethereal power,
Now lift thy head, and to th' admiring world
Show thy long hidden beauty. Thee the wise
Of ancient fame, immortal Plato's self,
The Stagyrite, and Syracusian sage,
From black obscurity's abyss to raise,
Drooping and mourning o'er thy wondrous works,
With vain inquiry sought. Like meteors these
In their dark age bright sons of wisdom shone:
But at thy Newton all their laurels fade,
They shrink from all the honours of their names.
So glimm'ring stars contract their feeble rays,
When the swift lustre of Aurora's face
Flows o'er the skies, and wraps the heav'ns in light.
The Deity's omnipotence, the cause,
Th' original of things long lay unknown.
Alone the beauties prominent to sight
Of the celestial power the outward form,
Drew praise and wonder from the gazing world.
As when the deluge overspread the earth,
Whilst yet the mountains only rear'd their heads
Above the surface of the wild expanse,

Whelm'd deep below the great foundations lay,
Till some kind angel at heav'n's high command
Roll'd back the rising tides, and haughty floods,
And to the ocean thunder'd out his voice:
Quick all the swelling and imperious waves,
The foaming billows and obscuring surge,
Back to their channels and their ancient seats
Recoil affrighted: from the darksome main
Earth raises smiling, as new-born, her head,
And with fresh charms her lovely face arrays.
So his extensive thought accomplish'd first
The mighty task to drive th' obstructing mists
Of ignorance away, beneath whose gloom
Th' unshrouded majesty of nature lay.
He drew the veil and swell'd the spreading scene.
How had the moon around th' ethereal void
Rang'd, and eluded lab'ring mortals care,
Till his invention trac'd her secret steps,
While she inconstant with unsteady rein
Through endless mazes and meanders guides
In its unequal course her changing car:
Whether behind the sun's superior light
She hides the beauties of her radiant face,
Or, when conspicuous, smiles upon mankind,
Unveiling all her night-rejoicing charms.
When thus the silver-tressed moon dispels
The frowning horrors from the brow of night,
And with her splendours cheers the sullen gloom,
While sable-mantled darkness with his veil
The visage of the fair horizon shades,
And over nature spreads his raven wings;
Let me upon some unfrequented green
While sleep sits heavy on the drowsy world,
Seek out some solitary peaceful cell,
Where darksome woods around their gloomy brows
Bow low, and ev'ry hill's protended shade
Obscures the dusky vale, there silent dwell,
Where contemplation holds its still abode,
There trace the wide and pathless void of heav'n,
And count the stars that sparkle on its robe.
Or else in fancy's wild'ring mazes lost
Upon the verdure see the fairy elves

Dance o'er their magic circles, or behold,
In thought enraptur'd with the ancient bards,
Medea's baleful incantations draw
Down from her orb the paly queen of night.
But chiefly Newton let me soar with thee,
And while surveying all yon starry vault
With admiration I attentive gaze,
Thou shalt descend from thy celestial seat,
And waft aloft my high-aspiring mind,
Shalt show me there how nature has ordain'd
Her fundamental laws, shalt lead my thought
Through all the wand'rings of th' uncertain moon,
And teach me all her operating powers.
She and the sun with influence conjoint
Wield the huge axle of the whirling earth,
And from their just direction turn the poles,
Slow urging on the progress of the years.
The constellations seem to leave their seats,
And o'er the skies with solemn pace to move.
You, splendid rulers of the day and night,
The seas obey, at your resistless sway
Now they contract their waters, and expose
The dreary desert of old Ocean's reign.
The craggy rocks their horrid sides disclose;
Trembling the sailor views the dreadful scene,
And cautiously the threat'ning ruins shuns.
But where the shallow waters hide the sands,
There ravenous destruction lurks conceal'd,
There the ill-guided vessel falls a prey,
And all her numbers gorge his greedy jaws.
But quick returning see th' impetuous tides
Back to th' abandon'd shores impell the main.
Again the foaming seas extend their waves,
Again the rolling floods embrace the shores,
And veil the horrors of the empty deep.
Thus the obsequious seas your power confess,
While from the surface healthful vapours rise,
Plenteous throughout the atmosphere diffus'd,
Or to supply the mountain's heads with springs,
Or fill the hanging clouds with needful rains,
That friendly streams, and kind refreshing show'rs,
May gently lave the sun-burnt thirsty plains,

Or to replenish all the empty air
With wholesome moisture to increase the fruits
Of earth, and bless the labours of mankind.
O Newton, whither flies thy mighty soul,
How shall the feeble muse pursue through all
The vast extent of thy unbounded thought,
That even seeks th' unseen recesses dark
To penetrate of Providence immense.
And thou the great Dispenser of the world
Propitious, who with inspiration taught'st
Our greatest bard to send thy praises forth;
Thou, who gav'st Newton thought; who smil'dst serene
When to its bounds he stretch'd his swelling soul;
Who still benignant ever blest his toil,
And deign'd to his enlightened mind t' appear
Confess'd around th' interminated world:
To me, O thy divine infusion grant,
O thou in all so infinitely good,
That I may sing thy everlasting works,
Thy unexhausted store of providence,
In thought effulgent and resounding verse.
O could I spread the wond'rous theme around.
Where the wind cools the oriental world,
To the calm breezes of the zephyr's breath,
To where the frozen hyperborean blasts,
To where the boist'rous tempest-leading south
From their deep hollow caves send forth their storms
Thou still indulgent Parent of mankind,
Lest humid emanations should no more
Flow from the ocean, but dissolve away
Through the long series of revolving time;
And lest the vital principle decay,
By which the air supplies the springs of life:
Thou hast the fiery visag'd comets form'd
With vivifying spirits all replete,
Which they abundant breathe about the void,
Renewing the prolific soul of things.
No longer now on thee amaz'd we call,
No longer tremble at imagin'd ills,
When comets blaze tremendous from on high,
Or when extending wide their flaming trains
With hideous grasp the skies engirdle round,

And spread the terrors of their burning locks.
For these through orbits in the length'ning space
Of many tedious rolling years complete
Around the sun move regularly on;
And with the planets in harmonious orbs,
And mystic periods their obeisance pay
To him majestic Ruler of the skies
Upon his throne of circled glory fixt.
He, or some god conspicuous to the view,
Or else the substitute of nature seems,
Guiding the courses of revolving worlds.
He taught great Newton the all-potent laws
Of gravitation, by whose simple power
The universe exists. Nor here the sage
Big with invention still renewing staid.
But, O bright angel of the lamp of day,
How shall the muse display his greatest toil?
Let her plunge deep in Aganippe's waves,
Or in Castalia's ever flowing stream,
That reinspired she may sing to thee,
How Newton dar'd advent'rous to unbraid
The yellow tresses of thy shining hair.
Or did'st thou gracious leave thy radiant sphere,
And to his hand thy lucid splendours give,
T' unweave the light-diffusing wreath, and part
The blended glories of thy golden plumes?
He with laborious, and unerring care,
How diff'rent and imbodied colours form
Thy piercing light, with just distinction found.
He with quick sight pursu'd thy darting rays,
When penetrating to th' obscure recess
Of solid matter, there perspicuous saw,
How in the texture of each body lay
The power that separates the diff'rent beams.
Hence over nature's unadorned face
Thy bright diversifying rays dilate
Their various hues: and hence when vernal rains
Descending swift have burst the low'ring clouds,
Thy splendours through the dissipating mists
In its fair vesture of unnumber'd hues
Array the show'ry bow. At thy approach
The morning risen from her pearly couch

With rosy blushes decks her virgin cheek;
The ev'ning on the frontispiece of heav'n
His mantle spreads with many colours gay;
The mid-day skies in radiant azure clad,
The shining clouds, and silver vapours rob'd
In white transparent intermixt with gold,
With bright variety of splendour clothe
All the illuminated face above.
When hoary-headed winter back retires
To the chill'd pole, there solitary sits
Encompass'd round with winds and tempests bleak
In caverns of impenetrable ice,
And from behind the dissipated gloom
Like a new Venus from the parting surge
The gay-apparell'd spring advances on;
When thou in thy meridian brightness sitt'st,
And from thy throne pure emanations flow
Of glory bursting o'er the radiant skies:
Then let the muse Olympus' top ascend,
And o'er Thessalia's plain extend her view,
And count, O Tempe, all thy beauties o'er.
Mountains, whose summits grasp the pendant clouds,
Between their wood-invelop'd slopes embrace
The green-attired vallies. Every flow'r
Here in the pride of bounteous nature clad
Smiles on the bosom of th' enamell'd meads.
Over the smiling lawn the silver floods
Of fair Peneus gently roll along,
While the reflected colours from the flow'rs,
And verdant borders pierce the limpid waves,
And paint with all their variegated hue
The yellow sands beneath. Smooth gliding on,
The waters hasten to the neighbouring sea.
Still the pleas'd eye the floating plain pursues;
At length, in Neptune's wide dominion lost,
Surveys the shining billows, that arise
Apparell'd each in Phœbus' bright attire:
Or from afar some tall majestic ship,
Or the long hostile lines of threat'ning fleets,
Which o'er the bright uneven mirror sweep,
In dazz'ling gold and waving purple deck'd;
Such as of old, when haughty Athens pour

Their hideous front and terrible array
Against Pallene's coast extended wide,
And with tremendous war and battle stern
The trembling walls of Potidæa shook.
Crested with pendants curling with the breeze
The upright masts high bristle in the air,
Aloft exalting proud their gilded heads.
The silver waves against the painted prows
Raise their resplendent bosoms, and impearl
The fair vermilion with their glist'ring drops:
And from on board the iron-clothed host
Around the main a gleaming horror casts;
Each flaming buckler like the mid-day sun,
Each plumed helmet like the silver moon,
Each moving gauntlet like the lightning's blaze,
And like a star each brazen pointed spear.
But, lo! the sacred high-erected fanes,
Fair citadels, and marble-crowned towers,
And sumptuous palaces of stately towns
Magnificent arise, upon their heads
Bearing on high a wreath of silver light.
But see my muse the high Pierian hill,
Behold its shaggy locks and airy top,
Up to the skies th' imperious mountain heaves;
The shining verdure of the nodding woods.
See where the silver Hippocrene flows,
Behold each glitt'ring rivulet and rill
Through mazes wander down the green descent,
And sparkle through the interwoven trees.
Here rest a while and humble homage pay,
Here, where the sacred genius, that inspir'd
Sublime Mæonides and Pindar's breast,
His habitation once was fam'd to hold.
Here thou, O Homer, offer'dst up thy vows;
Thee, the kind muse Calliopæa heard,
And led thee to the empyrean seats,
There manifested to thy hallow'd eyes
The deeds of gods; thee wise Minerva taught
The wondrous art of knowing human kind;
Harmonious Phœbus tun'd thy heav'nly mind,
And swell'd to rapture each exalted sense;
Even Mars the dreadful battle-ruling god,

Mars taught thee war, and with his bloody hand
Instructed thine, when in thy sounding lines
We hear the rattling of Bellona's car,
The yell of discord, and the din of arms.
Pindar, when mounted on his fiery steed,
Soars to the sun, opposing eagle-like
His eyes undazzled to the fiercest rays.
He firmly seated not like Glaucus' son,
Strides his swift-winged and fire-breathing horse,
And borne aloft strikes with his ringing hoofs
The brazen vault of heav'n, superior there
Looks down upon the stars, whose radiant light
Illuminates innumerable worlds,
That' through eternal orbits roll beneath.
But thou all hail immortalized son
Of harmony, all hail thou Thracian bard,
To whom Apollo gave his tuneful lyre!
O might'st thou, Orpheus, now again revive,
And Newton should inform thy list'ning ear
How the soft notes, and soul-inchanting strains
Of thy own lyre were on the wind convey'd.
He taught the muse, how sound progressive floats
Upon the waving particles of air,
When harmony in ever-pleasing strains,
Melodious melting at each lulling fall,
With soft alluring penetration steals
Through the enraptur'd ear to inmost thought,
And folds the senses in its silken bands.
So the sweet music, which from Orpheus' touch
And fam'd Amphion's, on the sounding string
Arose harmonious, gliding on the air,
Pierc'd the tough bark'd and knotty-ribbed woods,
Into their saps soft inspiration breath'd,
And taught attention to the stubborn oak.
Thus when great Henry, and brave Marlb'rough led
Th' embattled numbers of Britannia's sons,
The trump, that swells th' expanded cheek of fame,
That adds new vigour to the gen'rous youth,
And rouses sluggish cowardice itself,
The trumpet with its Mars-inciting voice
The winds broad breast impetuous sweeping o'er
Fill'd the big note of war. Th' inspired host

With new-born ardour press the trembling Gaul;
Nor greater throngs had reach'd eternal night,
Nor if the fields of Agincourt had yawn'd
Exposing horrible the gulf of fate;
Or roaring Danube spread his arms abroad,
And overwhelm'd their legions with his floods.
But let the wand'ring muse at length return;
Nor yet, angelic genius of the sun,
In worthy lays her high-attempting song
Has blazon'd forth thy venerated name.
Then let her sweep the loud-resounding lyre
Again, again o'er each melodious string
Teach harmony to tremble with thy praise.
And still thine ear, O favourable grant,
And she shall tell thee, that whatever charms,
Whatever beauties bloom on nature's face,
Proceed from thy all-influencing light.
That when arising with tempestuous rage,
The north impetuous rides upon the clouds,
Dispersing round the heav'n's obstructive gloom,
And with his dreaded prohibition stays
The kind effusion of thy genial beams;
Pale are the rubies on Aurora's lips.
No more the roses blush upon her cheeks,
Black are Peneus' streams and golden sands,
In Tempe's vale dull melancholy sits,
And every flower reclines its languid head.
By what high name shall I invoke thee, say,
Thou life-infusing deity, on thee
I call, and look propitious from on high,
While now to thee I offer up my prayer.
O had great Newton, as he found the cause,
By which sound rolls through th' undulating air,
O had he, baffling time's resistless power,
Discover'd what that subtle spirit is,
Or whatsoe'er diffusive else is spread
Over the wide-extended universe,
Which causes bodies to reflect the light,
And from their straight direction to divert
The rapid beams, that through their surface pierce.
But since embrac'd by th' icy arms of age,
And his quick thought by time's cold hand congeal'd,

Ev'n Newton left unknown th's hidden power;
Thou from the race of human kind select
Some other worthy of an angel's care,
With inspiration animate his breast,
And him instruct in these thy secret laws.
O let not Newton, to whose spacious view,
Now unobstructed, all th' extensive scenes
Of the ethereal ruler's works arise:
When he beholds this earth he late adorn'd,
Let him not see philosophy in tears,
Like a fond mother solitary sit,
Lamenting him her dear, and only child.
But as the wise Pythagoras, and he,
Whose birth with pride the fam'd Abdera boasts,
With expectation having long survey'd
This spot their ancient seat, with joy beheld
Divine philosophy at length appear
In all her charms majestically fair,
Conducted by immortal Newton's hand:
So may he see another sage arise,
That shall maintain her empire: then no more
Imperious ignorance with haughty sway
Shall stalk rapacious o'er the ravag'd globe:
Then thou, O Newton, shalt protect these lines,
The humble tribute of the grateful muse;
Ne'er shall the sacrilegious hand despoil
Her laurell'd temples, whom his name preserves:
And were she equal to the mighty theme,
Futurity should wonder at her song;
Time should receive her with extended arms,
Seat her conspicuous in his rolling car,
And bear her down to his extremest bound.

Fables with wonder tell how Terra's sons
With iron force unloos'd the stubborn nerves
Of hills, and on the cloud-inshrouded top
Of Pelion Ossa pil'd. But if the vast
Gigantic deeds of savage strength demand
Astonishment from men, what then shalt thou,
O what expressive rapture of the soul,
When thou before us, Newton, dost display
The labours of thy great excelling mind;
When thou unveilest all the wondrous scene,

The vast idea of th' eternal King,
Not dreadful bearing in his angry arm
The thunder hanging o'er our trembling heads;
But with th' effulgency of love replete,
And clad with power, which form'd th' extensive hea-[vens.
O happy he, whose enterprising hand
Unbars the golden and relucta gates
Of th' empyrean dome, where thou enthron'd
Philosophy art seated. Thou sustain'd
By the firm hand of everlasting truth
Despisest all the injuries of time:
Thou never know'st decay, when all around
Antiquity obscures her head. Behold
Th' Egyptian towers, the Babylonian walls,
And Thebes with all her hundred gates of brass,
Behold then scatter'd like the dust abroad.
Whatever now is flourishing and proud,
Whatever shall, must know devouring age.
Euphrates' stream, and seven-mouthed Nile,
And Danube, thou that from Germania's soil
To the black Euxine's far remoted shore,
O'er the wide bounds of mighty nations sweep'st
In thunder laud thy rapid floods along.
Ev'n you shall feel inexorable time;
To you the fatal day shall come; no more
Your torrents then shall shake the trembling ground,
No longer then to inundations swol'n
Th' imperious waves the fertile pastures drench,
But shrunk within a narrow channel glide;
Or through the year's reiterated course
When time himself grows old, your wond'rous streams
Lost ev'n to memory shall lie unknown
Beneath obscurity, and chaos whelm'd.
But still thou sun illuminatest all
The azure regions round, thou guidest still
The orbits of the planetary spheres;
The moon still wanders o'er her changing course,
And still, O Newton, shall thy name survive
As long as nature's hand directs the world,
When ev'ry dark obstruction shall retire,
And ev'ry secret yield its hidden store,
Which the dim-sighted age forbade to see,

Age that alone could stay thy rising soul.
And could mankind among the fixed stars,
E'en to th' extremest bounds of knowledge reach,
To those unknown innumerable suns,
Whose light but glimmers from those distant worlds,
Ev'n to these utmost boundaries, those bars
That shut the entrance of th' illumin'd space
Where angels only tread the vast unknown,
Thou ever should'st be seen immortal there:
In each new sphere, each new-appearing sun,
In farthest regions at the very verge
Of the wide universe shoul'dst thou be seen.
And lo, th' all-potent goddess Nature takes
With her own hand thy great, thy just reward
Of immortality; aloft in air
See she displays, and with eternal grasp
Uprears the trophies of great Newton's fame.

LONDON:

OR, THE PROGRESS OF COMMERCE.

Ye northern blasts, and Eurus, wont to sweep
With rudest pinions o'er the furrow'd waves,
A while suspend your violence, and waft
From sandy Weser and the broad mouth'd Elbe
My freighted vessel to the destin'd shore,
Safe o'er th' unruffled main; let every thought,
Which may disquiet, and alarm my breast,
Be absent now; that dispossess'd of care,
And free from every tumult of the mind,
With each disturbing passion hush'd to peace,
I may pour all my spirit on the theme
Which opens now before me, and demands
The loftiest strain. The eagle, when he tow'rs
Beyond the clouds, the fleecy robes of heaven,
Disdains all objects but the golden sun,
Full on th' effulgent orb directs his eye,
And sails exulting through the blaze of day;

So, while her wing attempts the boldest flight,
Rejecting each inferior theme of praise,
Thee, ornament of Europe, Albion's pride,
Fair seat of wealth and freedom, thee my muse
Shall celebrate, O London: thee she hails.
Thou lov'd abode of commerce, last retreat,
Whence she contemplates with a tranquil mind
Her various wanderings from the fated hour,
That she abandon'd her maternal clime;
Neptunian commerce, whom Phœnice bore,
Illustrious nymph, that nam'd the fertile plains
Along the sounding main extended far,
Which flowery Carmel with its sweet perfumes,
And with its cedars Libanus o'ershades:
Her from the bottom of the wat'ry world,
As once she stood, in radiant beauties grac'd,
To mark the heaving tide, the piercing eye
Of Neptune view'd enamour'd: from the deep
The god ascending rushes to the beach,
And clasps th' affrighted virgin. From that day,
Soon as the paly regent of the night
Nine times her monthly progress had renew'd
Through heaven's illumin'd vault, Phœnice, led
By shame, once more the sea-worn margin sought:
There pac'd with painful steps the barren sands,
A solitary mourner, and the surge,
Which gently roll'd beside her, now no more
With placid eyes beholding, thus exclaim'd:
Ye fragrant shrubs and cedars, lofty pine,
Which crown my native hills, ye spreading palms,
That rise majestic on these fruitful heads,
With you who gave the lost Phœnice birth,
And you, who bear the endearing name of friends,
Once faithful partners of my chaster hours,
Farewell! To thee, perfidious land! I come
Bent down with pain and anguish o'er thy sands,
I come thy suppliant: death is all I crave;
Bid thy devouring waves inwrap my head,
And to the bottom whelm my cares and shame!
She ceas'd, when sudden from th' enclosing deep
A crystal car emerg'd, with glitt'ring shells,

Cull'd from their oozy beds by Tethys' train,
And blushing coral deck'd, whose ruddy glow
Mix'd with the wat'ry lustre of the pearl.
A smiling band of sea born nymphs attend,
Who from the shore with gentle hands convey
The fear-subdu'd Phœnice, and along
The lucid chariot place. As there with dread
All mute, and struggling with her painful throes
She lay, the winds by Neptune's high command
Were silent round her; not a zephyr dar'd
To wanton o'er the cedar's branching top.
Nor on the plain the stately palm was seen
To wave its graceful verdure; o'er the main
No undulation broke the smooth expanse,
But all was hush'd and motionless around,
All but the lightly-sliding car, impell'd
Along the level azure by the strength
Of active Tritons, rivalling in speed
The rapid meteor, whose sulphureous train
Glides o'er the brow of darkness, and appears
The livid ruins of a falling star.

Beneath the Lybian skies, a blissful isle,
By Triton's floods encircled, Nysa lay.
Here youthful nature wanton'd in delights,
And here the guardians of the bounteous horn,
While it was now the infancy of time,
Nor yet th' uncultivated globe had learn'd
To smile, Eucarpé, Dapsiléa dwelt,
With all the nymphs, whose sacred care had nurs'd
The eldest Bacchus. From the flow'ry shore
A turf-clad valley opens, and along
Its verdure mild the willing feet allures;
While on its sloping sides ascends the pride
Of hoary groves, high-arching o'er the vale
With day-rejecting gloom. The solemn shade
Half round a spacious lawn at length expands,
Clos'd by a tow'ring cliff, whose forehead glows
With azure, purple, and ten thousand dyes,
From its resplendent fragments beaming round;
Nor less irradiate colours from beneath
On every side an ample grot reflects,

As down the perforated rock the sun
Pours his meridian blaze! rever'd abode
Of Nysa's nymphs, with every plant attir'd,
That wears undying green, refresh'd with rills
From ever-living fountains, and enrich'd
With all Pomona's bloom: unfading flowers
Glow on the mead, and spicy shrubs perfume
With unexhausted sweets the cooling gale,
Which breathes incessant there; while every bird
Of tuneful note his gay or plaintive song
Blends with the warble of meandring streams,
Which o'er their pebbled channels murm'ring lave
The fruit-invested hills, that rise around.
The gentle Nereids to this calm recess
Phœnice bear; nor Dapsiléa bland,
Nor good Eucarpé, studious to obey
Great Neptune's will, their hospitable care
Refuse; nor long Lucina is invok'd.
Soon as the wondrous infant sprung to day,
Earth rock'd around; with all their nodding woods,
And streams reverting to their troubled source,
The mountain shook, while Lybia's neighb'ring god,
Mysterious Ammon, from his hollow cell
With deep resounding accent thus to heaven,
To earth, and sea, the mighty birth proclaim'd:
A new-born power behold! whom fate hath call'd
The gods' imperfect labour to complete
This wide creation. She in lonely sands
Shall bid the tower-encircled city rise,
The barren sea shall people, and the wilds
Of dreary nature shall with plenty clothe;
She shall enlighten man's unletter'd race,
And with endearing intercourse unite
Remotest nations, scorch'd by sultry suns,
Or freezing near the snow-incrusted pole:
Where'er the joyous vine disdains to grow,
The fruitful olive, or the golden ear;
Her hand divine, with interposing aid
To every climate shall the gifts supply
Of Ceres, Bacchus, and th' Athenian maid;
The graces, joys, emoluments of life

From her exhaustless bounty all shall flow.
The heavenly prophet ceas'd. Olympus heard.
Straight from their star-bespangled thrones descend
On blooming Nysa a celestial band
The ocean's lord to honour in his child;
When o'er his offspring smiling thus began
The trident ruler: Commerce be thy name:
To thee I give the empire of the main,
From where the morning breathes its eastern gale,
To th' undiscover'd limits of the west,
From chilling Boreas to extremest south
Thy sire's obsequious billows shall extend
Thy universal reign. Minerva next
With wisdom bless'd her, Mercury with art,
The Lemnian god with industry, and last
Majestic Phœbus, o'er the infant long
In contemplation pausing, thus declar'd
From his enraptur'd lip his matchless boon:
Thee with divine invention I endow,
That secret wonder, goddess, to disclose,
By which the wise, the virtuous, and the brave,
The heaven-taught poet and exploring sage
Shall pass recorded to the verge of time.
Her years of childhood now were number'd o'er,
When to her mother's natal soil repair'd
The new divinity, whose parting step
Her sacred nurses follow'd, ever now
To her alone inseparably join'd;
Then first deserting their Nyseian shore
To spread their hoarded blessings round the world;
Who with them bore the unexhausted horn
Of ever-smiling plenty. Thus adorn'd,
Attended thus, great goddess, thou began'st
Thy all-enlivening progress o'er the globe,
Then rude and joyless, destin'd to repair
The various ills which earliest ages ru'd
From one, like thee, distinguish'd by the gifts
Of heaven, Pandora, whose pernicious hand
From the dire vase releas'd th' imprison'd woes.
Thou gracious commerce, from his cheerless caves
In horrid rocks and solitary woods,

The helpless wand'rer, man forlorn and wild
Didst charm to sweet society ; didst cast
The deep foundations, where the future pride
Of mighty cities rose, and o'er the main
Before the wond'ring Nereids didst present
The surge dividing keel, and stately mast,
Whose canvas wings, distending with the gale,
The bold Phœnician through Alcides' straits
To northern Albion's tin-embowell'd fields,
And oft beneath the sea-obscuring brow
Of cloud envelop'd Teneriff' convey'd.
Next in sagacious thought th' ethereal plains
Thou trod'st, exploring each propitious star
The danger-braving mariner to guide ;
Then all the latent and mysterious powers
Of number didst unravel : last to crown
Thy bounties, goddess, thy unrivall'd toils
For man, still urging thy inventive mind,
Thou gav'st him letters; there imparting all,
Which lifts the ennobled spirit near to heaven,
Laws, learning, wisdom, nature's works reveal'd
By god-like sages, all Minerva's arts,
Apollo's music, and th' eternal voice
Of virtue sounding from the historic roll,
The philosophic page, and poet's song.
Now solitude and silence from the shores
Retreat to pathless mountains to reside,
Barbarity is polish'd, infant arts
Bloom in the desert, and benignant peace
With hospitality begin to sooth
Unsocial rapine, and the thirst of blood ;
As from his tumid urn when Nilus spreads
His genial tides abroad, the favour'd soil
That joins his fruitful border, first imbibes
The kindly stream : anon the bounteous god
His waves extends, embracing Egypt round,
Dwells on the teeming champain, and endows
The sleeping grain with vigour to attire
In one bright harvest all the Pharian plains :
Thus, when Pygmalion from Phœnician Tyre
Had banish'd freedom, with disdainful steps
Indignant commerce, turning from the walls

Herself had rais'd, her welcome sway enlarg'd
Among the nations, spreading round the globe
The fruits of all its climes; Cecropian oil,
The Thracian vintage, and Panchaian gums,
Arabia's spices, and the golden grain,
Which old Osiris to his Egypt gave,
And Ceres to Sicania. Thou didst raise
Th' Ionian name, O commerce, thou the domes
Of sumptuous Corinth, and the ample round
Of Syracuse didst people.——All the wealth
Now thou assemblest from Iberia's mines,
And golden-channell'd Tagus, all the spoils
From fair Trinacria wafted, all the powers
Of conquer'd Afric's tributary realms
To fix thy empire on the Lybian verge,
Thy native tract; the nymphs of Nysa hail
Thy glad return, and echoing joy resounds
O'er Triton's sacred waters, but in vain:
The irreversible decrees of heaven
To far more northern regions had ordain'd
Thy lasting seat; in vain th' imperial port
Receives the gather'd riches of the world:
In vain whole climates bow beneath its rule;
Behold the toil of centuries to Rome
Its glories yield, and mould'ring leaves no trace
Of its deep-rooted greatness; though with tears
From thy extinguish'd Carthage didst retire,
And these thy perish'd honours long deplore.
What though rich Gades, what though polish'd Rhodes,
With Alexandria, Egypt's splendid mart,
The learn'd Massylians, and Ligurian towers,
What though the potent Hanseatic league,
And Venice, mistress of the Grecian isles,
With all the Ægean floods, a while might sooth
The sad remembrance; what though led through climes
And seas unknown, with thee th' advent'rous sons
Of Tagus pass'd the stormy cape, which braves
The huge Atlantic; what though Antwerp grew
Beneath thy smiles, and thou propitious there
Didst shower thy blessings with unsparing hands;
Still on thy grief-indented heart impress'd
The great Amilcar's valour, still the deeds

Of Asdrubal and Mago, still the loss
Of thy unequal, Annibal, remain'd:
Till from the sandy mouths of echoing Rhine,
And sounding margin of the Scheldt and Maese,
With sudden roar, the angry voice of war
Alarm'd thy langour; wonder turn'd thy eye.
Lo! in bright arms a bold militia stood.
Arrang'd for battle: from afar thou saw'st
The snowy ridge of Appenine, the fields
Of wild Calabria, and Pyrene's hills,
The Guadiana, and the Duro's banks,
And rapid Ebro gath'ring all their powers
To crush this daring populace. The pride
Of fiercest kings with more enflam'd revenge
Ne'er menac'd freedom; nor since dauntless Greece,
And Rome's stern offspring none hath e'er surpass'd
The bold Batavian in his glorious toil
For liberty, or death. At once the thought
Of long-lamented Carthage flies thy breast,
And ardent, goddess, thou dost speed to save
The generous people. Not the vernal showers
Distilling copious from the morning clouds,
Descend more kindly on the tender flower,
New-born and opening on the lap of spring,
Than on this rising state thy cheering smile,
And animating presence; while on Spain,
Prophetic thus, thy indignation broke:
Insatiate race! the shame of polish'd lands!
Disgrace of Europe! for inhuman deeds
And insol nce renown'd! what demon led
Thee first to plough the undiscover'd surge,
Which lav'd an hidden world? whose malice taught
Thee first to taint with rapine, and with rage,
With more than savage thirst of blood the arts,
By me for gentlest intercourse ordain'd,
For mutual aids, and hospitable ties,
From shore to shore? Or, that pernicious hour,
Was heaven disgusted with its wondrous works,
That to thy fell exterminating hand
Th' immense Peruvian empire it resign'd,
And all, which lordly Montezuma sway'd?
And com'st thou, strengthen'd with the shining stores

Of that gold-teeming hemisphere, to waste
The smiling fields of Europe, and extend
Thy bloody shackles o'er the happy seats
Of liberty? Presumptuous nation, learn,
From this dire period shall thy glories fade,
Thy slaughter'd youth shall fatten Belgium's sands,
And victory against her Albion's cliffs
Shall see the blood-empurpl'd ocean dash
Thy weltering hosts, and stain the chalky shore:
Ev'n those, whom now thy impious pride would bind
In servile chains, hereafter shall support
Thy weaken'd throne; when heaven's afflicting hand
Of all thy power despoils thee, when alone
Of all, which e'er hath signalized thy name,
Thy insolence and cruelty remain.
Thus with her clouded visage, wrapt in frowns,
The goddess threaten'd, and the daring train
Of her untam'd militia, torn with wounds,
Despising fortune, from repeated foils
More fierce, and braving famine's keenest rage,
At length through deluges of blood she led
To envied greatness; ev'n while clamorous Mars
With loudest clangor bade his trumpet shake
The Belgian champain, she their standard rear'd
On tributary Java, and the shores
Of huge Borneo; thou, Sumatra, heard'st
Her naval thunder, Ceylon's trembling sons
Their fragrant stores of cinnamon resign'd,
And odour-breathing Ternate and Tidore
Their spicy groves. And O whatever coast
The Belgians trace, where'er their power is spread
To hoary Zembla, or to Indian suns,
Still thither be extended thy renown,
O William, pride of Orange, and ador'd
Thy virtues, which disdaining life, or wealth,
Or empire, whether in thy dawn of youth,
Thy glorious noon of manhood, or the night,
The fatal night of death, no other care
Besides the public own'd. And dear to fame
Be thou harmonious Douza; every muse,
Your laurel strew around this hero's urn,
Whom fond Minerva grac'd with all her arts,

Alike in letters and in arms to shine,
A dauntless warrior, and a learned bard.
Him Spain's surrounding host for slaughter mark'd,
With massacre yet reeking from the streets
Of blood-stain'd Harlem: he on Leyden's tow'rs,
With famine his companion, wan, subdu'd
In outward form, with patient virtue stood
Superior to despair; the heavenly nine
His suffering soul with great examples cheer'd
Of memorable bards, by Mars adorn'd
With wreaths of fame; Orpheus' tuneful son,
Who with melodious praise to noblest deeds
Charm'd the Iöchian heroes, and himself
Their danger shar'd; Tyrtæus, who reviv'd
With animating verse the Spartan hopes;
Brave Æschylus and Sophocles, around
Whose sacred brows the tragic ivy twin'd,
Mix'd with the warrior's laurel; all surpass'd
By Douza's valour: and the generous toil,
His and his country's labours soon receiv'd
Their high reward, when favouring commerce rais'd
Th' invincible Batavians, till, rever'd
Among the mightiest on the brightest roll
Of fame they shone, by splendid wealth and power
Grac'd and supported; thus a genial soil
Diffusing vigour through the infant cane,
Affords it strength to flourish, till at last
Its lofty head, in verdant honours clad,
It rears amidst the proudest of the grove.
  Yet here th' eternal fates thy last retreat
Deny, a mightier nation they prepare
For thy reception, sufferers alike
By th' unremitted insolence of power
From reign to reign, nor less than Belgium known
For bold contention oft on crimson fields,
In free-tongu'd senates oft with nervous laws
To circumscribe, or conquering to depose
Their sceptr'd tyrants: Albion, sea embrac'd,
The joy of freedom, dread of treacherous kings,
The destin'd mistress of the subject main,
And arbitress of Europe, now demands
Thy presence, goddess. It was now the time,

Ere yet perfidious Cromwel dar'd profane
The sacred senate, and with impious feet
Tread on the powers of magistrates and laws,
While every arm was chill'd with cold amaze,
Nor one in all that dauntless train was found
To pierce the ruffian's heart; and now thy name
Was heard in thunder through th' affrighted shores
Of pale Iberia, of submissive Gaul,
And Tagus, trembling to his utmost source.
O ever faithful, vigilant, and brave,
Thou bold assertor of Britannia's fame,
Unconquerable Blake: propitious heaven
At this great era, and the sage decree
Of Albion's senate, perfecting at once,
What by Eliza was so well begun,
So deeply founded, to this favour'd shore
The goddess drew, where grateful she bestow'd
Th' unbounded empire of her father's floods,
And chose thee, London, for her chief abode,
Pleas'd with the silver Thames, its gentle stream,
And smiling banks, its joy-diffusing hills,
Which clad with splendour, and with beauty grac'd,
O'erlook his lucid bosom; pleas'd with thee,
Thou nurse of arts, and thy industrious race;
Pleas'd with their candid manners, with their free
Sagacious converse, to inquiry led,
And zeal for knowledge; hence the opening mind
Resigns its errors, and unseals the eye
Of blind opinion; merit hence is heard
Amidst its blushes, dawning arts arise,
The gloomy clouds, which ignorance or fear
Spread o'er the paths of virtue are dispell'd,
Servility retires, and every heart
With public cares is warm'd; thy merchants hence,
Illustrious city, thou dost raise to fame.
How many names of glory may'st thou trace
From earliest annals down to Barnard's times!
And, O! if like that eloquence divine,
Which forth for commerce, for Britannia's rights,
And her insulted majesty he pour'd,
These humble measures flow'd, then too thy walls
Might undisgrac'd resound thy poet's name,

Who now all-fearful to thy praise attunes
His lyre, and pays his grateful song to thee,
Thy votary, O commerce! Gracious power,
Continue still to hear my vows, and bless
My honourable industry, which courts
No other smile but thine; for thou alone
Canst wealth bestow with independence crown'd:
Nor yet exclude contemplative repose,
But to my dwelling grant the solemn calm
Of learned leisure, never to reject
The visitation of the tuneful maids,
Who seldom deign to leave their sacred haunts,
And grace a mortal mansion; thou divide
With them my labours; pleasure I resign,
And, all devoted to my midnight lamp,
Ev'n now, when Albion o'er the foaming breast
Of groaning Tethys spread its threat'ning fleets,
I grasp the sounding shell, prepar'd to sing
That hero's valour, who shall best confound
His injur'd country's foes; ev'n now I feel
Celestial fires descending on my breast,
Which prompt thy darling suppliant to explore,
Why, though deriv'd from Neptune, though rever'd
Among the nations, by the gods endow'd,
Thou never yet from eldest times hast found
One permanent abode; why oft expell'd
Thy favour'd seats, from clime to clime hast borne
Thy wandering steps; why London late hath seen
Thy lov'd, thy last retreat, desponding care
O'ercloud thy brow: O listen, while the muse,
Th' immortal progeny of Jove, unfolds
The fatal cause. What time in Nysa's cave
Th' etheral train, in honour to thy sire,
Shower'd on thy birth their blended gifts, the power
Of war was absent; hence, unbless'd by Mars,
Thy sons relinqu sh'd arms, on other arts
Intent, and still to mercenary hands
The sword intrusting, vainly deem'd, that wealth
Could purchase lasting safety, and protect
Unwarlike freedom; hence the Alps in vain
Were pass'd, their long impenetrable snows,
And dreary torrents; swoln with Roman dead,

Astonish'd Trebia overflow'd its banks
In vain, and deep-dy'd Trasimenous roll'd
Its crimson waters; Cannæ's signal day
The fame alone of great Amilcar's son
Enlarg'd, while still undisciplin'd, dismay'd,
Her head commercial Carthage bow'd at last
To military Rome: th' unalter'd will
Of Heaven in every climate hath ordain'd,
And every age, that empire shall attend
The sword, and steel shall ever conquer gold.
Then from thy sufferings learn; th' auspicious hour
Now smiles; our wary magistrates have arm'd
Our hands; thou, goddess, animate our breasts
To cast inglorious indolence aside,
That once again, in bright battalions rang'd,
Our thousands and ten thousands may be seen
Their country's only rampart, and the dread
Of wild ambition. Mark the Swedish hind;
He, on his native soil should danger lowr,
Soon from the entrails of the dusky mine
Would rise to arms; and other fields and chiefs
With Helsingburg and Steinbach soon would share
The admiration of the northern world:
Helvetia's hills behold, the aërial seat
Of long-supported liberty, who thence,
Securely resting on her faithful shield,
The warrior's corselet flaming on her breast,
Looks down with scorn on spacious realms, which groan
In servitude around her, and her sword
With dauntless skill high brandishing, defies
The Austrian eagle, and imperious Gaul:
And O! could those ill-fated shades arise,
Whose valiant ranks along th' ensanguin'd dust
Of Newbery lay crowded, they could tell,
How their long matchless cavalry, so oft
O'er hills of slain by ardent Rupert led,
Whose dreaded standard victory had wav'd,
Till then triumphant, there with noblest blood
From their gor'd squadrons dy'd the restive spear
Of London's firm militia, and resign'd
The well-disputed field; then, goddess, say,
Shall we be now more timid, when behold,

The black'ning storm now gathers round our heads,
And England's angry genius sounds to arms?
For thee, remember, is the banner spread;
The naval tower to vindicate thy rights
Will sweep the curling foam: the thund'ring bomb
Will roar, and startle in the deepest grots
Old Nereus' daughters; with combustion stor'd,
For thee our dire volcanos of the main,
Impregnated with horror, soon will pour
Their damning ruin round each hostile fleet:
Thou then, great goddess, summon all thy powers,
Arm all thy sons, thy vassals, every heart
Inflame: and you,* ye fear-disclaiming race,
Ye mariners of Britain, chosen train
Of liberty and commerce, now no more
Secrete your generous valour; hear the call
Of injur'd Albion; to her foes present
Those daring bosoms, which alike disdain
The death-disploding cannon, and the rage
Of warring tempests, mingling in their strife
The seas and clouds: though long in silence hush'd
Hath slept the British thunder; though the pride
Of weak Iberia hath forgot the roar;
Soon shall her ancient terrors be recall'd,
When your victorious shouts affright her shores:
None now ignobly will your warmth restrain;
Nor hazard more indignant valour's curse,
Their country's wrath, and time's eternal scorn;
Then let the furies of Bellona wake,
And silver-mantled peace with welcome steps
Anon shall visit your triumphant isle.
And that perpetual safety may possess
Our glorious fields, thou, genius, who presid'st
O'er this illustrious city, teach her sons
To wield the noble instruments of war;
And let the great example soon extend
Through every province, till Britannia sees
Her docile millions fill the martial plain:

* How appropriate is every line of this glowingly poetic, and sublimely patriotic close of this animating poem, to the present glorious contest of one small, yet august land, with the rest of Europe confederating against us!

Then, whatsoe'er our terrors now suggest
Of desolation, and th' invading sword;
Though with his massy trident Neptune heav'd
A new-born isthmus from the British deep,
And to its parent continent rejoin'd
Our chalky shore; though Mahomet could league
His powerful crescent with the hostile Gaul,
And that new Cyrus of the conquer'd coast,
Who now in trembling vassalage unites
The Ganges and Euphrates, could advance
With his auxiliar host; our warlike youth
With * equal numbers, and with keener zeal
For children, parents, friends, for England fir'd,
Her fertile glebe, her wealthy towns, her laws,
Her liberty, her honour, should sustain
The dreadful onset, and resistless break
Th' immense array; thus ev'n the lightest thought
E'er to invade Britannia's calm repose,
Must die the moment, that auspicious Mars
Her sons shall bless with discipline and arms;
That exil'd race, in superstition nurs'd,
The servile pupils of tyrannic Rome,
With distant gaze despairing, shall behold
The guarded splendours of Britannia's crown;
Still from their abdicated sway estrang'd.
With all th' attendance on despotic thrones,
Priests, ignorance, and bonds; with watchful step
Gigantic terror, striding round our coast,
Shall shake his Gorgon ægis, and the hearts
Of proudest kings appal; to other shores
Our angry fleets, when insolence and wrongs
To arms awaken our vindictive power,
Shall bear the hideous waste of ruthless war;
But liberty, security, and fame,
Shall dwell for ever on our chosen plains.

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* If the computation, which allots near two millions of fighting men to this kingdom may be relied on, it is not easy to conceive, how the united force of the whole world could assemble together, and subsist in an enemy's country greater numbers, than they would find opposed to them here.

ADMIRAL HOSIER's GHOST.

As near Porto-Bello lying
On the g ntly-swelling flood,
At midnight, with streamers flying,
Our triumphant navy rode;
There while Vernon sat all glorious
From the Spaniard's late defeat:
And his crews with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet:

On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
Then each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appear'd,
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding sheets they wore,
And with looks by sorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale bands were seen to muster,
Rising from their wat'ry grave:
O'er the glimmering wave he hied him,
Where the Burford rear'd her sail,
With three thousand ghosts besides him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

Heed, O heed, our fatal story,
I am Hosier's injur'd ghost,
You, who now have purchas'd glory
At this place where I was lost;
Though in Porto-Bello's ruin
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on our undoing,
You will mix your joy with tears.

See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping;
These were English captains brave:

Mark those numbers, pale and horrid,
Those were once my sailors bold,
Lo, each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright;
Nothing then its wealth defended
But my orders not to fight:
O! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obey'd my heart's warm motion,
To have quell'd the pride of Spain;

For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast achiev'd with six alone.
Then the Bas imentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen,
Nor the sea the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

Thus like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemn'd for disobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom.
To have fallen, my country crying
He has play'd an English part,
Had been better far than dying
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.

Hence with all my train attending
From their oozy tombs below,
Through the hoary foam ascending,
Here I feed my constant woe;
Here the Bastimentos viewing,
We recal our shameful doom,
And our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander through the midnight gloom.

O'er these waves for ever mourning,
Shall we roam depriv'd of rest,
If to Britain's shore returning,
You neglect my just request;
After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England sham'd in me.

LOGAN.

Of this able and amiable man, we have few particulars. He rose to distinction by the force of genius, and fell by imprudence, which is too often its attendant.

John Logan was born at Soutra, in the parish of Fala, Mid-Lothian, in 1748. His father was a farmer, and possessing himself considerable strength of mind, gladly perceived the buds of genius in his son, which he determined to cultivate in the best manner that his circumstances allowed. Accordingly, he gave him a classical education, and then sent him to the university of Edinburgh, where he formed some creditable connections, and gained much applause as a young man of very promising talents. An intimacy was here contracted between him and Bruce, a brother poet, who being early called from this sublunary scene, Logan published the posthumous works of his friend, with some poetical contributions of his own.

Having attracted the notice of Lord Elibank, he was introduced to the family of Sinclair, of Ulbster, and for some time acted as private tutor to the late Sir John Sinclair; a man to whom his country, and agriculture in general, is under the highest obligations.

Soon after his becoming a clergyman in the church of Scotland, his fame as an eloquent and affecting preacher procured him the appointment of one of the ministers of South Leith; and while engaged in the duties of this office, he did not neglect his poetical faculties, nor suffer his learned acquirements to lie useless. During the winter session of 1779, he delivered a series of lectures on the "Philosophy of History," to the students at the university of Edinburgh, which meeting with much approbation, he repeated them the following year. An analysis of these was published in 1781; and about the same time appeared his poems, which have deservedly entitled him to a place among the British bards.

In 1783, he offered his tragedy of Runnymede to the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, but this being rejected, on account of some political allusions, and having

experienced some other disappointments, which preyed on his spirits, and influenced his manners, he relinquished his clerical charge on a moderate pension, and came up to London, where he engaged as a reviewer. He died in London in 1788, in the 40th year of his age, leaving behind him some valuable works in manuscript, and the character of an able historian, poet, and divine.

Logan was a man of very amiable dispositions, and of very agreeable manners. He loved and esteemed his friends, and was by them loved and esteemed. He was respected by the world as a man of superior talents, learning, and virtue. While genius, a sufficient stock of professional erudition, and a happy facility of communication, distinguished him as a public instructor.

As a poet, Logan appears to no less advantage than in those departments of literature in which we have surveyed him. He is characterized by that pregnancy of invention, that exquisite sensibility, and that genuine enthusiasm, which are the invariable sanctions bestowed by nature on every true poet. His poems are the productions of a mind tremblingly alive to those fine impulses of passion, which form the soul of poetic composition. He discovers taste and purity of sentiment, joined to a great share of poetical imagination. His thoughts are always just, and often striking, his images pleasing and picturesque, and his language for the most part correct and harmonious.

Sprightly subjects he treats with ease; in the pathetic and solemn he is a master. The pensiveness of his disposition, though unfortunate for himself, enriched his poetical vein, and shaded his compositions with a tender melancholy. In his Odes he is rather characterised by the tender, than by the sublime; yet his muse preserves her dignity, yet retains that pleasing mildness, which necessarily enter into the genius of lyric poetry. She discovers not by any inurbanity of accent, or harshness of versification, that she required her first ideas of harmony and modulation north of the Tweed. The numbers are easy, the language is elegant, the stanzas regular, and the selection of his subjects displays at once the delicacy of his taste, and the sensibility of his heart.

ODE TO THE CUCKOO.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

SONG.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

" THY braes were bonny, Yarrow stream!
" When first on them I met my lover;
" Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream!
" When now thy waves his body cover!
" For ever now, O Yarrow stream!
" Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;
" For never on thy banks shall I
" Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

" He promis'd me a milk-white steed,
" To bear me to his father's bowers;
" He promised me a little page,
" To 'squire me to his father's towers;
" He promised me a wedding-ring,—
" The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow;—
" Now he is wedded to his grave,
" Alas, his watry grave in Yarrow!

" Sweet were his words when last we met;
" My passion I as freely told him!
" Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
" That I should never more behold him!
" Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost;
" It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow;
" Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
" And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

" His mother from the window look'd,
" With all the longing of a mother;
" His little sister weeping walk'd
" The green-wood path to meet her brother:
" They sought him east, they sought him west,
" They sought him all the forest thorough;
" They only saw the cloud of night,
" They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

" No longer from thy window look,
" Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!
" No longer walk, thou lovely maid!
" Alas, thou hast no more a brother!
" No longer seek him east or west,
" And search no more the forest thorough;
" For, wandering in the night so dark,
" He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

" The tear shall never leave my cheek,
" No other youth shall be my marrow;
" I'll seek thy body in the stream,
" And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow."
The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow;
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

THE peace of Heaven attend thy shade,
My early friend, my favourite maid!
When life was new, companions gay,
We hail'd the morning of our day.

Ah, with what joy did I behold
The flower of beauty fair unfold!
And fear'd no storm to blast thy bloom,
Or bring thee to an early tomb!

Untimely gone! for ever fled
The roses of the cheek so red;
Th' affection warm, the temper mild,
The sweetness that in sorrow smil'd.

Alas! the cheek where beauty glow'd,
The heart where goodness overflow'd,
A clod amid the valley lies,
And "dust to dust" the mourner cries

O from thy kindred early torn,
And to thy grave untimely born!
Vanish'd for ever from my view,
Thou sister of my soul, adieu!

Fair with my first ideas twin'd,
Thine image oft will meet my mind;
And, while remembrance brings thee near
Affection sad will drop a tear.

How oft does sorrow bend the head,
Before we dwell among the dead!
Scarce in the years of manly prime,
I've often wept the wrecks of time.

What tragic tears bedew the eye!
What deaths we suffer ere we die!
Our broken friendships we deplore,
And loves of youth that are no more!

No after-friendship e'er can raise
Th' endearments of our early days;
And ne'er the heart such fondness prove,
As when it first began to love.

Affection dies, a vernal flower;
And love, the blossom of an hour;
The spring of fancy cares controul,
And mar the beauty of the soul.

Vers'd in the commerce of deceit,
How soon the heart begins to beat!
The blood runs cold at int'rest's call;—
They look with equal eyes on all.

Then lovely nature is expell'd,
And friendship is romantic held;
Then prudence comes with hundred eyes:—
The veil is rent: the vision flies.

The dear illusions will not last;
The era of enchantment's past;
The wild romance of life is done;
The real history is begun.

The sallies of the soul are o'er,
The feast of fancy is no more;
And ill the banquet is supplied
By form, by gravity, and pride.

Ye gods! whatever ye withhold,
Let my affections ne'er grow old;
Ne'er may the human glow depart,
Nor nature yield to frigid art!

Still may the generous bosom burn,
Though deem'd to bleed o'er beauty's urn.
And still the friendly face appear,
Though moisten'd with a tender tear!

ODE TO WOMEN.

Ye virgins! fond to be admir'd,
With mighty rage of conquest fir'd,
And universal sway;
Who heave th' uncover'd bosom high,
And roll a fond, inviting eye,
On all the circle gay!

You miss the fine and secret art
To win the castle of the heart,
For which you all contend;
The coxcomb tribe may crowd your train,
But you will never, never gain
A lover, or a friend.

If this your passion, this your praise,
To shine, to dazzle, and to blaze,
You may be call'd divine:
But not a youth beneath the sky
Will say in secret, with a sigh,
"O were that maiden mine!"

You marshal, brilliant from the box,
Fans, feathers, diamonds, castled locks,
Your magazine of arms;
But 'tis the sweet sequester'd walk,
The whispering hour, the tender talk,
That gives you genuine charms.

The nymph-like robe, the natural grace,
The smile, the native of the face,
Refinement without art;
The eye where pure affection beams,
The tear from tenderness that streams,
The accents of the heart;

The trembling frame, the living cheek,
Where, like the morning, blushes break
To crimson o'er the breast;
The look where sentiment is seen,
Fine passions moving o'er the mien,
And all the soul exprest;

Your beauties these; with these you shine,
And reign on high by right divine,
The sovereigns of the world;
Then to your court the nations flow;
The muse with flowers the path will strew,
Where Venus' car is hurl'd.

From dazzling deluges of snow,
From summer noon's meridian glow,
We turn to catching eye,
To nature's robe of vernal green,
To the blue curtain all serene,
Of an autumnal sky.

The favourite tree of beauty's queen,
Behold the myrtle's modest green,
The virgin of the grove!
Soft from the circlet of her star,
The tender turtles draw the car
Of Venus and of Love.

The growing charm invites the eye ;
See morning gradual paint the sky
With purple and with gold !
See spring approach with sweet delay !
See rose-buds open to the ray,
And leaf by leaf unfold !

We love th' alluring line of grace,
That leads the eye a wanton chace,
And lets the fancy rove ;
The walk of beauty ever bends,
And still begins, but never ends,
The labyrinth of love.

At times, to veil, is to reveal,
And to display, is to conceal ;
Mysterious are your laws !
The vision's finer than the view ;
The landscape nature never drew
So fair as fancy draws.

A beauty, carelessly betray'd,
Enamours more, than if display'd
All woman's charms were given ;
And, o'er the bosom's vestal white,
The gauze appears a robe of light,
That veils, yet opens, Heav'n.

See virgin Eve, with graces bland,
Fresh blooming from her Maker's hand,
In orient beauty beam !
Fair on the river-margin laid,
She knew not that her image made
The angel in the stream.

Still ancient Eden blooms your own ;
But artless innocence alone
Secures the heavenly post ;
For if, beneath an angel's mien,
The serpent's tortuous train is seen,
Our paradise is lost.

O nature, nature, thine the charm!
Thy colours woo, thy features warm,
  Thy accents win the heart!
Parisian paint of every kind,
That stains the body or the mind,
  Proclaims the harlot's art.

The midnight minstrel of the grove,
Who still renews the hymn of love,
  And woos the wood to hear;
Knows not the sweetness of his strain,
Nor that, above the tuneful train,
  He charms the lover's ear.

The zone of Venus, heavenly-fine,
Is nature's handy-work divine,
  And not the web of art;
And they who wear it never know
To what enchanting charm they owe
  The empire of the heart.

OSSIAN'S HYMN TO THE SUN.

O THOU whose beams the sea-girt earth array,
King of the sky, and father of the day!
O sun! what fountain, hid from human eyes,
Supplies thy circle round the radiant skies,
For ever burning and for ever bright,
With heav'n's pure fire, and everlasting light?
What awful beauty in thy face appears!
Immortal youth, beyond the power of years!
  When gloomy darkness to thy reign resigns,
And from the gates of morn thy glory shines,
The conscious stars are put to sudden flight,
And all the planets hide their heads in night;
The queen of heaven forsakes th' ethereal plain,
To sink in glorious in the western main.
The clouds refulgent deck thy golden throne,
High in the heavens, immortal and alone!

Who can abide the brightness of thy face!
Or who attend thee in thy rapid race?
The mountain-oaks, like their own leaves, decay;
Themselves the mountains wear with age away;
The boundless main that rolls from land to land,
Lessens at times, and leaves a waste of sand;
The silver moon, refulgent lamp of night,
Is lost in heaven, and emptied of her light:
But thou for ever shalt endure the same,
Thy light eternal, and unspent thy flame.
When tempests with their train impend on high,
Darken the day, and load the labouring sky;
When heaven's wide convex glows with lightnings dire,
All ether flaming, and all earth on fire;
When loud and long the deep-mouth'd thunder rolls,
And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles;
If from the opening clouds thy form appears,
Her wonted charms the face of nature wears;
Thy beauteous orb restores departed day,
Looks from the sky, and laughs the storm away.

ODE WRITTEN IN SPRING.

No longer hoary winter reigns,
No longer binds the streams in chains,
Or heaps with snow the meads;
Array'd with robe of rainbow-dye,
At last the Spring appears on high,
And, smiling over earth and sky,
Her new creation leads.

The snows confess a warmer ray,
The loosen'd streamlet loves to stray,
And echo down the dale;
The hills uplift their summits green,
The vales more verdant spread between,
The cuckoo in the wood unseen
Coos ceaseless to the gale.

The rainbow arching woos the eye
With all the colours of the sky,
  With all the pride of Spring;
Now heaven descends in sunny showers
The fields put on the budding flowers,
The green leaves wave upon the bowers,
  And birds begin to sing.

The cattle wander in the wood,
And find the wonted verdant food,
  Beside the well-known rills;
Blithe in the sun the shepherd swain
Like Pan attunes the past'ral strain,
While many echoes send again
  The music of the hills.

At eve, the primrose path along,
The milkmaid shortens with a song
  Her solitary way;
She sees the fairies, with their queen,
Trip hand-in hand the circled green,
And hears them raise at times, unseen
  The ear-inchanting lay.

Maria, come! Now let us rove,
Now gather garlands in the grove,
  Of every new-sprung flower:
We'll mock the warblings of the wood,
We'll trace the windings of the flood;
O come thou, fairer than the bud
  Unfolding in a shower!

Fair as the lily of the vale,
That gives its bosom to the gale,
  And opens in the sun;
And sweeter than thy favourite dove,
The Venus of the vernal grove,
Announcing to the choirs of love
  Their time of bliss begun.

Now, now, thy spring of life appears;
Fair in the morning of thy years,
  And May of beauty crown'd:
Now vernal visions meet thine eyes,

Poetic dreams to fancy rise,
And brighter days in better skies; --
Elysium blooms around.

Now, now's the morning of thy day;
But, ah! the morning flies away,
And youth is on the wing;
'Tis nature's voice, " O pull the rose,
" Now while the bud in beauty blows,
" Now while the opening leaves disclose
" The incense of the Spring!"

What youth, high-favour'd of the skies,
What youth shall win the brightest prize
That nature has in store?
Whose conscious eyes shall meet with thine;
Whose arms thy yielding waist entwine;
Who, ravish'd with thy charms divine,
Requires of Heaven no more!

Not happier the primæval pair,
When new-made earth, supremely fair,
Smiled on her virgin Spring;
When all was fair to God's own eye,
When stars consenting sung on high,
And all Heav'n's chorus made the sky
With hallelujahs ring.

Devoted to the muses' choir,
I tune the Caledonian lyre
To themes of high renown:—
No other theme than you I'll choose,
Than you invoke no other muse:
Nor will that gentle hand refuse
Thy bard with bays to crown.

Where hills by storied streams ascend,
My dreams and waking wishes tend
Poetic ease to woe;
Where fairy fingers curl the grove,
Where Grecian spirits round me rove,
Alone enamour'd with the love
Of nature and of you!

SONG.

THE day is departed, and round from the cloud
The moon in her beauty appears;
The voice of the nightingale warbles aloud
The music of love in our ears:
Maria appears! now the season so sweet
With the beat of the heart is in tune;
The time is so tender for lovers to meet
Alone by the light of the moon.

I cannot when present unfold what I feel,
I sigh—Can a lover do more?
Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,
Yet I think of her all the day o'er.
Maria, my love! Do you long for the grove?
Do you sigh for an interview soon?
Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove
Alone by the light of the moon?

Your name from the shepherds whenever I hear,
My bosom is all in a glow;
Your voice when it vibrates so sweet through mine ear,
My heart thrills—my eyes overflow.
Ye powers of the sky, will your bounty divine
Indulge a fond lover his boon?
Shall heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine,
Alone by the light of the moon?

ODE TO SLEEP.

IN vain I court till dawning light,
The coy divinity of night:
Restless from side to side I turn,
Arise, ye musings of the morn!

Oh, Sleep! though banish'd from those eyes,
In visions fair to Delia rise;

And o'er a dearer form diffuse
Thy healing balm, thy lenient dews.

Blest be her night as infants rest,
Lull'd on the fond maternal breast,
Who sweetly-playful smiles in sleep,
Nor knows that he is born to weep.

Remove the terrors of the night,
The phantom-forms of wild affright,
The shrieks from precipice or flood,
And starting scene that swims with blood.

Lead her soft to blooming bowers,
And beds of amaranthine flowers,
And golden skies, and glittering streams,
That paint the paradise of dreams.

Venus! present a lover near,
And gently whisper in her ear
His woes, who, lonely and forlorn,
Counts the slow clock from night till morn.

Ah! let no portion of my pain,
Save just a tender trace, remain;
Asleep consenting to be kind,
And wake with Daphnis in her mind.

ODE TO A MAN OF LETTERS.

Lo, Winter's hoar dominion past!
Arrested in his career blast
The fiend of nature flies;
Breathing the Spring, the zephyrs play,
And, re-enthron'd, the lord of day
Resumes the golden skies.

Attendant on the genial hours,
The voluntary isles and flowers
For rural lovers spring;

Wild choirs unseen in concert join,
And round Apollo's rustic shrine
The sylvan muses sing.

The finest vernal bloom that blows,
The sweetest voice the forest knows
Arise to vanish soon;
The rose unfolds her robe of light,
And Philomela gives her night
To Richmond and to June.

With bounded ray, and transient grace
Thus, Varro, holds the human race
Their place and hour assign'd;
Loud let the venal trumpet sound,
Responsive never will rebound
The echo of mankind.

Yon forms divine that deck the sphere,
The radiant rulers of the year,
Confess a nobler hand;
Thron'd in the majesty of morn,
Behold the king of day adorn
The skies, the sea, the land.

Nor did th' Almighty raise the sky,
Nor hang th' eternal lamps on high,
On one abode to shine;
The circle of a thousand suns
Extends, while nature's period runs
The theatre divine.

Thus some, whom smiling nature hails
To sacred springs, and chosen vales,
And streams of old renown;
By noble toils and worthy scars,
Shall win their mansion 'mid the stars,
And wear th' immortal crown.

Bright in the firmament of fame
The lights of ancient ages flame
With never setting ray,
On worlds unfound from history torn,
O'er ages deep in time unborn,
To pour the human day.

Won from neglected wastes of time,
Apollo hails his fairest clime,
The provinces of mind;
An Egypt, with eternal towers,
See Montesquieu redeem the hours,
From Lewis, to mankind.

No tame remission genius knows;
No interval of dark repose,
To quench th' ethereal flame;
From Thebes to Troy the victor hies,
And Homer with his hero vies
In varied paths to fame.

The orb which rul'd thy natal night
And usher'd in a greater light
Than sets the pole on fire,
With undiminish'd lustre crown'd,
Unwearied walks th' eternal round,
Amid the heav'nly quire.

Proud in triumphal chariot hurl'd,
And crown'd the master of the world,
Ah! let not Philip's son,
His soul in Syrian softness drown'd,
His brows with Persian garlands bound,
The race of pleasure run!

With crossing thoughts Alcides prest,
The awful goddess thus addrest,
And pointing to the prize:
"Behold the wreath of glory shine!
"And mark the onward path divine
"That opens to the skies!

"The heavenly fire must ever burn,
"The hero's step must never turn
"From yon sublime abodes;
"Long must thy life of labours prove
"At last to die the son of Jove,
"And mingle with the gods."

ODE.

WRITTEN ON A VISIT TO THE COUNTRY IN AUTUMN.

'Tis past! no more the summer blooms!
Ascending in the rear,
Behold congenial autumn comes,
The Sabbath of the year!
What time thy holy whispers breathe,
The pensive evening shade beneath,
And twilight consecrates the floods;
While nature strips her garment gay,
And wears the vesture of decay,
O let me wander through the sounding woods!

Ah! well-known streams! ah! wonted groves,
Still pictur'd in my mind!
Oh! sacred scene of youthful loves,
Whose image lives behind!
While sad I ponder on the past,
The joys that must no longer last;
The wild-flow'r strown on summer's bier,
The dying music of the grove,
And the last elegies of love,
Dissolve the soul, and draw the tender tear!

Alas! the hospitable hall,
Where youth and friendship play'd,
Wide to the winds a ruin'd wall
Projects a death-like shade!
The charm is vanish'd from the vales;
No voice with virgin-whisper hails
A stranger to his native bow'rs:
No more Arcadian mountains bloom,
Nor Enna's valleys breathe perfume,
The fancied Eden fades with all its flowers!

Companions of the youthful scene,
Endear'd from earliest days!
With whom I sported on the green,
Or rov'd the woodland maze!

Long-exil'd from your native clime,
Or by the thunder-stroke of time
Snatch'd to the shadows of despair;
I hear your voices in the wind,
Your forms, in every walk I find,
I stretch my arms: ye vanish into air!

My steps, when innocent and young,
These fairy paths pursu'd;
And wand'ring o'er the wild, I sung
My fancies to the wood,
I mourn'd the linnet-lover's fate,
Or turtle from her murder'd mate,
Condemn'd the widow'd hours to wail:
Or while the mournful vision rose,
I sought to weep for imag'd woes,
Nor real life believ'd a tragic tale!

Alas! misfortune's cloud unkind
May summer soon o'ercast!
And cruel fate's untimely wind
All human beauty blast!
The wrath of nature smites our bowers,
And promis'd fruits and cherish'd flowers,
The hopes of life in embryo sweeps;
Pale o'er the ruins of his prime,
In silence sad the mourner walks and weeps!

Relentless power! whose fated stroke
O'er wretched man prevails!
Ha! love's eternal chain is broke,
And friendship's covenant fails!
Upbraiding forms! a moment's ease—
O memory! how shall I appease
The bleeding shade, the unlaid ghost?
What charm can bind the gushing eye?
What voice console th' incessant sigh,
And everlasting longings for the lost?

Yet not unwelcome waves the wood,
That hides me in its gloom,
While lost in melancholy mood
I muse upon the tomb.

Their chequer'd leaves the branches shed ;
Whirling in eddies o'er my head,
They sadly sigh that winter's near :
The warning voice I hear behind,
That shakes the wood without a wind,
And solemn sounds the death-bell of the year.

Nor will I court Lethean streams,
The sorrowing sense to steep ;
Nor drink oblivion of the themes
On which I love to weep.
Belated oft by fabled rill,
While nightly o'er the hallowed hill
Aerial music seems to mourn ;
I'll listen autumn's closing strain ;
Then woo the walks of youth again,
And pour my sorrows o'er th' untimely urn !

HYMNS.

HYMN I.

THE PRAYER OF JACOB.

O God of Abraham ! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Who, through this weary pilgrimage,
Hast all our fathers led !

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace ;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide,
Give us by day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide !

O spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our fathers' lov'd abode
Our feet arrive in peace!

Now with the humble voice of prayer
Thy mercy we implore;
Then with the grateful voice of praise
Thy goodness we'll adore!

HYMN II.

THE COMPLAINT OF NATURE.

Few are thy days and full of woe,
O man of woman born!
Thy doom is written, dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return.

Determin'd are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head;
The number'd hour is on the wing,
That lays thee with the dead.

Alas! the little day of life
Is shorter than a span;
Yet black with thousand hidden ills
To miserable man.

Gay is thy morning, flattering hope
Thy sprightly step attends;
But soon the tempest howls behind,
And the dark night descends.

Before its splendid hour the cloud
Comes o'er the beam of light;
A pilgrim in a weary land,
Man tarries but a night.

Behold! sad emblem of thy state,
The flowers that paint the field;
Or trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield.

When chill the blast of Winter blows,
  Away the Summer flies,
The flowers resign their sunny robes,
  And all their beauty dies.

Nipt by the year the forest fades;
  And shaking to the wind,
The leaves toss to and fro, and streak
  The wilderness behind.

The Winter past, reviving flowers
  Anew shall paint the plain,
The woods shall hear the voice of Spring,
  And flourish green again.

But man departs this earthly scene,
  Ah! never to return!
No second Spring shall e'er revive
  The ashes of the urn.

Th' inexorable doors of death
  What hand can e'er unfold?
Who from the cearments of the tomb
  Can raise the human mold?

The mighty flood that rolls along
  Its torrents to the main,
The waters lost can ne'er recal
  From that abyss again.

The days, the years, the ages, dark
  Descending down to night,
Can never, never be redeem'd
  Back to the gates of light.

So man departs the living scene,
  To night's perpetual gloom;
The voice of morning ne'er shall break
  The slumbers of the tomb.

Where are our fathers! Whither gone
  The mighty men of old?
" The patriarchs, prophets, princes, kings,
  " In sacred books enroll'd.

" Gone to the resting-place of man,
" The everlasting home,
" Where ages past have gone before,
" Where future ages come."

Thus nature pour'd the wail of woe,
And urged her earnest cry;
Her voice in agony extreme
Ascended to the sky.

Th' Almighty heard: Then from his throne
In majesty he rose;
And from the Heaven, that open'd wide,
His voice in mercy flows.

" When mortal man resigns his breath,
" And falls a clod of clay,
" The soul immortal wings its flight,
" To never-setting day.

" Prepar'd of old for wicked men
" The bed of torment lies;
" The just shall enter into bliss
" Immortal in the skies.

HYMN III.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

Almighty father of mankind,
On thee my hopes remain;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.

Thou art our kind Preserver, from
The cradle to the tomb;
And I was cast upon thy care,
Even from my mother's womb.

In early years thou wast my guide,
And of my youth the friend;
And as my days began with thee,
With thee my days shall end.

I know the power in whom I trust,
The arm on which I lean;
He will my Saviour ever be,
Who has my Saviour been.

In former times, when trouble came,
Thou didst not stand afar;
Nor didst thou prove an absent friend
Amid the din of war.

My God, who causedst me to hope,
When life began to beat,
And when a stranger in the world,
Didst guide my wandering feet;

Thou wilt not cast me off, when age
And evil days descend;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
To mourn my latter end.

Therefore in life I'll trust to thee,
In death I will adore;
And after death will sing thy praise,
When time shall be no more.

HYMN IV.

HEAVENLY WISDOM.

O happy is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold,
And her reward is more secure
Than is the gain of gold.

In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years,
And in her left, the prize of fame
And honour bright appears.

She guides the young, with innocence,
In pleasure's path to tread,
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase,
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

HYMN V.

Behold! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise,
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.

To this the joyful nations round
All tribes and tongues shall flow,
Up to the Hill of God they'll say,
And to his house we'll go.

The beam that shines on Zion hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Zion towers
Shall all the world command.

No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years,
To ploughshares soon they beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

No longer hosts encountering hosts,
Their millions slain deplore!
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

Come then—O come from every land,
To worship at his shrine;
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauty's shine.

HYMN VI.

Behold! th' Ambassador divine
  Descending from above,
To publish to mankind the law
  Of everlasting love!

On him in rich effusion pour'd
  The heavenly dew descends;
And truth divine he shall reveal.
  To earth's remotest ends.

No trumpet-sound, at his approach,
  Shall strike the wondering ears;
But still and gentle breathe the voice
  In which the God appears.

By his kind hand the shaken reed
  Shall raise its falling frame;
The dying embers shall revive,
  And kindle to a flame.

The onward progress of his zeal
  Shall never know decline,
Till foreign lands and distant isles
  Receive the law divine.

He who spread forth the arch of heaven,
  And bade the planets roll,
Who laid the basis of the earth,
  And form'd the human soul.

Thus saith the Lord, "Then have I sent,
  "A prophet from the sky,
"Wide o'er the nations to proclaim
  "The message from on high.

"Before thy face the shades of death
  "Shall take to sudden flight,
"The people who in darkness dwell
  "Shall hail a glorious light;

" The gates of brass shall 'sunder burst,
" The iron fetters fall;
" The promis'd jubilee of Heaven
" Appointed rise o'er all.

" And lo! presaging thy approach,
" The Heathen temples shake,
" And trembling in forsaken fanes,
" The fabled idols quake.

" I am Jehovah: I am One:
" My name shall now be known;
" No idol shall usurp my praise,
" Nor mount into my throne."

Lo, former scenes, predicted once,
Conspicuous rise to view;
And future scenes, predicted now,
Shall be accomplish'd too.

Now sing a new song to the Lord!
Let earth his praise resound;
Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
And fill the isles around.

A city of the Lord! begin
The universal song;
And let the scatter'd villages
The joyful notes prolong.

Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up the lonely voice;
And let the tenants of the rock
With accent rude rejoice.

O from the streams of distant lands
Unto Jehovah sing!
And joyful from the mountain tops
Shout to the Lord the King!

Let all combin'd with one accord
Jehovah's glories raise,
Till in remotest bounds of earth
The nations sound his praise.

HYMN VII.

Messiah! at thy glad approach
Thy howling winds are still;
Thy praises fill the lonely waste,
And breathe from every hill.

The hidden fountains, at thy call,
Their sacred stores unlock;
Loud in the desert sudden streams
Burst living from the rock.

The incense of the Spring ascends
Upon the morning gale;
Red o'er the hill the roses bloom,
The lilies in the vale.

Renew'd, the earth a robe of light
A robe of beauty wears;
And in new heavens a brighter sun
Leads on the promis'd years.

The kingdom of Messiah come,
Appointed times disclose;
And fairer in Emanuel's land
The new creation glows.

Let Israel to the Prince of Peace
The loud hosannah sing!
With hallelujahs and with hymns,
O Zion, hail thy King!

HYMN VIII.

When Jesus, by the virgin brought,
So runs the law of Heaven,
Was offer'd holy to the Lord,
And at thy altar given;

Simeon the just and the devout,
Who frequent in the fane
Had for the Saviour waited long,
But waited still in vain;

Came Heaven-directed at the hour
When Mary held her son;
He stretched forth his aged arms,
While tears of gladness run:

With holy joy upon his face
The good old father smil'd,
While fondly in his wither'd arms
He clasp'd the promis'd child.

And then he lifted up to Heaven
An earnest asking eye;
My joy is full, my hour is come,
Lord, let thy servant die.

At last my arms embrace my Lord,
Now let their vigour cease;
At last my eyes my Saviour see,
Now let them close in peace!

The star and glory of the land
Hath now begun to shine;
The morning that shall gild the globe
Breaks on these eyes of mine!

HYMN IX.

Where high the heavenly temple stands
The house of God not made with hands,
A great high priest our nature wears,
The patron of mankind appears.

He who for men in mercy stood,
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in Heaven his plan of grace,
The Guardian God of human race.

Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye,
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our fame

Our fellow-suff'rer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, and agonies, and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathises in our grief,
And to the suff'rer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

WARTON.

THOMAS WARTON, alike distinguished for his genius and his taste, was born in 1728, and might be truly said to belong to a poetical family, as both his father and brother were favourites of the muses.

After receiving an excellent classical education, he became a member of Trinity College, Oxford, where he took the degree of M. A. in 1750, and in due time was elected fellow; but though his pretensions to the presidentship were infinitely superior to those of his successful competitor, he lost that appointment, when a vacancy happened in 1776, probably through the envy which his talents and industry excited.

It appears that Warton early exercised his poetical talents, as may be seen from the dates of his several publications. In 1745 he published Five Pastoral Eclogues, which have not been collected in his works; and other pieces of great merit followed in succession, to the close of his life, with was spent with few intervals of absence, within the bounds of his Alma Mater.

Among his most admired poems may be enumerated "the Triumph of Isis," some of his Odes, "the Progress of Discontent," and the "Approach of Summer." The former, in answer to Mascus. "Isis, an Elegy," is a manly and dignified defence of the university to which he belonged, and entitled him to the highest favours it could have conferred.

The literary works of Warton, both in prose and verse, are all highly esteemed, and evince his learning as well as his genius. His "History of English Poetry," though unfinished, is a most elaborate work; and his edition of Theocritus, printed at the Clarendon press, is justly admired by Greek scholars. In fact, the Wartons as they are called, meaning our author and Dr. Joseph Warton of Winchester, stood deservedly at the head of classical literature, and hence left a blank behind them which will not easily be supplied.

In 1771 Thomas Warton was presented to the small rectory of Kiddington near Woodstock, which he held with his fellowship. This was his only ecclesiastical preferment, and he owed it to the patronage of the Litchfield family.

He had been elected professor of poetry for the usual period; and on the death of Whitehead in 1785, became poet laureate, and the same year received the appointment of Camden professor of ancient history; but these honours and emoluments he did not long enjoy. He departed this life in 1790, universally beloved for his goodness of heart, and admired by the public for the greatness of his talents. To his friends he was endeared by his simple, open, and friendly manners; his mind was more fraught with wit, and mirth, than his appearance promised; for his person was unwieldy and ponderous, and his countenance somewhat inert; but the fascination of his converse was wonderful. He was the delight of the jovial Attic board, anniversaries, music meetings, &c. and possessed beyond most men the art of communicating variety to the dull sameness of an Oxford life. With eminent abilities, and scholastic accomplishments, he united those conciliatory talents, that amiable suavity of manners, which could, to the claim of respect for the author, add that of esteem for the man. Such, indeed, was the vigour of his mind, the classical purity of his taste, the extent and variety of his learning, that his memory will be for ever revered as a profound scholar, and a man of true genius. Simplicity and perspicuity, supported by elegance, are the distinguishing marks of his poetry; his fancy, however seductive, led him not to an affectation overlaboured a moment, yet his compositions are as highly finished and original, as perpetual classic imitations and allusions will allow; his versification is nervous and correct, his reading extensive, and his knowledge of real nature acquired from an actual survey of her works.

THE TRIUMPH OF ISIS.

Occasioned by Isis, an Elegy, written in 1749.

On closing flowers when genial gales diffuse
The fragrant tribute of refreshing dews;
When chants the milk-maid at her balmy pail,
And weary reapers whistle o'er the vale;
Charm'd by the murmurs of the quivering shade,
O'er Isis' willow-fringed banks I stray'd:
And calmly musing through the twilight way,
In pensive mood I fram'd the Doric lay.
When lo! from opening clouds a golden gleam
Pour'd sudden splendours o'er the shadowy stream;
And from the wave arose it's guardian queen,
Known by her sweeping stole of glossy green;
While in the coral crown that bound her brow
Was wove the Delphic laurel's verdant bough.
As the smooth surface of the dimply flood
The silver-slipper'd-virgin lightly trod;
From her loose hair the dropping dew she press'd,
And thus mine ear in accents mild address'd.
No more, my son, the rural reed employ,
Nor trill the tinkling strain of empty joy;
No more thy love-resounding sonnets suit
To notes of pastoral pipe, or oaten flute.
For hark! high-thron'd on yon majestic walls,
To the dear muse afflicted freedom calls:
When freedom calls, and Oxford bids thee sing,
Why stays thy hand to strike the sounding string?
While thus, in freedom's and in Phœbus' spite,
To venal sons of slavish Cam unite;
To shake yon towers when malice rears her crest,
Shall all my sons in silence idly rest?
Still sing, O Cam, your fav'rite freedom's cause;
Still boast of freedom, while you break her laws:
To power, your songs of gratulation pay,
To courts address soft flattery's servile lay.
What though your gentle Mason's plaintive verse
Has hung with sweetest wreaths Museus' herse;

What though your vaunted bard's ingenuous woe,
Soft as my stream, in tuneful numbers flow:
Yet strove his muse, by fame or envy led,
To tear the laurels from a sister's head?—
Misguided youth! with rude unclassic rage
To blot the beauties of thy whiter page!
A rage that sullies e'en thy guiltless lays,
And blasts the vernal bloom of half thy bays,
Let ——— boast the patrons of her name,
Each splendid fool of fortune and of fame;
Still of preferment let her shine the queen,
Prolific parent of each bowing dean;
Be her's each prelate of the pamper'd cheek,
Each courtly chaplain, sanctified and sleek:
Still let the drones of her exhaustless hive
On rich pluralities supinely thrive:
Still let her senates titled slaves revere,
Nor dare to know the patriot from the peer;
No longer charm'd by virtue's lofty song,
Once hear'd sage Milton's manly tones among,
Where Cam, meandering through the matted reeds,
With loitering wave his groves of laurel feeds.
'Tis our's, my son, to deal the sacred bay,
Where honour calls, and justice points the way
To wear the well-earn'd wreath that merit brings,
And snatch a gift beyond the reach of kings.
Scorning and scorn'd by courts, yon muse's bower
Still nor enjoys, nor seeks, the smile of power,
Though wakeful vengeance watch my crystal spring,
Though persecution wave her iron wing,
And, o'er yon spiry temples as she flies,
"These destin'd seats are mine," exulting cries;
Fortune's fair smiles on Isis still attend:
And, as the dews of gracious Heaven descend
Unask'd, unseen, in still but copious show'rs,
Her stores on the spontaneous bounty pours.
See, science wields with recent chaplets crown'd;
With fancy's strain my fairy shades resound;
My muse divine still keeps her custom'd state,
The mien erect, and high majestic gait:
Grave as of old each clev'd portal smiles,
And still the graces build my Grecian piles:

My Gothic spires in ancient glory rise,
And dare with wonted pride to rush into the skies.
E'en late, when Radcliffe's delegated train
Auspicious shone in Isis' happy plain:
When yon proud dome, fair learning's amplest shrine,
Beneath its Attic roofs receiv'd the nine;
Was rapture mute, or ceas'd the glad acclaim
To Radcliffe due, and Isis' honour'd name?
What free-born crowds adorn'd the festive day,
Nor blush'd to wear my tributary bay!
How each brave breast with honest ardors heav'd,
When Sheldon's fame the patriot band receiv'd:
While, as we loudly hail'd the chosen few,
Rome's awful senate rush'd upon the view!
O may the day in latest annals shine,
That made a Beaufort and an Harley mine:
That bade them leave the loftier scene awhile,
The pomp of guiltless state, the patriot toil,
For bleeding Albion's aid the sage design,
To hold short dalliance with the tuneful nine.
Then music left her silver sphere on high,
And bore each strain of triumph from the sky;
Swell'd the loud song, and to my chiefs around
Pour'd the full peans of mellifluous sound.
My Naiads blithe the dying accents caught,
And listening danc'd beneath their pearly grot:
In gentler eddies play'd my conscious wave,
And all my reeds their softest whispers gave;
Each lay with brighter green adorn'd my bowers,
And breath'd a fresher fragrance on my flowers.
But lo! at once the pealing concerts cease,
And crowded theatres are hush'd in peace.
See, on yon sage how all attentive stand,
To catch his darting eye, and waving hand.
Hark! he begins, with all a Tully's art,
To pour the dictates of a Cato's heart:
Skill'd to pronounce what noblest thoughts inspire,
He blends the speaker's with the patriot's fire;
Bold to conceive, nor timorous to conceal,
What Britons dare to think, he dares to tell.
'Tis his alike the ear and eye to charm,
To win with action, and with sense to warm.

Untaught in flowery periods to dispense
The lulling sounds of sweet impertinence:
In frowns or smiles he gains an equal prize,
Nor meanly fears to fall, nor creeps to rise;
Bids happier days to Albion be restor'd,
Bids ancient justice rear her radiant sword;
From me, as from my country, claims applause,
And makes an Oxford's, a Britannia's cause.

While arms like these my stedfast sages wield,
While mine is truth's impenetrable shield;
Say, shall the puny champion fondly dare
To wage with force like this scholastic war?
Still vainly scribble on with pert pretence,
With all the rage of pedant impotence?
Say, shall I foster this domestic pest,
This parricide, that wounds a mother's breast?

Thus in some gallant ship, that long has bore
Britain victorious cross from shore to shore,
By chance, beneath her close sequester'd cells,
Some low-born worm, a lurking mischief dwells;
Eats his blind way, and saps with secret guile
The deep foundations of the floating pile:
In vain the forest lent its stateliest pride,
Rear'd her tall mast, and fram'd her knotty side:
The martial thunder's rage in vain she stood,
Wing'd every conflict of the stormy flood:
More sure the reptile's petty arts devour,
Than wars or waves, or Furies' wint'rous power.

Ye fretted pinnacles, ye fanes sublime,
Ye towers that wear the mossy vest of time!
Ye massy piles of old munificence,
At once the pride of learning and defence;
Ye cloisters pale, that lengthening to the sight,
To contemplation step by step invite;
Ye high-arch'd walks, where oft the whispers clear
Of hymns unseen have swept the poet's ear;
Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays
Her holy hymns of ever-echoing praise;
Lo! your lov'd Isis, from the bordering vale,
With all a mother's fondness bids you hail!—
Hail, Oxford, hail! of all that's good and great,
Of all that's fair, the guardian and the seat;

Nurse of each brave pursuit, each generous aim,
By truth exalted to the throne of fame!
Like Greece in science and in liberty,
As Athens learn'd, as Lacedemon free!
Ev'n now, confess'd to my adoring eyes,
In awful ranks thy gifted sons arise.
Tuning to nightly tale his British reeds,
Thy genuine bards immortal Chaucer leads:
His hoary head o'erlooks the gazing quoir,
And beams on all around celestial fire.
With graceful step see Addison advance,
The sweetest child of Attic elegance:
See Chillingworth the depths of doubt explore,
And Selden ope the rolls of ancient lore:
To all but his belov'd embrace deny'd,
See Locke lead reason, his majestic bride:
See Hammond pierce religion's golden mine,
And spread the treasur'd stores of truth divine.
All who to Albion gave the arts of peace,
And best the labours plann'd of letter'd ease:
Who taught with truth, or with persuasion mov'd;
Who sooth'd with numbers, or with sense improv'd,
Who rang'd the powers of reason, or refin'd,
All that adorn'd or humaniz'd the mind;
Each priest of health, that mix'd the balmy bowl,
To rear frail man, and stay the fleeting soul;
All crowd around, and echoing to the sky,
Hail, Oxford, hail! with filial transport cry.
And see yon sapient train? with liberal aim,
'Twas theirs new plans of liberty to frame;
And on the Gothic gloom of slavish sway
To shed the dawn of intellectual day.
With mild debate each musing feature glows,
And well-weigh'd counsels mark their meaning brows.
"Lo! these the leaders of thy patriot line,"
A Raleigh, Hamden, and a Somers shine.
These from thy source the bold contagion caught,
Their future sons the great example taught:
While in each youth th' hereditary flame
Still blazes, unextinguish'd, and the same!
Nor all the tasks of thoughtful peace engage,
'Tis thine to form the hero as the sage.

I see the sable-suited prince advance
with lilies crown'd, the spoils of bleeding France,
Edward. The muses, in yon cloister'd shade,
Bound on his maiden thigh the martial blade:
Bade him the steel for British freedom draw,
And Oxford taught the deeds that Cressy saw.
And see, great father of the sacred band,
The patriot king before me seems to stand.
He, by the bloom of this gay vale beguil'd,
That cheer'd with lively green the shaggy wild,
Hither of yore, forlorn, forgotten maid,
The muse in prattling infancy convey'd;
From Vandal rage the helpless virgin bore,
And fix'd her cradle on my friendly shore:
Soon grew the maid beneath his fostering hand,
Soon stream'd her blessings o'er the enlighten'd land.
Though simple was the dome, where first to dwell
She deign'd, and rude her early Saxon cell,
Lo! now she holds her state in sculptur'd bowers
And proudly lifts to Heav'n her hundred towers.
'Twas Alfred first, with letters and with laws,
Adorn'd, as he advanc'd, his country's cause:
He bade relent the Briton's stubborn soul,
And sooth'd to soft society's controul
A rough untutor'd age. With raptur'd eye
Elate he views his laurel'd progeny:
Serene he smiles to find, that not in vain
He form'd the rudiments of learning's reign:
Himself he marks in each ingenuous breast,
With all the founder in the race exprest:
Conscious he sees fair freedom still survive
In you bright domes, ill-fated fugitive!
Glorious, as when the goddess pour'd the beam
Unsullied on his ancient diadem;
Well-pleas'd, that at his own Pierian springs
She rests her weary feet, and plumes her wings;
That here at last she takes her destin'd stand,
Here deigns to linger, ere she leave the land.

INSCRIPTION IN A HERMITAGE

AT ANSLEY-HALL, IN WARWICKSHIRE.

Beneath this stony roof reclin'd,
I sooth to peace my pensive mind:
And while, to shade my lowly cave,
Embowering elms their umbrage wave;
And while the maple dish is mine,
The beechen cup, unstain'd with wine:
I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

Within my limits lone and still,
The blackbird pipes in artless trill;
Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
The wren has wove her mossy nest;
From busy scenes, and brighter skies,
To lurk with innocence, she flies;
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

At morn I take my custom'd round,
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound;
And every opening primrose count,
That trimly paints my blooming mount:
Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
That grace my gloomy solitude,
I teach in winding wreaths to stray
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

At eve, within yon studious nook,
I ope my brass-embossed book,
Pourtray'd with many a holy deed
Of martyrs, crown'd with heavenly meed:
Then, as my taper wanes dim,
Chant, ere I sleep, my measur'd hymn;
And, at the close, the gleams behold
Of parting wings bedropt with gold.

While such pure joys my bliss create,
Who but would smile at guilty state?

Who but would wish his holy lot
In calm oblivion's humble grot?
Who but would cast his pomp away,
To take my staff, and amice gray;
And to the world's tumultuous stage
Prefer the blameless hermitage?

VERSES

On Sir Joshua Reynold's painted window at New-College, Oxford.

Ah, stay thy treacherous hand, forbear to trace
Those faultless forms of elegance and grace!
Ah, cease to spread the bright transparent mass,
With Titian's pencil, o'er the speaking glass!
Nor steal, by strokes of art with truth combin'd,
The fond illusions of my wayward mind!
For long, enamour'd of a barbarous age,
A faithless truant to the classic page;
Long have I lov'd to catch the simple chime
Of minstrel-harps and spell the fabling rhime;
To view the festive rites, the knightly play,
That deck'd heroic Albion's elder day;
To mark the mould'ring halls of barons bold,
And the rough castle, cast in giant mould;
With Gothic manners Gothic arts explore,
And muse on the magnificence of yore.

But chief, enraptur'd have I lov'd to roam,
A lingering votary, the vaulted dome,
Where the tall shafts, that mount in massy pride,
Their mingling branches shoot from side to side,
Where elfin sculptors, with fantastic clew,
O'er the long roof their wild embroidery drew;
Where superstition, with capricious hand,
In many a maze the wreathed window plann'd,
With hues romantic ting'd the gorgeous pane,
To fill with holy light the wondrous fane;
To aid the builder's model, richly rude,
By no Vitruvian symmetry subdu'd;

To suit the genius of the mystic pile:
Whilst as around the far retiring isle,
And fretted shrines, with hoary trophies hung,
Her dark illumination wide she flung,
With new solemnity, the nooks profound,
The caves of death, and the dim arches frown'd.
From bliss long felt unwillingly we part:
Ah, spare the weakness of a lover's heart!
Chase not the phantoms of my fairy dream,
Phantoms that shrink at reason's painful gleam!
That softer touch, insidious artist stay,
Nor to new joys my struggling breast betray!
Such was a pensive bard's mistaken strain.—
But, oh, of ravish'd pleasures why complain?
No more the matchless skill I call unkind
That strives to disenchant my cheated mind.
For when again I view thy chaste design,
The just proportion, and the genuine line;
Those native portraitures of Attic art,
That from the lucid surface seem to start
Those tints, that steal no glories from the day;
Nor ask the sun to lend his streaming ray:
The doubtful radiance of contending dyes,
That faintly mingle, yet distinctly rise;
Twixt light and shade the transitory strife;
The feature blooming with immortal life:
The stole in casual foldings taught to flow,
Not with ambitious ornaments to glow;
The tread majestic, and the beaming eye
That lifted speaks its commerce with the sky;
Heaven's golden emanation, gleaming mild
O'er the mean cradle of the virgin's child:
Sudden, the sombrous imagery is fled,
Which late my visionary rapture fed:
Thy powerful hand has broke the Gothic chain,
And brought my bosom back to truth again:
To truth, by no peculiar taste confin'd,
Whose universal pattern strikes mankind;
To truth, whose bold and unresisted aim
Checks frail caprice, and fashion's fickle claim;
To truth, whose charms deception's magic quell,
And bind coy fancy in a stronger spell.

Ye brawny prophets, that in robes so rich,
At distance due, possess the crisped nich;
Ye rows of patriarchs, that sublimely rear'd
Diffuse a proud primeval length of beard:
Ye saints, who clad in crimson's bright array,
More pride than humble poverty display:
Ye virgins meek, that wear the palmy crown
Of patient faith, and yet so fiercely frown:
Ye angels, that from clouds of gold recline,
But boast no semblance to a race divine:
Ye tragic tales of legendary lore,
That draw devotion's ready tear no more;
Ye martyrdoms of unenlighten'd days,
Ye miracles, that now no wonder raise:
Shapes, that with one broad glare the gazer strike,
Kings, bishops, nuns, apostles, all alike!
Ye colours, that th' unwary sight amaze,
And only dazzle in the noontide blaze!
No more the sacred window's round disgrace,
But yield to Grecian groupes the shining space.
Lo, from the canvas beauty shifts her throne,
Lo, picture's powers a new formation own!
Behold, she prints upon the crystal plain,
With her own energy, th' expressive stain!
The mighty master spreads his mimic toil
More wide, nor only blends the breathing oil;
But calls the Lineaments of life complete
From genial alchymy's creative heat;
Obedient forms to the bright fusion gives,
While in the warm enamel nature lives.

Reynolds, 'tis thine, from the broad window's height,
To add new lustre to religious light:
Not of its pomp to strip this ancient shrine,
But bid that pomp with purer radiance shine;
With arts unknown before, to reconcile
The willing graces to the Gothic pile.

ODES.

ODE I.

TO SLEEP.

On this my pensive pillow, gentle sleep!
Descend, in all thy downy plumage drest:
Wipe with thy wing these eyes that wake to weep,
And place thy crown of poppies on my breast.

O steep my senses in oblivion's balm,
And sooth my throbbing pulse with lenient hand;
This tempest of my boiling blood becalm;—
Despair grows mild at thy supreme command.

Yet ah! in vain, familiar with the gloom,
And sadly toiling through the tedious night,
I seek sweet slumber, while that virgin bloom,
For ever hovering, haunts my wretched sight.

Nor would the dawning day my sorrows charm:
Black midnight, and the blaze of noon, alike
To me appear, while with uplifted arm
Death stands prepar'd, but still delays, to strike.

ODE II.

THE HAMLET.

Written in Whichwood Forest.

The hinds how blest, who ne'er beguil'd
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn-wild;
Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
For splendid care, and guilty gain!
When morning's twilight-tinctur'd beam
Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
They rove abroad in ether blue,
To dip the scythe in fragrant dew:
The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell
That nodding shades a craggy dell.

Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
Wild nature's sweetest notes they hear:
On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue:
In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds,
They spy the squirrel's airy bounds:
And startle from her ashen spray,
Across the glen, the screaming jay:
Each native charm their steps explore
Of solitude's sequester'd store.

For them the moon with cloudless ray
Mounts, to illume their homeward way:
Their weary spirits to relieve,
The meadows incense breathe at eve.
No riot mars the simple fare
That o'er a glimmering hearth they share:
But when the curfew's measured roar
Duly, the darkening valleys o'er,
Has echoed from the distant town,
They wished no beds of eygnet-down,
No trophied canopies, to close
Their drooping eyes in quick repose.

Their little sons, who spread the bloom
Of health around the clay-built room,
Or through the primros'd coppice stray,
Or gambol in the new-mown hay;
Or quaintly braid the cowslip-twine,
Or drive afield the tardy kine;
Or hasten from the sultry hill
To loiter at the shady rill;
Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest
To rob the raven's ancient nest.

Their humble porch with honied flowers
The curling woodbine's shade embowers:
From the sma'l garden's thymy mound
Their bees in busy swarms resound:
Nor fell disease, before his time,
Hastes to consume life's golden prime:
But when their temples long have wore
The silver crown of tresses hoar;
As studious still calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flowery turf they sleep.

ODE IV.

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

With dalliance rude young zephyr woos
Coy May. Full oft with kind excuse
The boisterous boy the fair denies,
Or, with a scornful smile complies.

Mindful of disaster past,
And shrinking at the northern blast,
The sleety storm returning still,
The morning hoar, and evening chill;
Reluctant comes the timid Spring.
Scarce a bee, with airy ring,
Murmurs the blossom'd boughs around,
That clothe the garden's southern bound:
Scarce a sickly straggling flower
Decks the rough castle's rifted tower:
Scarce the hardy primrose peeps
From the dark dell's entangled steeps:
O'er the field of waving broom,
Slowly shoots the golden bloom:
And, but by fits the furze-clad dale
Tinctures the transitory gale.
While from the shrubbery's naked maze,
Where the vegetable blaze
Of Flora's brightest 'broidery shone,
Every chequer'd charm is flown;
Save that the lilac hangs to view
Its bursting gems in clusters blue.

Scant along the ridgy land
The beans their new-born ranks expand:
The fresh-turn'd soil with tender blades
Thinly the sprouting barley shades;
Fringing the forest's devious edge,
Half rob'd appears the hawthorn hedge;
Or to the distant eye displays
Weakly green its budding sprays.

The swallow, for a moment seen,
Skims in haste the village green:

From the gray moor, on feeble wing,
The screaming plovers idly spring:
The butterfly, gay-painted soon,
Explores awhile the tepid noon;
And fondly trusts its tender dyes
To fickle suns, and flattering skies.

Fraught with a transient, frozen shower,
If a cloud should haply lower,
Sailing o'er the landscape dark,
Mute on a sudden is the lark;
But when gleams the sun again
O'er the pearl-besprinkled plain,
And from behind his watery vail
Looks through the thin-descending hail;
She mounts, and lessening to the sight,
Salutes the blithe return of light,
And high her tuneful track pursues
Mid the dim rainbow's scatter'd hues.

Where, in venerable rows,
Widely waving oaks enclose
The moat of yonder antique hall,
Swarm the rocks with clamorous call;
And to the toilsof nature true,
Wreath their capacious nests anew.

Musing through the lawny park,
The lonely poet loves to mark,
How various greens in faint degrees
Tinge the tall groupes of various trees;
While, careless of the changing year,
The pine cerulean, never fear,
Towers distinguish'd from the rest
And proudly vaunts her winter vest.

Within some whispering osier isle,
Where Glym's low banks neglected smile;
And each trim meadow still retains
The wint'ry torrent's oozy stains;
Beneath a willow, long forsook,
The fisher seeks his custom'd nook;
And bursting through the crackling sedge
That crowns the current's cavern'd edge,

" For fuel here's sufficient wood :
" Pray God the cellars may be good !
" The garden—that must be new plann'd—
" Shall these old-fashion'd yew-trees stand ?
" O'er yonder vacant plot shall rise
" The flow'ry shrub of thousand dyes :—
" Yon wall, that feels the southern ray,
" Shall blush with ruddy fruitage gay :
" While thick beneath its aspect warm
" O'er well-rang'd hives the bees shall swarm,
" From which, ere long, of golden gleam
" Metheglin's luscious juice shall stream.
" This awkward hut, o'ergrown with ivy,
" We'll alter to a modern privy :
" Up yon green slope, of hazel's trim,
" An avenue so cool and dim,
" Shall to an arbour, at the end,
" In spite of gout, entice a friend.
" My predecessor lov'd devotion—
" But of a garden had no notion."
Continuing this fantastic farce on,
He now commences country parson.
To make his character entire,
He weds—a cousin of the 'squire ;
Not over weighty in the purse,
But many doctors have done worse :
And though she boasts no charms divine,
Yet she can carve and make birch wine,
Thus fixt, content he taps his barrel,
Exhorts his neighbours not to quarrel ;
Finds his church-wardens have discerning
Both in good liquor and good learning ;
With tithes his barns replete he sees,
And chuckles o'er his surplice fees ;
Studies to find out latent dues,
And regulates the state of pews ;
Rides a sleek mare with purple housing,
To share the monthly clubs carousing ;
Of Oxford pranks facetious tells,
And—but on Sundays—hears no bells ;
Sends presents of his choicest fruit,
And prunes himself each sapless shoot ;

Plants colliflow'rs, and boasts to rear
The earliest melons of the year;
Thinks alteration charming work is,
Keeps bantam cocks, and feeds his turkies;
Builds in his copse a fav'rite bench,
And stores the pond with carp and tench.—
  But ah! too soon his thoughtless breast
By cares domestic is oppress;
And a third butcher's bill, and brewing,
Threaten inevitable ruin:
For children fresh expences yet,
And Dicky now for school is fit.
" Why did I sell my college life,
He cries, " for benefice and wife?
" Return, ye days! when endless pleasure
" I found in reading, or in leisure!
" When calm around the common room
" I puff'd my daily pipe's perfume!
" Rode for a stomach, and inspected,
" At annual bottlings, corks selected:
" And din'd untax'd, untroubled, under
" The portrait of our pious founder!
" When impositions were supplied
" To light my pipe—or sooth my pride—
" No cares were then for forward peas
" A yearly-longing wife to please;
" My thoughts no christ'ning dinners crost,
" No children cried for butter'd toast;
" And ev'ry night I went to bed,
" Without a modus in my head!"
  Oh! trifling head, and fickle heart!
Chagrin'd at whatso'er thou art;
A dupe to follies yet untried,
And sick of pleasures scarce enjoy'd!
Each prize possess'd, thy transport ceases,
And in pursuit alone it pleases.

PROLOGUE

ON THE OLD WINCHESTER PLAY-HOUSE, OVER THE BUTCHER'S SHAMBLES.

WHOE'ER our stage examines, must excuse
The wond'rous shifts of the dramatic muse;
Then kindly listen, while the prologue rambles
From wit to beef, from Shakspeare to the shambles!
Divided only by one flight of stairs,
The monarch swaggers, and the butcher swears!
Quick the transition when the curtain drops,
From meek Monimia's moans to mutton-chops!
While for Lothario's loss Calista cries,
Old women scold, and dealers d—n your eyes!
Here Juliet listens to the gentle lark,
There in harsh chorus hungry bull-dogs bark.
Cleavers and scymitars give blow for blow,
And heroes bleed above, and sheep below!
While tragic thunders shake the pit and box,
Rebellows to the roar the staggering ox.
Cow-horns and trumpets mix their martial tones,
Kidnies and kings, mouthing and marrow-bones.
Suet and sighs, blank verse and blood abound,
And form a tragi-comedy around.
With weeping lovers, dying calves complain,
Confusion reigns—chaos is come again!
Hither your steelyards, butchers, bring, to weigh
The pound of flesh Anthonio's bond must pay!
Hither your knives, ye Christians, clad in blue,
Bring to be whetted by the ruthless Jew!
Hard is our lot, who, seldom doom'd to eat,
Cast a sheep's-eye on this forbidden meat—
Gaze on sirloins, which ah! we cannot carve,
And in the midst of legs of mutton—starve!
But would you to our house in crowds repair,
Ye generous captains, and ye blooming fair,
The fate of Tantalus we should not fear,
Nor pine for a repast that is so near.
Monarchs no more would supperless remain,
Nor pregnant queens for cutlets long in vain.

ODE

ON THE APPROACH OF SUMMER.

HENCE, iron-scepter'd winter, haste
To bleak Siberian waste!
Haste to thy polar solitude;
Mid cataracts of ice,
Whose torrents dumb are stretch'd in fragments rude!
From many an airy precipice,
Where, ever beat by sleety show'rs,
Thy gloomy gothic castle tow'rs;
Amid whose howling aisles and halls,
Where no gay sunbeams paints the walls,
On ebon throne thou lov'st to shroud
Thy brows in many a murky cloud.
E'en now, before the vernal heat,
Sullen I see thy train retreat:
Thy ruthless host stern Eurus guides,
That on a ravenous tiger rides,
Dim-figur'd on whose robe are shown
Shipwrecks, and villages o'erthrown:
Grim Auster, drooping all with dew,
In mantle clad of watchet hue:
And cold, like Zemblan savage seen,
Still threatening with his arrows keen;
And next, in furry coat embost
With icicles, his brother Frost,
Winter farewel! thy forest hoar,
Thy frozen floods delight no more;
Farewel the fields, so bare and wild!
But come thou rose-cheek'd cherub mild,
Sweetest Summer! haste thee here,
Once more to crown the gladden'd year.
Thee April blithe, as, long of yore,
Bermudas' lawns he frolic'd o'er,
With musky nectar-trickling wing,
In the new world's first dawning spring,
To gather balm of choicest dews,
And patterns fair of various hues,
With which to paint in changeful dye,
The youthful earth's embroidery;

To cull the essence of rich smells
In which to dip his new-born bells;
Thee, as he skimm'd with pinions fleet,
He found an infant, smiling sweet;
Where a tall citron's shade embrown'd
The soft lap of the fragrant ground.
There on an amaranthine bed,
Thee with rare nectarine fruits he fed;
Till soon beneath his forming care,
You bloom'd a goddess debonair;
And then he gave the blessed isle
Aye to be sway'd beneath thy smile:
There plac'd thy green and grassy shrine,
With myrtle bower'd and jessamine:
And to thy care the task assign'd,
With quickening hand, and nurture kind,
His roseate infant births to bear,
Till Autumn's mellowing reign appear.
Haste thee, nymph! and hand in hand,
With thee lead a buxom band;
Bring fantastic-footed Joy,
With Sport, that yellow-tressed boy.
Leisure, that through the balmy sky,
Chases a crimson butterfly.
Bring Health, that loves in early dawn
To meet the milk-maid on the lawn;
Bring Pleasure, rural nymph, and Peace,
Meek, cottage-loving shepherdess!
And that sweet stripling, Zephyr, bring,
Light, and for ever on the wing.
Bring the dear muse, that loves to lean
On river-margins, mossy green.
But who is she, that bears thy train,
Pacing light the velvet plain?
The pale pink binds her auburn hair,
Her tresses flow with pastoral air;
'Tis May, the grace—confest she stands,
By branch of hawthorn in her hands:
Lo! near her trip the lightsome Dews,
Their wings all-ting'd in Iris-hues;
With whom the pow'rs of Flora play.
And paint with pansies all the way.

Oft when thy season, sweetest queen,
Has drest the groves in liv'ry green;
When in each fair and fertile field
Beauty begins her bow'r to build;
While evening, veil'd in shadows brown,
Puts her matron-mantle on,
And mists in spreading steams convey
More fresh the fumes of new-shorn hay;
Then, goddess, guide my pilgrim feet,
Contemplation hoar to meet,
As slow he winds in museful mood,
Near the rush'd marge of Cherwell's flood;
Or o'er old Avon's magic edge,
Whence Shakspeare cull'd the spiky sedge,
All playful yet, in years unripe,
To frame a shrill and simple pipe.
There through the dusk but dimly seen,
Sweet ev'ning objects intervene:
His wattled cotes the shepherd plants,
Beneath her elm the milk-maid chants.
The woodman speeding home, a while
Rests him at a shady stile.
Nor wants there fragrance to dispense
Refreshment o'er my soothed sense;
Nor tangled woodbine's balmy bloom,
Nor grass besprent to breathe perfume:
Nor lurking wild-thyme's spicy sweet,
To bathe in dew my roving feet:
Nor wants there note of Philomel,
Nor sound of distant-tinkling bell:
Nor lowings faint of herds remote,
Nor mastiff's bark from bosom'd cot;
Rustle the breezes lightly borne
O'er deep embattled ears of corn:
Round ancient elm, with humming noise,
Full loud the chaffer-swarms rejoice.
Meantime, a thousand dyes invest
The ruby chambers of the West!
That all aslant the village tow'r
A mild reflected radiance pour;
While, with the level-streaming rays,
Far seen its arched windows blaze:

And the tall grove's green top is dight
In russet tints, and gleams of light:
So that the gay scene by degrees
Bathes my blithe heart in ecstacies;
And fancy to my ravish'd sight
Pourtrays her kindred visions bright
At length the parting light subdues
My soften'd soul to calmer views,
And fainter shapes of pensive joy,
As twilight dawns, my mind employ;
Till from the path I fondly stray,
In musings rapt, nor heed the way;
Wandering through the landscape still,
Till melancholy has her fill;
And on each moss-wove border damp,
The glow-worm hangs his fairy lamp.
But when the sun, at noon-tide hour,
Sits throned in his highest tow'r,
Me, heart-rejoicing goddess, lead
To the tann'd hay-cock in the mead:
To mix in rural mood among
The nymphs and swains, a busy throng;
Or, as the tepid odours breathe,
The russet piles to lean beneath:
There as my listless limbs are thrown
On couch more soft than palace down,
I listen to the busy sound
Of mirth and toil that hums around;
And see the team, shrill-tinkling, pass
Alternate o'er the furrow'd grass.
But ever, after summer-show'r,
When the bright sun's returning pow'r
With laughing beam has chas'd the storm,
And cheer'd reviving nature's form,
By sweet-brier hedges, bath'd in dew,
Let me my wholesome path pursue;
There issuing forth, the frequent snail
Wears the dank way with slimy trail,
While as I walk, from pearled bush,
The sunny-sparkling drop I brush,
And all the landscape fair I view,
Clad in robe of fresher hue;

And so loud the blackbird sings,
That far and near the valley rings.
From shelter deep of shaggy rock,
The shepherd drives his joyful flock;
From bowering beech the mower blithe
With new-born vigour grasps the scythe;
While o'er the smooth unbounded meads
His last faint gleam the rainbow spreads.
But ever against restless heat,
Bear me to the rock-arch'd seat,
O'er whose dim mouth an ivy'd oak
Hangs nodding from the low-brow'd rock;
Haunted by that chaste nymph alone,
Whose waters cleave the smoothed stone;
Which, as they gush upon the ground,
Still scatter misty dews around:
A rustic, wild, grotesque alcove,
Its side with mantling woodbines wove;
Cool is the cave where Cilo dwells,
Whence Helicon's fresh fountain wells;
Or noon-tide grot, where sylvan sleeps
In hoar Lycæum's piny steeps.
Me, goddess, in such cavern lay,
While all without is scorch'd in day;
Sore sighs the weary swain beneath
His with'ring hawthorns on the heath;
The drooping hedger wishes eve,
In vain, of labour short reprieve!
Meantime, on Afric's glowing sands,
Smote with keen heat, the trav'ller stands:
Low sinks his heart, while round his eye
Measures the scenes that boundless lie,
Ne'er yet by foot of mortal worn,
Where thirst, wan pilgrim, walks forlorn.
How does he wish some cooling wave
To slake his lips or limbs to lave!
And thinks, in every whisper low,
He hears a bursting fountain flow.
Or bear me to yon antique wood,
Dim temple of sage solitude!
There, within a nook most dark,
Where none my musing mood may mark;

Let me in many a whisper'd rite
The genius old of Greece invite,
With that fair wreath my brows to bind,
Which for his chosen imps he twin'd,
Well nurtur'd in Pierian lore,
On clear Ilissus laureate shore—
Till high on waving nest reclin'd,
The raven wakes my tranced mind!
Or to the forest fringed vale,
Where widow'd turtles love to wail,
Where cowslips clad in mantle meek,
Nod their tall heads to breezes weak:
In the midst, with sedges gray
Crown'd, a scant riv'let winds its way,
And trembling through the weedy wreaths,
Around an oozy freshness breathes.
O'er the solitary green,
Nor cot, nor loitering hind is seen:
Nor aught alarms the mute repose,
Save that by fits an heifer lows:
A scene might tempt some peaceful sage
To rear him a lone hermitage;
Fit place his pensive eld might choose
On virtue's holy lore to muse.
Yet still the sultry noon t' appease,
Some more romantic scene might please;
Or fairy bank, or magic lawn,
By Spenser's lavish pencil drawn.
Or bow'r in Vallambrosa's shade,
By legendary pens pourtray'd.
Haste let me shrowd from painful light,
On that hoar hill's aerial height,
In solemn state, where waving wide,
Thick pines with dark'ning umbrage hide
The rugged vaults, and riven tow'rs
Of that proud castle's painted bow'rs,
Whence Hardyknute, a baron bold,
In Scotland's martial days of old,
Descended from the stately feast,
Begirt with many a warrior guest,
To quell the pride of Norway's king,
With quiv'ring lance and twanging string.

As through the caverns dim I wind,
Might I that holy legend find,
By fairies spelt in mystic rhymes,
To teach inquiring later times,
What open force, or secret guile
Dash'd into dust the solemn pile.

But when mild Morn, in saffron stole,
First issues from her eastern goal,
Let not my due feet fail to climb
Some breezy summit's brow sublime,
Whence nature's universal face
Illumin'd smiles with new-born grace;
The misty streams that wind below,
With silver-sparkling lustre glow;
The groves and castled cliffs appear
Invested all in radiance clear;
O! every village charm beneath!
The smoke that mounts in azure wreath!
O beauteous rural interchange!
The simple spire, and elmy grange!
Content, indulging blissful hours,
Whistles o'er the fragrant flow'rs,
And cattle rouz'd to pasture new,
Shake jocund from their sides the dew.

'Tis thou alone, O Summer mild,
Canst bid me carol wood-notes wild:
Whene'er I view thy genial scenes,
Thy waving woods, embroider'd greens,
What fires within my bosom wake,
How glows my mind the reed to take!
What charms like thine the muse can call,
With whom 'tis youth and laughter all;
With whom each field's a paradise,
And all the globe a bow'r of bliss!
With thee conversing all the day,
I meditate my lightsome lay.
These pedant cloisters let me leave,
To breathe my votive song at eve
In valleys where mild whispers use,
Of shade and stream, to court the muse,

While wand'ring o'er the brook's dim verge,
I hear the stock dove's dying dirge.

But when life's busier scene is o'er,
And age shall give the tresses hoar,
I'd fly soft luxury's marble dome,
And make an humble thatch my home,
Which sloping hills around enclose,
Where many a beech and brown oak grows;
Beneath whose dark and branching bow'rs
Its tides a far-fam'd river pours:
By nature's beauties taught to please,
Sweet Tusculane of rural ease!
Still grot of peace! in lowly shed,
Who loves to rest her gentle head.
For not the scenes of attic art
Can comfort care, or sooth the heart:
Nor burning cheek, nor wakeful eye,
For gold, and Tyrian purple fly.

Thither, kind heav'n, in pity lent,
Send me a little, and content;
The faithful friend, and cheerful night,
The social scene of dear delight;
The conscience pure, the temper gay,
The musing eve, and idle day:
Give me beneath cool shades to sit,
Rapt with the charms of classic wit;
To catch the bold heroic flame,
That built immortal Græcia's fame.
Nor let me fail, meantime, to raise
The solemn song to Britain's praise:
To spurn the shepherd's simple reeds,
And paint heroic ancient deeds:
To chaunt fam'd Arthur's magic tale,
And Edward, stern in sable mail;
Or wand'ring Brutus' lawless doom,
Or brave Bonduca, scourge of Rome.

O ever to sweet poesy,
Let me live true votary!
She shall lead me by the hand,
Queen of sweet smiles, and solace bland!

She from her precious stores shall shed
Ambrosial flow'rets o'er my head :
She, from my tender youthful cheek,
Can wipe, with lenient finger meek,
The secret and unpitied tear,
Which still I drop in darkness drear.
She shall be my blooming bride,
With her, as years successive glide,
I'll hold divinest dalliance,
For ever held in holy trance.

COTTON.

Of the connections and early life of Nathaniel Cotton, we have no written memorials. He was bred to the practice of physic, in which he took the degree of doctor, but at what university is unknown. He settled, however, at St. Alban's, where he acquired great reputation in his profession, and continued to reside there, during a long and active life.

It appears, that he early exerted his poetical talents; but as he was little ambitious of fame, he did not give his name even to his celebrated "Visions in Verse," which have run through so many editions, and will render him immortal. In his epistle to the reader, he says,

> All my ambition is, I own,
> To profit and to please, unknown.

On these principles he seems to have acted through life; and the esteem of the good, and the friendship of the learned, accompanied him, without any efforts of his own. He was intimate with Young, whom he attended in his last illness, and gives an interesting account of that event.

From some letters of Dr. Cotton's, which have been preserved, it seems the latter part of his life was marked by domestic distress and personal suffering. "My bed," writes he to a friend, "is often strewed with thorns; but I must journey through life upon the same terms that many wise and better men than myself have done; and must reflect with some degree of comfort, that I am making hasty advances to that sanctuary, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary shall be at rest. Oh! my heart-strings, break not yet, out of pity to the worthier part of my family, who cannot lose me without suffering the greatest inconveniencies."

He died in 1788, at an advanced age; and his works were collected and published by his son, but furnish no information relative to the personal history of the man.

Exclusive of his poetry, he wrote several sermons, and other pieces in prose; the former, as the compositions of a layman, merit particular attention; they are plain, rational, and instructive; and as he had no temporal interests relative to religion, his influence in support of it will have its due effect; since every instance of firm faith in a mind far removed from all suspicion, will be acceptable to the lovers of christianity.

The moral and intellectual character of Cotton appears to have been in the highest degree amiable and respectable. His piety is truly venerable and edifying. His writings are distinguished by the strongest marks of goodness, learning, taste, and benevolence. They are the productions of an enlightened mind, fraught with the purest principles of morality and religion. They are characterized by an elegant simplicity, derived from a diligent study of the best classical models.

As a poet, his compositions are distinguished by a refined elegance of sentiment, and a correspondent simplicity of expression. He writes with ease and correctness, frequently with elevation and spirit. His thoughts are always just, and religiously pure, and his lines are commonly smooth and easy; but the rhymes are not always sufficiently correspondent: the words *dawn* and *morn*, among others, disappoint the ear. His Fables approach nearer to the manner of Gay than his other productions; and though they have less poignancy of satire, they have great merit of the moral kind, and are properly adapted, as well as the Visions, for the entertainment and instruction of younger minds. Of his miscellaneous poems, the Fire-side is the most agreeable. The subject is universally interesting, the sentiments pleasing and pathetic, and the versification elegant and harmonious. The Night-piece is distinguished by dignity, variety, and originality of sentiment, in a superior degree; and as piety predominates in his mind, it is diffused over his compositions. Under his direction, poetry may be truly said to be subservient to religious and moral instruction.

VISIONS.

SLANDER. VISION I.

*Inscribed to Miss *****

My lovely girl, I write for you;
And pray believe my visions true;
They'll form your mind to every grace;
They'll add new beauties to your face:
And when old age impairs your prime,
You'll triumph o'er the spoils of time.
Childhood and youth engage my pen,
'Tis labour lost to talk to men.
Youth may, perhaps, reform, when wrong,
Age will not listen to my song.
He who at fifty is a fool,
Is far too stubborn grown for school.
What is that vice which still prevails,
When almost every passion fails;
Which with our very dawn begun,
Nor ends, but with our setting sun;
Which, like a noxious weed, can spoil
The fairest flow'rs, and choke the soil?
'Tis slander,—and, with shame I own,
The vice of human kind alone.
Be slander then my leading dream,
Though you're a stranger to the theme;
Thy softer breast, and honest heart
Scorn the defamatory art;
Thy soul asserts her native skies,
Nor asks detraction's wings to rise;
In foreign spoils let others shine,
Intrinsic excellence is thine.
The bird, in peacock's plumes who shone,
Could plead no merit of her own:
The silly theft betray'd her pride,
And spoke her poverty beside.
Th' insidious sland'ring thief is worse
Than the poor rogue who steals your purse,

Say, he purloins your glitt'ring store;
Who takes your gold, takes 'trash'—no more;
Perhaps he pilfers—to be fed—
Ah! guiltless wretch, who steals for bread!
But the dark villain, who shall aim
To blast, my fair, thy spotless name,
He'd steal a precious gem away,
Steal what both Indies can't repay!
Here the strong pleas of want are vain,
Or the more impious pleas of gain.
No sinking family to save!
No gold to glut th' insatiate knave!
Improve the hint of Shakspeare's tongue,
'Twas thus immortal Shakspeare sung.
And trust the bard's unerring rule,
For nature was that poet's school.
As I was nodding in my chair,
I saw a rueful wild appear;
No verdure met my aching sight,
But hemlock, and cold aconite;
Two very pois'nous plants, 'tis true,
But not so bad as vice to you.
The dreary prospect spread around!
Deep snow had whiten'd all the ground!
A black and barren mountain nigh,
Expos'd to ev'ry friendless sky!
Here foul-mouth'd slander lay reclin'd,
Her snaky tresses hiss'd behind;
"A bloated toad-stool rais'd her head,
"The plumes of ravens were her bed:"
She fed upon the viper's brood,
And slak'd her impious thirst with blood.
The rising sun and western ray
Were witness to her distant sway.
The tyrant claim'd a mightier host
Than the proud Persian e'er could boast.
No conquest grac'd Darius' son;
By his own numbers half undone!
Success attended slander's pow'r,
She reap'd fresh laurels ev'ry hour.
Her troops a deeper scarlet wore
Than ever armies knew before.

No plea diverts the fury's rage,
The fury spares nor sex nor age.
Ev'n merit, with destructive charms,
Provokes the vengeance of her arms.
Whene'er the tyrant sounds to war,
Her canker'd trump is heard afar.
Pride, with a heart unknown to yield,
Commands in chief, and guides the field.
He stalks with vast gigantic stride,
And scatters fear and ruin wide.
So th' impetuous torrents sweep
At once whole nations to the deep.
Revenge, that base Hesperian, known
A chief support of slander's throne,
Amidst the bloody crowd is seen,
And treach'ry brooding in his mien;
The monster often chang'd his gait,
But march'd resolv'd, and fix'd as fate.
Thus the fell kite, whom hunger stings,
Now slowly moves his outstretch'd wings;
Now swift as lightning bears away,
And darts upon his trembling prey.
Envy commands a secret band,
With sword and poison in her hand.
Around her haggard eye-balls roll;
A thousand fiends possess her soul.
The artful, unsuspected spright,
With fatal aim attacks by night.
Her troops advance with silent tread,
And stab the hero in his bed;
Or shoot the wing'd malignant lie,
And female honours pine and die.
So prowling wolves, when darkness reig
Intent on murder scour the plains;
Approach the folds, where lambs repose,
Whose guileless breasts suspect no foes;
The savage gluts his fierce desires,
And bleating innocence expires.
Slander smil'd horribly, to view
How wide her daily conquests grew:
Around the crowded levees wait,
Like oriental slaves of state:

Of either sex whole armies press'd,
But chiefly of the fair and best.
Is it a breach of friendship's law
To say what female friends I saw?
Slander assumes the idol's part,
And claims the tribute of the heart.
The best, in some unguarded hour,
Have bow'd the knee, and own'd her pow'r.
Then let the poet not reveal
What candour wishes to conceal.
If I beheld some faulty fair,
Much worse delinquents crowded there:
Prelates in sacred lawn I saw,
Grave physic, and loquacious law;
Courtiers, like summer flies, abound;
And hungry poets swarm around.
But now my partial story ends,
And makes my females full amends.
If Albion's isle such dreams fulfils,
'Tis Albion's isle which cures these ills;
Fertile of every worth and grace,
Which warm the heart, and flush the face.
Fancy disclos'd a smiling train
Of British nymphs, that tripp'd the plain:
Good-nature first, a sylvan queen,
Attir'd in robes of cheerful green:
A fair and smiling virgin she;
With ev'ry charm that shines in thee.
Prudence assum'd the chief command,
And bore a mirror in her hand;
Gray was the matron's head by age,
Her mind by long experience sage;
Of ev'ry distant ill afraid,
And anxious for the simp'ring maid.
The Graces danc'd before the fair;
And white rob'd innocence was there.
The trees with golden fruits were crown'd,
And rising flow'rs adorn'd the ground;
The sun display'd each brighter ray;
And shone in all the pride of day.
When slander sicken'd at the sight,
And skulk'd away to shun the light.

LIFE.

VISION II.

Let not the young my precepts shun;
Who slight good counsels are undone.
Your poet sung of love's delights,
Of halycon days and joyous nights;
To the gay fancy lovely themes;
And fain I'd hope they're more than dreams.
But, if you please, before we part,
I'd speak a language to your heart.
We'll talk of life, though much, I fear,
Th' ungrateful tale will wound your ear.
You raise your sanguine thoughts too high,
And hardly know the reason why:
But say life's tree bears golden fruit,
Some canker shall corrode the root;
Some unexpected storm shall rise;
Or scorching suns, or chilling skies;
And, if experienc'd truths avail,
All your autumnal hopes shall fail.
"But, poet, whence such wide extremes?
" Well may you stile your labours dreams.
" A son of sorrow thou, I ween,
" Whose visions are the brats of spleen.
" Is bliss a vague unmeaning name—
" Speak then the passions' use or aim;
" Why rage desires without controul,
" And rouse such whirlwinds in the soul;
" Why hope erects her tow'ring crest,
" And laughs, and riots in the breast?
" Think not, my weaker brain turns round,
" Think not, I tread on fairy ground;
" Think not, your pulse alone beats true—
" Mine makes as healthful music too.
" Our joys, when life's soft spring we trace,
" Put forth their early buds apace,
" See the bloom loads the tender shoot,
" The bloom conceals the future fruit.
" Yes, manhood's warm meridian sun
" Shall ripen what in spring begun.

" Thus infant roses, ere they blow,
" In germinating clusters grow;
" And only wait the summer's ray,
" To burst and blossom to the day."
What said the gay unthinking boy?
Methought Hilario talk'd of joy!
Tell, if thou canst, whence joys arise,
Or what those mighty joys you prize.
You'll find, and trust superior years,
The vale of life, a vale of tears.
Could wisdom teach, where joys abound,
Or riches purchase them, when found,
Would scepter'd Solomon complain,
That all was fleeting, false and vain?
Yet scepter'd Solomon could say,
Returning clouds obscur'd his day.
Those maxims, which the preacher drew,
The royal sage experienc'd true.
He knew the various ills that wait
Our infant and meridian state;
That toys our earliest thoughts engage,
And diff'rent toys maturer age;
That grief at ev'ry stage appears,
But diff'rent griefs at diff'rent years;
That vanity is seen, in part,
Inscrib'd on ev'ry human heart;
In the child's breast the spark began,
Grows with his growth, and glares in man.
But when in life we journey late,
If follies die, do griefs abate?
Ah! what is life at fourscore years?—
One dark, rough road of sighs, groans, pains, and tears!
Perhaps you'll think I act the same,
As a sly sharper plays his game:
You triumph ev'ry deal that's past,
He's sure to triumph at the last;
Who often wins some thousands more
Than twice the sum you won before.
But I'm a loser with the rest,
For life is all a deal at best;
Where not the prize of wealth or fame,
Repays the trouble of the game;

A truth no winner e'er denied,
An hour before that winner died.
Not that with me these prizes shine,
For neither fame nor wealth are mine.
My cards! a weak plebeian band,
With scarce an honour in my hand,
And, since my trumps are very few,
What have I more to boast than you!
Nor am I gainer by your fall!
That harlot fortune bubbles all.
'Tis truth, receive it ill or well,
'Tis melancholy truth I tell.
Why should the preacher take your pence,
And smother truth to flatter sense?
I'm sure, physicians have no merit,
Who kill, through lenity of spirit.
That life's a game divines confess,
This says at cards, and that at chess:
But if our views be center'd here,
'Tis all a losing game, I fear.
Sailors, you know, when wars obtain,
And hostile vessels crowd the main,
If they discover from afar
A bark, as distant as a star,
Hold the perspective to their eyes,
To learn its colours, strength and size;
And when this secret once they know;
Make ready to receive the foe.
Let you and I from sailors learn
Important truths of like concern.
I clos'd the day, as custom led,
With reading, till the time of bed;
Where fancy, at the midnight hour,
Again display'd her magic pow'r,
For know that fancy, like a spright,
Prefers the silent scenes of night.
She lodg'd me in a neighb'ring wood,
No matter where the thicket stood;
The genius of the place was nigh,
And held two pictures to my eye.
The curious painter had pourtray'd
Life in each just and genuine shade

They, who have only known its dawn,
May think these lines too deeply drawn:
But riper years, I fear, will shew,
The wiser artist paints too true.

One piece presents a rueful wild,
Where not a summer's sun had smil'd:
The road with thorns is cover'd wide,
And grief sits weeping by the side;
Her tears with constant tenor flow,
And form a mournful lake below;
Whose silent waters, dark and deep,
Through all the gloomy valley creep.

Passions that flatter, or that slay,
Are beasts that fawn, or birds that prey.
Here vice assumes the serpent's shape;
There folly personates the ape;
Here av'rice gripes with harpies' claws;
There malice grins with tygers' jaws;
While sons of mischief, art and guile,
Are alligators of the Nile.

Ev'n pleasure acts a treach'rous part,
She charms the sense, but stings the heart;
And when she gulls us of our wealth,
Or that superior pearl, our health,
Restores us nought but pains and woe,
And drowns us in the lake below.

There a commission'd angel stands,
With desolation in his hands!
He sends the all-devouring flame,
And cities hardly boast a name:
Or wings the pestilential blast,
And lo! ten thousands breathe their last:
He speaks—obedient tempests roar,
And guilty nations are no more:
He speaks—the fury discord raves,
And sweeps whole armies to their graves:
Or famine lifts her mildew'd hand,
And hunger howls through all the land.

Oh! what a wretch is man I cried,
Expos'd to death on ev'ry side!
And sure as born, to be undone
By evils which he cannot shun!

Besides a thousand baits to sin,
A thousand traitors lodg'd within!
For soon as vice assaults the heart,
The rebels take the demon's part.
I sigh, my aching bosom bleeds;
When strait the milder plan succeeds.
The lake of tears, the dreary shore,
The same as in the piece before.
But gleams of light are here display'd,
To cheer the eye and gild the shade,
Affliction speaks a softer style,
And disappointment wears a smile.
A group of virtues blossom near,
Their roots improve by ev'ry tear.
Here patience, gentle maid! is nigh,
To calm the storm, and wipe the eye;
Hope acts the kind physician's part,
And warms the solitary heart;
Religion noble comfort brings,
Disarms our griefs, or blunt their stings;
Points out the balance on the whole,
And Heav'n rewards the struggling soul.
But while these raptures I pursue,
The genius suddenly withdrew.

DEATH.

VISION IX.

'Tis thought my Visions are too grave;
A proof I'm no designing knave.
Perhaps if int'rest held the scales,
I had devis'd quite diff'rent tales;
Had join'd the laughing low buffoon,
And scribbled satire and lampoon;
Or stirr'd each source of soft desire,
And fann'd the coals of wanton fire;
Then had my paltry Visions sold,
Yes, all my dreams had turn'd to gold;
Had prov'd the darlings of the town,
And I—a poet of renown!

Let not my awful theme surprise,
Let no unmanly fears arise.
I wear no melancholy hue,
No wreathes of cypress or of yew.
The shroud, the coffin, pall, or hearse,
Shall ne'er deform my softer verse:
Let me consign the fun'ral plume,
The herald's paint, the sculptur'd tomb,
And all the solemn farce of graves,
To undertakers and their slaves.
You know, that moral writers say
The world's a stage, and life a play;
That in this drama to succeed,
Requires much thought, and toil indeed!
There still remains one labour more,
Perhaps a greater than before.
Indulge the search, and you shall find
The harder task is still behind;
That harder task, to quit the stage
In early youth, or riper age;
To leave the company and place,
With firmness, dignity, and grace.
Come, then, the closing scenes survey,
'Tis the last act which crowns the play.
Do well this grand decisive part,
And gain the plaudit of your heart.
Few greatly live in Wisdom's eye—
But oh! how few who greatly die!
Who, when their days approach an end,
Can meet the foe, as friend meets friend.
Instructive heroes! tell us whence
Your noble scorn of flesh and sense!
You part from all we prize so dear,
Nor drop one soft reluctant tear:
Part from those tender joys of life,
The friend, the parent, child, and wife.
Death's black and stormy gulf you brave,
And ride exulting on the wave;
Deem thrones but trifles all!—no more—
Nor send one wishful look to shore.
For foreign ports and lands unknown,
Thus the firm sailor leaves his own;

Obedient to the rising gale,
Unmoors his bark, and spreads his sail;
Defies the ocean, and the wind,
Nor mourns the joys he leaves behind.
Is Death a pow'rful monarch? True—
Perhaps you dread the tyrant too!
Fear, like a fog, precludes the light,
Or swells the object to the sight.
Attend my visionary page,
And I'll disarm the tyrant's rage.
Come, let this ghastly form appear,
He's not so terrible when near.
Distance deludes th' unwary eye,
So clouds seem monsters in the sky:
Hold frequent converse with him now,
He'll daily wear a milder brow.
Why is my theme with terror fraught?
Because you shun the frequent thought,
Say, when the captive pard is nigh,
Whence thy pale cheek and frighted eye?
Say, why dismay'd thy manly breast,
When the grim lion shakes his crest?
Because these savage sights are new—
No keeper shudders at the view.
Keepers, accustom'd to the scene,
Approach the dens with look serene,
Fearless their grisly charge explore,
And smile to hear the tyrants roar.
"Ay—but to die! to bid adieu!
"An everlasting farewel too!
"Farewel to ev'ry joy around!
"Oh! the heart sickens at the sound!
Stay, stripling—thou art poorly taught—
Joy didst thou say?—discard the thought.
Joys are a rich celestial fruit,
And scorn a sublunary root.
What wears the face of joy below,
Is often found but splendid woe.
Joys here, like unsubstantial fame,
Are nothings with a pompous name;
Or else, like comets in the sphere,
Shine with destruction in their rear.

Passions, like clouds, obscure the sight,
Hence mortals seldom judge aright.
The world's a harsh unfruitful soil,
Yet still we hope, and still we toil:
Deceive ourselves with wond'rous art,
And disappointment wrings the heart.
Thus when a mist collects around,
And hovers o'er a barren ground,
The poor deluded trav'ller spies
Imagin'd trees and structures rise;
But when the shrouded sun is clear,
The desert and the rocks appear.
" Ah—but when youthful blood runs high,
" Sure 'tis a dreadful thing to die!
" To die! and what exalts the gloom,
" I'm told that man survives the tomb!
" O! can the learned prelate find
" What future scenes await the mind?
" Where wings the soul, dislodg'd from clay?
" Some courteous angel point the way!
" That unknown somewhere in the skies!
" Say, where that unknown somewhere lies;
" And kindly prove, when life is o'er,
" That pains and sorrows are no more.
" For doubtless dying is a curse,
" If present ills be chang'd for worse."
Hush, my young friend, forego the theme,
And listen to your poet's dream.
Ere while I took an evening walk,
Honorio join'd in social talk.
Along the lawns the zephyrs sweep,
Each ruder wind was lull'd asleep.
The sky, all beauteous to behold,
Was streak'd with azure, green, and gold;
But, though serenely soft and fair,
Fever hung brooding in the air;
Then settled on Honorio's breast,
Which shudder'd at the fatal guest.
No drugs the kindly wish fulfil,
Disease eludes the doctor's skill.
The poison spreads through all the frame,
Ferments, and kindles into flame.

From side to side Honorio turns,
And now with thirst insatiate burns.
His eyes resign their wonted grace,
Those friendly lamps expire apace!
The brain's an useless organ grown,
And Reason tumbled from his throne—
  But while the purple surges glow,
The currents thicken as they flow;
The blood in ev'ry distant part
Stagnates and disappoints the heart;
Defrauded of its crimson store,
The vital engine plays no more.
  Honorio dead, the fun'ral bell
Call'd ev'ry friend to bid farewel.
I join'd the melancholy bier,
And dropp'd the unavailing tear.
  The clock struck twelve—when nature sought
Repose from all the pangs of thought;
And while my limbs were sunk to rest,
A vision sooth'd my troubled breast.
  I dream'd the spectre Death appear'd,
I dream'd his hollow voice I heard!
Methought th' imperial tyrant wore
A state no prince assum'd before.
All nature fetch'd a gen'ral groan,
And lay expiring round his throne.
  I gaz'd—when straight arose to sight
The most detested fiend of night.
He shuffled with unequal pace,
And conscious shame deform'd his face.
With jealous leer he squinted round,
Or fix'd his eyes upon the ground.
From hell this frightful monster came,
Sin was his sire, and Guilt his name.
  This fury, with officious care.
Waited around the sov'reign's chair;
In robes of terrors drest the king,
And arm'd him with a baneful sting;
Gave fierceness to the tyrant's eye,
And hung the sword upon his thigh.
Diseases next, a hideous crowd!
Proclaim'd their master's empire loud;

And, all obedient to his will,
Flew in commission'd troops to kill.
A rising whirlwind shakes the poles,
And lightning glares, and thunder rolls.
The monarch and his train prepare
To range the foul tempestuous air.
Straight to his shoulders he applies
Two pinions of enormous size!
Methought I saw the ghastly form
Stretch his black wings, and mount the storm.
When Fancy's airy horse I strode,
And join'd the army on the road.
As the grim conqu'ror urg'd his way,
He scatter'd terror and dismay.
Thousands a pensive aspect wore,
Thousands who sneer'd at Death before.
Life's records rise on ev'ry side,
And Conscience spreads those volumes wide;
Which faithful registers were brought
By pale-ey'd Fear and busy Thought.
Those faults which artful men conceal,
Stand here engrav'd with pen of steel,
By Conscience, that impartial scribe!
Whose honest palm disdains a bribe.
Their actions all like critics view,
And all like faithful critics too.
As guilt had stain'd life's various stage,
What tears of blood bedew'd the page!
All shudder'd at the black account,
And scarce believ'd the vast amount!
All vow'd a sudden change of heart,
Would Death relent, and sheath his dart.
But, when the awful foe withdrew,
All to their follies fled anew.
So when a wolf, who scours at large,
Springs on the shepherd's fleecy charge,
The flock in wild disorder fly,
And cast behind a frequent eye;
But, when the victim's borne away,
They rush to pasture and to play.
Indulge my dream, and let my pen
Paint those unmeaning creatures, men.

Carus, with pains and sickness worn,
Chides the slow night, and sighs for morn;
Soon as he views the eastern ray,
He mourns the quick return of day;
Hourly laments protracted breath,
And courts the healing hand of Death.

Verres, oppress'd with guilt and shame,
Shipwreck'd in fortune, health and fame,
Pines for his dark sepulchral bed,
To mingle with th' unheeded dead.

With fourscore years gray Natho bends,
A burden to himself and friends;
And with impatience seems to wait
The friendly hand of ling'ring fate.
So hirelings wish their labour done,
And often eye the western sun.

The monarch hears their various grief;
Descends, and brings the wish'd relief.
On Death with wild surprise they star'd;
All seem'd averse! All unprepar'd!

As torrents sweep with rapid force,
The grave's pale chief pursu'd his course.
No human pow'r can or withstand,
Or shun the conquests of his hand.
Oh! could the prince of upright mind,
And, as a guardian angel, kind,
With ev'ry heart-felt worth beside,
Turn the keen shaft of Death aside,
When would the brave Augustus join
The ashes of his sacred line?
But Death maintains no partial war,
He mocks a sultan or a czar.
He lays his iron hand on all——
Yes, kings, and sons of kings must fall!
A truth Britannia lately felt,
And trembled to her centre!——

Could ablest statesmen ward the blow,
Would Granville own this common foe?
For greater talents ne'er were known
To grace the fav'rite of a throne.

Could genius save—wit, learning, fire—
Tell me, would Chesterfield expire?

Say, would his glorious sun decline,
And set like your pale star or mine?
Could ev'ry virtue of the sky—
Would Herring, Butler, Secker die?
Why this address to peerage all—
United Allen's virtues call!
If Allen's worth demands a place,
Lords, with your leave; 'tis no disgrace.
Though high your ranks in heralds' rolls,
Know Virtue too ennobles souls.
By her that private man's renown'd,
Who pours a thousand blessings round.
While Allen takes Affliction's part,
And draws out all his gen'rous heart;
Anxious to seize the fleeting day,
Lest unimprov'd it steal away;
While thus he walks with jealous strife
Through goodness, as he walks through life,
Shall not I mark his radiant path?—
Rise, muse, and sing the Man of Bath!
Publish abroad, could goodness save,
Allen would disappoint the grave;
Translated to the heav'enly shore,
Like Enoch, when his walk was o'er.
Not Beauty's pow'rful pleas restrain—
Her pleas are trifling, weak, and vain;
For women pierce with shrieks the air,
Smite their bare breasts, and rend their hair.
All have a doleful tale to tell,
How friends, sons, daughters, husbands fell!
Alas! is life our fav'rite theme!
'Tis all a vain, or painful dream,
A dream which fools or cowards prize,
But slighted by the brave or wise.
Who lives, for others' ills must groan,
Or bleed for sorrows of his own;
Must journey on with weeping eye,
Then pant, sink, agonize, and die.
And shall a man arraign the skies,
Because man lives, and mourns, and dies?
Impatient reptile! Reason cry'd;
Arraign thy passion and thy pride.

Retire, and commune with thy heart,
Ask, whence thou cam'st, and what thou art.
Explore thy body and thy mind,
Thy station too, why here assign'd.
The search shall teach thee life to prize,
And make thee grateful, good, and wise.
Why do you roam to foreign climes,
To study nations, modes, and times;
A science often dearly bought,
And often what avails you nought?
Go, man, and act a wiser part,
Study the science of your heart.
This home philosophy, you know,
Was priz'd some thousand years ago.
Then why abroad a frequent guest?
Why such a stranger to your breast?
Why turn so many volumes o'er,
'Till Dodsley can supply no more?
Not all the volumes on thy shelf,
Are worth that single volume, Self.
For who this sacred book declines,
Howe'er in other arts he shines;
Though smit with Pindar's noble rage,
Or vers'd in Tully's manly page;
Though deeply read in Plato's school;
With all his knowledge is a fool.
Proclaim the truth—say, what is man?
His body from the dust began;
And when a few short years are o'er,
The crumbling fabric is no more.
But whence the soul? From heav'n it came!
Oh! prize this intellectual flame.
'This nobler Self with rapture scan,
'Tis mind alone which makes the man.
Trust me, there's not a joy on earth,
But from the soul derives its birth.
Ask the young rake, he'll answer right
Who treats by day, and drinks by night,
What makes his entertainments shine,
What gives the relish to his wine;
He'll tell thee if he scorns the beast,
That social pleasures form the feast.

The charms of beauty too shall cloy,
Unless the soul exalts the joy.
The mind must animate the face,
Or cold and tasteless ev'ry grace.
What! must the soul her pow'rs dispense
To raise and swell the joys of sense?
Know too, the joys of sense controul,
And clog the motions of the soul;
Forbid her pinions to aspire,
Damp and impair her native fire:
And sure as Sense, 'that tyrant!' reigns,
She holds the empress, Soul, in chains,
Inglorious bondage to the mind,
Heaven-born, sublime, and unconfin'd!
She's independent, fair and great,
And justly claims a large estate;
She asks no borrow'd aids to shine,
She boasts within a golden mine;
But, like the treasures of Peru,
Her wealth lies deep and far from view,
Say, shall the man who knows her worth,
Debase her dignity and birth;
Or e'er repine at Heaven's decree,
Who kindly gave her leave to be:
Call'd her from nothing into day,
And built her tenement of clay?
Hear and accept me for your guide,
Reason shall ne'er desert your side.
Who listens to my wiser voice,
Can't but applaud his Maker's choice;
Pleas'd with that First and Sovereign Cause,
Pleas'd with unerring Wisdom's laws;
Secure, since Sovereign Goodness reigns,
Secure, since Sovereign Pow'r obtains.
With curious eyes review thy frame,
This science shall direct thy claim.
Dost thou indulge a double view,
A long long life, and happy too?
Perhaps a further boon you crave—
To lie down easy in the grave!
Know then my dictates must prevail,
Or surely each fond wish shall fail—

Come then, is happiness thy aim?
Let mental joys be all thy game.
Repeat the search, and mend your pace,
The capture shall reward the chace.
Let ev'ry minute, as it springs,
Convey fresh knowledge on its wings;
Let ev'ry minute, as it flies,
Record thee good as well as wise.
While such pursuits your thoughts engage,
In a few years you'll live an age.
Who measures life by rolling years?
Fools measure by revolving spheres.
Go thou, and fetch th' unerring rule
From Virtue's, and from Wisdom's school!
Who well improves life's shortest day,
Will scarce regret its setting ray;
Contented with his share of light,
Nor fear nor wish th' approach of night.
And when disease assaults the heart,
When Sickness triumphs over art,
Reflections on a life well past,
Shall prove a cordial to the last;
This med'cine shall the soul sustain,
And soften or supend her pain;
Shall break death's fell tyrannic power,
And calm the troubled dying hour.
Blest rules of cool prudential age!
I listen'd, and rever'd the sage.
When lo! a form divinely bright
Descends and bursts upon my sight,
A seraph of illustrious birth!
Religion was her name on earth:
Supremely sweet her radiant face,
And blooming with celestial grace!
Three shining cherubs form'd her train,
Wav'd their light wings, and reach'd the plain;
Faith, with sublime and piercing eye,
And pinions fluttering for the sky;
Here Hope, that smiling angel, stands,
And golden anchors grace her hands:
There Charity, in robes of white,
Fairest and fav'rite maid of light!

The seraph spake—'tis Reason's part,
To govern and to guard the heart;
To lull the wayward soul to rest,
When hopes and fears distract the breast.
Reason may calm this doubtful strife,
And steer thy bark through various life:
But when the storms of death are nigh,
And midnight darkness veils the sky,
Shall reason then direct the sail,
Disperse the clouds, or sink the gale?
Stranger, the skill alone is mine,
Skill! that transcends his scanty line.
That hoary sage has counsell'd right—
Be wise, nor scorn his friendly light.
Revere thyself—thou'rt near ally'd
To angels on thy better side.
How various e'er their ranks or kinds,
Angels are but unbodied minds;
When the partition walls decay,
Men emerge angels from their clay.
Yes, when the frailer body dies,
The soul asserts her kindred skies.
But minds, though sprung from heav'nly race,
Must first be tutor'd for the place.
The joys above are understood,
And relish'd only by the good.
Who shall assume this guardian care?
Who shall secure their birthright there?
Souls are my charge—to me 'tis giv'n
To train them for their native heav'n.
Know then—Who bow the early knee,
And give the willing heart to me;
Who wisely, when temptation waits,
Elude her frauds, and spurn her baits;
Who dare to own my injur'd cause,
Though fools deride my sacred laws;
Or scorn to deviate to the wrong,
Though persecution lifts her thong;
Though all the sons of hell conspire
To raise the stake, and light the fire;
Know, that for such superior souls,
There lies a bliss beyond the poles;

Where spirits shine with purer ray,
And brighten to meridian day;
Where love, where boundless friendship rules,
No friends that change, no love that cools!
Where rising floods of knowledge roll,
And pour and pour upon the soul!
But where's the passage to the skies?—
The road through death's black valley lies.
Nay, do not shudder at my tale—
Though dark the shades, yet safe the vale.
This path the best of men have trod;
And who'd decline the road to God?
Oh! 'tis a glorious boon to die!
This favour can't be priz'd too high.
While thus she spake, my looks express'd
The raptures kindling in my breast:
My soul a fix'd attention gave;
When the stern monarch of the grave
With haughty strides approach'd—Amaz'd
I stood, and trembled as I gaz'd.
The seraph calm'd each anxious fear,
And kindly wip'd the falling tear;
Then hasted with expanded wing
To meet the pale terrific king.
But now what milder scenes arise?
The tyrant drops his hostile guise.
He seems a youth divinely fair,
In graceful ringlets waves his hair.
His wings their whitening plumes display,
His burnish'd plumes reflect the day.
Light flows his shining azure vest,
And all the angel stands confest.
I view'd the change with sweet surprise,
And oh! I panted for the skies;
Thank'd Heav'n that e'er I drew my breath,
And triumph'd in the thoughts of death.

FABLES.

NEPTUNE AND THE MARINERS.

When sore calamities we feel,
And sorrow treads on sorrow's heel,
Our courage and our strength, we say,
Are insufficient for the day.
Thus man's a poor dejected elf,
Who fain would run away from self.
Yet turn to Germany, you'll find
An Atlas of a human mind !
But here I deviate from my plan,
For Prussia's king is more than man !
Inferior beings suit my rhyme,
My scheme, my genius, and my time ;
Men, birds, and beasts, with now and then
A pagan god to grace my pen.
A vessel bound for India's coast,
The merchant's confidence and boast,
Puts forth to sea—the gentle deep
Bespeaks its boisterous god asleep.
Three cheerful shouts the sailors gave,
And zephyrs curl the shining wave.
A halcyon sky prevails a while,
The tritons and the nereids smile.
These omens fairest hopes impress,
And half ensure the George success.
What casual ills these hopes destroy !
To change how subject every joy ?
When dangers most remote appear,
Experience proves those dangers near.
Thus, boast of health whene'er you please,
Health is next neighbour to disease.
'Tis prudence to suspect a foe,
And fortitude to meet the blow.
In wisdom's rank he stands the first,
Who stands prepar'd to meet the worst.

For lo! unnumber'd clouds arise,
The sable regions spread the skies.
The storm around the vessel raves,
The deep displays a thousand graves.
With active hands and fearless hearts
The sailors play their various parts;
They ply the pumps, they furl the sails,
Yet nought their diligence avails.
The tempest thickens every hour,
And mocks the feats of human pow'r.
The sailors now their fate deplore,
Estrang'd to every fear before.
With wild surprise their eye-balls glare,
Their honest breasts admit despair.
All further efforts they decline,
At once all future hopes resign;
And thus abandoning their skill,
They give the ship to drive at will.
Straight enter'd with majestic grace,
A form of more than human race,
The god an azure mantle wore,
His hand a forked sceptre bore!
When thus the monarch of the main—
How dare you deem your labours vain?
Shall man exert himself the less,
Because superior dangers press?
How can I think your hearts sincere,
Unless you bravely persevere?
Know, mortals, that when perils rise,
Perils enhance the glorious prize.
But, who deserts himself, shall be
Deserted by the gods and me.
Hence to your charge, and do your best,
My trident shall do all the rest.
The mariners their task renew,
All to their destin'd province flew.
The winds are hush'd—the sea subsides,
The gallant George in safety rides.

FABLES.

THE SNAIL AND THE GARDENER.

When sons of fortune ride on high,
How do we point th' admiring eye!
With foolish face of wonder gaze,
And often covet what we praise.
How do we partial nature chide,
As deaf to every son beside!
Or censure the mistaken dame,
As if her optics were to blame!
Thus we deem nature most unkind,
Or what's as bad, we deem her blind.
But when inferior ranks we see,
Who move in humbler spheres than we;
Men by comparisons are taught,
Nature is not so much in fault.
Yet mark my tale—the poet's pen
Shall vindicate her ways to men.
Within a garden, far from town,
There dwelt a snail of high renown;
Who by tradition, as appears,
Had been a tenant several years.
She spent her youth in wisdom's page—
Hence honour'd and rever'd in age.
Do snails at any time contend,
Insult a neighbour or a friend;
Dispute their property, and share,
Or in a cherry or a pear?
No lord chief justice, all agree,
So able, and so just as she!
Whichever way their causes went,
All parties came away content.
At length she found herself decay,
Death sent mementos every day.
Her drooping strength sustains no more
The shell, which on her back she bore.
The eye had lost its visual art,
The heavy ear refus'd its part;
The teeth perform'd their office ill,
And every member fail'd her will.

But no defects in mind appear,
Her intellects are strong and clear:
Thus when his glorious course is run,
How brightly shines the setting sun!
The news through all the garden spread,
The neighbours throng'd about her bed;
Cheerful she rais'd her voice aloud,
And thus address'd the weeping crowd:
My friends, I'm hast'ning to the grave,
And know, nor plum, nor peach can save.
Yes, to those mansions go I must,
Where our good fathers sleep in dust.
Nor am I backward to explore
That gloomy vale they trod before.
'Gainst fate's decree what can I say?
Like other snails I've had my day.
Full many summer suns I've seen,
And now die grateful and serene.
If men the higher pow'rs arraign,
Shall we adopt the plaintive strain?
Nature, profuse to us and ours,
Hath kindly built these stately tow'rs;
Where, when the skies in night are drest,
Secure from ev'ry ill we rest.
Survey our curious structure well—
How firm, and yet how light our shell:
Our refuge, when cold storms invade,
And in the dog-days' heat our shade.
Thus when we see a fleeter race,
We'll not lament our languid pace,
Do dangers rise, or foes withstand?
Are not our castles close at hand?
For let a snail at distance roam,
The happy snail is still at home.
Survey our garden's blest retreats—
Oh! what a paradise of sweets!
With what variety ist stor'd!
Unnumber'd dainties spread our board
The plums assume their glossy blue,
And checks of nectarines glow for you:
Peaches their lovely blush betray,
And apricots their gold display;

While for your beverage, when you dine,
There streams the nectar of the vine.
Be not my dying words forgot,
Depart, contented with your lot;
Repress complaints when they begin,
Ingratitude's a crying sin.
And hold it for a truth, that we
Are quite as blest as snails should be.
The gardener hears with great surprise
This sage discourse, and thus he cries—
Oh! what a thankless wretch am I,
Who pass ten thousand favours by!
I blame, whene'er the linnet sings,
My want of song, or want of wings.
The piercing hawk, with towering flight,
Reminds me of deficient sight.
And when the generous steed I view,
Is not his strength my envy too?
I thus at birds and beasts repine,
And wish their various talents mine.
Fool as I am, who cannot see
Reason is more than all to me.
My landlord boasts a large estate,
Rides in his coach, and eats in plate.
What! shall these lures bewitch my eye?
Shall they extort the murmuring sigh?
Say, he enjoys superior wealth—
Is not my better portion, health?
Before the sun has gilt the skies,
Returning labour bids me rise;
Obedient to the hunter's horn,
He quits his couch at early morn.
By want compell'd, I dig the soil,
His is a voluntary toil.
For truth it is, since Adam's fall,
His sons must labour one and all.
No man's exempted by his purse,
Kings are included in the curse.
Would monarchs relish what they eat?
'Tis toil that makes the manchet sweet;
Nature enacts, before they're fed,
That prince and peasant earn their bread.

Hence wisdom and experience show,
That bliss in equal currents flow;
That happiness is still the same,
Howe'er ingredients change their name.
Nor doth this theme our search defy,
'Tis level to the human eye.
Distinctions introduc'd by men,
Bewilder and obscure our ken.
I'll store these lesons in my heart,
And cheerful act my proper part.
If sorrows rise, as sorrows will,
I'll stand resign'd to every ill;
Convinc'd, that wisely every pack
Is suited to the bearer's back.

THE FIRESIDE.

Dear Cloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance;
Though singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world hath nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our bliss must flow,
And that dear hut our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left

That safe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excursions o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explor'd the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good,
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comfort bring;
If tutor'd right they'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise;
We'll form their minds with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs;
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And they our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrow'd joys! they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your state,
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed,
But then how little do we need,
For nature's calls are few!
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content,
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,

Nor aim beyond our power;
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all.
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are deny'd,
And pleas'd with favours given;
Dear Cloe, this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We'll ask no long-protracted treat,
Since winter-life is seldom sweet;
But, when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
The relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go;
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble, or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

TO A CHILD OF FIVE YEARS OLD.

Fairest flower, all flowers excelling,
Which in Milton's page we see;
Flowers of Eve's embower'd dwelling
Are, my fair one, types of thee.

Mark, my Polly, how the roses
Emulate thy damask cheek;
How the bud its sweets discloses—
Buds thy opening bloom bespeak.

Lilies are by plain direction
Emblems of a double kind;
Emblems of thy fair complexion,
Emblems of thy fairer mind.

But, dear girl, both flowers and beauty
Blossom, fade, and die away;
Then pursue good sense and duty,
Evergreens! which ne'er decay.

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow, didst thou say!
Methought I heard Horatio say, To-morrow,
Go to—I will not hear of it—To-morrow!
'Tis a sharper, who stakes his penury
Against thy plenty— who takes thy ready cash,
And pays thee nought but wishes, hopes, and promises,
The currency of idiots. Injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the easy creditor!—To morrow!
It is a period nowhere to be found
In all the hoary registers of time,
Unless perchance in the fool's calendar.
Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society
With those who own it. No, my Horatio,
'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father;
Wrought of such stuffs as dreams are; and baseless
As the fantastic visions of the evening.
But soft, my friend—arrest the present moments;
For be assur'd, they all are arrant tell-tales;
And though their flight be silent, and their path trackless
As the wing'd couriers of the air,
They post to heaven, and there record thy folly.
Because, though station'd on the important watch,
Thou, like a sleeping faithless sentinel,
Didst let them pass unnotic'd, unimprov'd.
And know, for that thou slumber'dst on the guard,

Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
For every fugitive: and when thou thus
Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
Of hood-winkt justice, who shall tell thy audit?
Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio;
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings.
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms! far more precious
Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain!—
Oh! let it not elude thy grasp, but, like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.

THE NIGHT PIECE.

Hark! the prophetic raven brings
My summons on his boding wings;
The birds of night my fate foretel,
The prescient death-watch sounds my knell.

A solemn darkness spreads the tomb,
But terrors haunt the midnight gloom;
Methinks a browner horror falls,
And silent spectres sweep the walls.

Tell me, my soul, oh tell me why
The faultering tongue, the broken sigh?
Thy manly cheeks bedew'd with tears,
Tell me, my soul, from whence these fears?

When conscious guilt arrests the mind,
Avenging furies stalk behind,
And sickly fancy intervenes,
To dress the visionary scenes.

Jesus, to thee I'll fly for aid,
Propitious sun, dispel the shade;
All the pale family of fear
Would vanish, were my Saviour here.

No more imagin'd spectres walk,
No more the doubtful echoes talk;

Soft zephyrs fan the neighbouring trees,
And meditation mounts the breeze.

How sweet these sacred hours of rest,
Fair portraits of the virtuous breast,
Where lawless lust, and passions rude,
And folly never dare intrude!

Be others' choice the sparkling bowl,
And mirth, the poison of the soul;
Or midnight dance, and public shows,
Parents of sickness, pains, and woes.

A nobler joy my thoughts design;
Instructive solitude be mine;
Be mine that silent calm repast,
A cheerful conscience to the last.

That tree which bears immortal fruit,
Without a canker at the root;
That friend which never fails the just,
When other friends desert their trust.

Come then, my soul, be this thy guest
And leave to knaves and fools the rest.
With this thou ever shalt be gay,
And night shall brighten into day.

With this companion in the shade,
Surely thou couldst not be dismay'd:
But if thy Saviour here were found,
All Paradise would bloom around.

"Had I a firm and lasting faith,"
To credit what the Almighty saith,
I could defy the midnight gloom,
And the pale monarch of the tomb.

Though tempests drive me from the shore,
And floods descend, and billows roar;
Though death appears in every form,
My little bark should brave the storm.

Then if my God requir'd the life
Of brother, parent, child, or wife,

Lord, I should bless the stern decree,
And give my dearest friend to thee.

Amidst the various scenes of ills,
Each stroke some kind design fulfils;
And shall I murmur at my God,
When sovereign love directs the rod?

Peace, rebel-thoughts—I'll not complain,
My Father's smiles suspend my pain;
Smiles—that a thousand joys impart,
And pour the balm that heals the smart.

Though Heaven afflicts, I'll not repine,
Each heart-felt comfort still is mine;
Comforts that shall o'er death prevail,
And journey with me through the vale.

Dear Jesus, smooth that rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day,
To milder skies, and brighter plains,
Where everlasting sunshine reigns.

BLACKLOCK.

THE biography of few persons is more interesting than that of Thomas Blacklock, a man who had the obstacles of nature and fortune to overcome, before his talents could unfold themselves to view.

He was born at Annan in the county of Dumfries, in 1721, of humble parentage; and before he was six months old, had the misfortune to be totally deprived of sight by the small pox. This rendered him incapable of getting a living by any mechanical trade; but his father finding he possessed an aptitude of learning, used to indulge him by reading to him such books as he could command; and his friends and companions, touched with pity for his situation, and attached to him by the mildness of his disposition, were very assiduous to amuse his infant years by reading poetry to him, in which he took an enthusiastic delight; and from loving and admiring such compositions, he was soon led to imitation. At the age of twelve, he began to write verses; and some of his productions having fallen into the hands of Dr. Stevenson, a physician in Edinburgh, he was carried to that city in 1741, and entered a student in the university, though his classical attainments at that period were extremely limited.

In 1746, he published a small collection of poems, which attracted the notice of Spence, a man who seems to have always cherished the benevolent design of encouraging merit in distress and obscurity, and who wrote a very ingenious and elaborate account of this blind bard, which was of essential service to his interests.

After improving himself to an astonishing degree, considering his privation of sight, Blacklock at length took orders, and obtained great reputation as a preacher.

In 1762 he married a Miss Johnstone, daughter of a surgeon in Dumfries, a connection from which he derived the great solace and blessing of his future life.

Soon after, he was ordained minister of Kirkudbright, in a presentation from the crown; but the inhabitants of that parish having taken some unjust and illiberal exceptions to him as a pastor, he resigned his living on a moderate annuity, and returned to Edinburgh, where he adopted the plan of receiving a certain number of young gentlemen into his house, whose studies he superintended with a fidelity and success that gained him applause and encouragement.

Our limits will not allow us to enlarge on the various publications of this extraordinary man. He died in 1791, in the 70th year of his age, with the same composure and equanimity in which he had passed through life, leaving behind him a high character for moral goodness and useful talents. As a poet, if not of the highest class, he is entitled to a rank not inferior to Addison, Parnell, and Shenstone, with respect to proper imagery, correct style, or creative genius. His compositions exhibit ample proofs of ready invention, lively fancy, ardent feeling, correct taste, and a copious command of poetical language. They are the productions of a mind not deficient in fire or enthusiasm; but they are more recommended by simplicity, tenderness, animation, and harmony, than by sublimity, variety, comprehension, or originality; they bear evident marks of poetical genius and classical taste, though we do not find in them the traces of that patient industry which fixes the stamp of faultless accuracy upon every line. Pope seems to have been his model for versification, and it must be allowed that he has copied his pauses, cadence, and cast of diction with considerable success; many passages are written with a correctness and harmony, which rival the best productions of that admirable poet; but another praise, which the good will value, belongs to his poems in a high degree; they breathe the purest spirit of piety, virtue, and benevolence. These indeed are the muses of Blacklock; they inspire his poetry, as they animated his life; and he never approaches the sacred ground on which they dwell, without an expansion of mind, and an elevation of language.

HYMN TO THE SUPREME BEING,

IN IMITATION OF THE CIV. PSALM.

Arise, my soul, on wings seraphic rise,
And praise th'Almighty Sov'reign of the skies;
In whom alone essential glory shines,
Which not the heaven of heav'ns, nor boundless space confines.

When darkness rul'd with universal sway,
He spoke, and kindled up the blaze of day;
First, fairest offspring of the omnific word!
Which, like a garment, cloth'd its sovereign Lord.
On liquid air he bade the columns rise,
That prop the starry concave of the skies!
Diffus'd the blue expanse from pole to pole,
And spread circumfluent ether round the whole.

Soon as he bids impetuous tempests fly,
To wing his sounding chariot through the sky;
Impetuous tempests the command obey,
Sustain his flight, and sweep the aerial way.
Fraught with his mandates, from the realms on high,
Unnumber'd hosts of radiant heralds fly
From orb to orb, with progress unconfin'd,
As lightning swift, resistless as the wind.
In ambient air this pond'rous ball he hung,
And bade its centre rest forever strong;
Heav'n, air, and sea, with all their storms, in vain
Assault the basis of the firm machine.

At thy Almighty voice old ocean raves,
Wakes all his force, and gathers all his waves;
Nature lies mantled in a wat'ry robe,
And shoreless billows revel round the globe;
O'er highest hills the higher surges rise,
Mix with the clouds, and meet the fluid skies.
But when in thunder the rebuke was giv'n,
That shook th' eternal firmament of heav'n;
The grand rebuke th' affrighted waves obey,
And in confusion scour their uncouth way;

And posting rapid to the place decreed,
Wind down the hills, and sweep the humble mead.
Reluctant in their bounds the waves subside;
The bounds, impervious to the lasting tide,
Restrain its rage; whilst, with incessant roar,
It shakes the caverns, and assaults the shore.

By him, from mountains cloth'd in lucid snow,
Through fertile vales the mazy rivers flow.

Here the wild horse, unconscious of the rein,
That revels boundless o'er the wide campaign,
Imbibes the silver surge, with heat opprest,
To cool the fever of his glowing breast.
Here rising boughs, adorn'd with summer's pride,
Project their waving umbrage o'er the tide;
While, gently perching on the leafy spray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his various lay:
And, while thy praise they symphonize around,
Creation echoes to the grateful sound.
Wide o'er the heav'ns the various bow he bends,
Its tinctures brightens, and its arch extends:
At the glad sign the airy conduits flow,
Soften the hills, and cheer the meads below:
By genial fervour and prolific rain,
Swift vegetation clothes the smiling plain:
Nature, profusely good, with bliss o'erflows,
And still is pregnant, though she still bestows.

Here verdant pastures wide extended lie,
And yield the grazing herd exuberant supply.
Luxuriant waving in the wanton air,
Here golden grain rewards the peasant's care:
Here vines mature with fresh carnation glow,
And heav'n above diffuses heav'n below.
Erect and tall here mountain cedars rise,
Wave in the starry vault, and emulate the skies.
Here the wing'd crowd, that skim the yielding air,
With artful toil their little domes prepare; [care,
Here hatch their tender young, and nurse their rising
Up the steep hill ascends the nimble doe,
While timid conies scour the plains below,
Or in the pendant rock elude the scenting foe.

He bade the silver majesty of night
Revolve her circles, and increase her light;
Assign'd a province to each rolling sphere,
And taught the sun to regulate the year
At his command, wide hov'ring o'er the plain,
Primæval night resumes her gloomy reign:
Then from their dens, impatient of delay,
The savage monsters bend their speedy way,
Howl through the spacious waste, and chase their frighted prey.
Here stalks the shaggy monarch of the wood,
Taught from thy providence to ask his food:
To thee, O Father, to thy bounteous skies,
He rears his mane, and rolls his glaring eyes;
He roars; the desert trembles wide around,
And repercussive hills repeat the sound.

Now orient gems the eastern skies adorn,
And joyful nature hails the op'ning morn;
The rovers, conscious of approaching day,
Fly to their shelters, and forget their prey.
Laborious man, with mod'rate slumber blest,
Springs cheerful to his toil from downy rest;
Till grateful evening, with her argent train,
Bid labour cease, and ease the weary swain.

"Hail! sov'reign goodness, all productive mind!
"On all thy works thyself inscrib'd we find:
"How various all, how variously endow'd,
"How great their number, and each part how good!
"How perfect then must the great Parent shine,
"Who, with one act of energy divine,
"Laid the vast plan, and finish'd the design."
Where'er the pleasing search my thoughts pursue,
Unbounded goodness rises to my view;
Nor does our world alone its influence share;
Exhaustless bounty, and unwearied care
Extends to all th' infinitude of space,
And circles nature with a kind embrace.
The azure kingdoms of the deep below,
Thy pow'r, thy wisdom, and thy goodness show:
Here multitudes of various beings stray,
Crowd the profound, or on the surface play:

Tall navies here their doubtful way explore,
And ev'ry product waft from ev'ry shore;
Hence meagre want expell'd, and sanguine strife,
For the mild charms of cultivated life;
Hence social union spreads from soul to soul,
And India joins in friendship with the pole.
Here the huge potent of the scaly train
Enormous sails incumbent o'er the main,
An animated isle; and in his way,
Dashes to heav'n's blue arch the foamy sea:
When skies and ocean mingle storm and flame,
Portending instant wreck to nature's frame,
Pleas'd in the scene, he mocks, with conscious pride,
The volley'd light'ning, and the surging tide;
And, while the wrathful elements engage,
Foments with horrid sport the tempest's rage.
All these thy watchful providence supplies,
To thee alone they turn their waiting eyes;
For them thou open'st thy exhaustless store,
Till the capacious wish can grasp no more.
But, if one moment thou thy face should'st hide,
Thy glory clouded, or thy smiles deny'd,
Then widow'd nature veils her mournful eyes,
And vents her grief in universal cries;
Then gloomy death with all his meagre train,
Wide o'er the nations spreads his dismal reign;
Sea, earth, and air, the boundless ravage mourn,
And all their hosts to native dust return.
But when again thy glory is display'd,
Reviv'd creation lifts her cheerful head;
New rising forms thy potent smiles obey,
And life rekindles at the genial ray:
United thanks replenish'd nature pays,
And heav'n and earth resound their maker's praise.
When time shall in eternity be lost,
And hoary nature languish into dust;
For ever young thy glory shall remain,
Vast as thy being, endless as thy reign.
Thou, from the regions of eternal day,
View'st all thy works at one immense survey:
Pleas'd thou behold'st the whole propensely tend
To perfect happiness, its glorious end.

If thou to earth but turn thy wrathful eyes,
Her basis trembles, and her offspring dies.
Thou smit'st the hills, and, at th' almighty blow,
Their summits kindle, and their inwards glow.
While this immortal spark of heav'nly flame
Distends my breast, and animates my frame;
To thee my ardent praises shall be borne
On the first breeze that wakes the blushing morn:
The latest star shall hear the pleasing sound,
And nature in full choir shall join around.
When full of thee my soul excursive flies
Through air, earth, ocean, or thy regal skies;
From world to world, new wonders still I find,
And all the Godhead flashes on my mind.
When, wing'd with whirlwinds, vice shall take its flight
To the deep bosom of eternal night,
To thee my soul shall endless praises pay;
Join, men and angels, join th' exalted lay!

HYMN TO FORTITUDE.

Night, brooding o'er her mute domain,
In awful silence wraps her reign;
Clouds press on clouds, and, as they rise,
Condense to solid gloom the skies,
Portentous, through the foggy air,
To wake the dæmon of despair,
The raven hoarse, and boding owl,
To Hecate curst anthems howl.
Intent, with execrable art,
To burn the veins, and tear the heart,
The witch, unhallow'd bones to raise,
Through fun'ral vaults and charnels strays;
Calls the damn'd shade from ev'ry cell,
And adds new labours to their hell.
And, shield me Heav'n! what hollow sound,
Like fate's dread knell, runs echoing round?
The bell strikes one, that magic hour,
When rising fiends exert their pow'r.

And now, sure now, some cause unblest
Breathes more than horror through my breast :
How deep the breeze ! how dim the light !
What spectres swim before my sight !
My frozen limbs pale terror chains,
And in wild eddies wheel my brains :
My icy blood forgets to roll,
And death ev'n seems to seize my soul.
What sacred pow'r, what healing art,
Shall bid my soul herself assert ;
Shall rouze th' immortal active flame,
And teach her whence her being came ?
O Fortitude ! divinely bright,
O Virtue's child, and man's delight !
Descend, an amicable guest,
And with thy firmness steel my breast :
Descend propitious to my lays,
And, while my lyre resounds thy praise,
With energy divinely strong,
Exalt my soul, and warm my song.
When raving in eternal pains,
And loaded with ten thousand chains,
Vice, deep in Phlegeton, yet lay,
Nor with her visage blasted day ;
Nor fear to guiltless man was known,
For God and Virtue reign'd alone :
But when, from native flames and night,
The cursed monster wing'd her flight,
Pale fear, among her hideous train,
Chas'd sweet contentment from her reign ;
Plac'd death and hell before each eye,
And wrapt in mist the golden sky ;
Banish'd from day each dear delight,
And shook with conscious starts the night.
When from the imperial seats on high,
The Lord of nature turn'd his eye
To view the state of things below ;
Still blest to make his creatures so :
From earth he saw Astræa fly,
And seek her mansions in the sky :
Peace, crown'd with olives, left her throne,
And white rob'd innocence was gone :

While vice, reveal'd in open day,
Sole tyrant, rul'd with iron sway;
And virtue veil'd her weeping charms,
And fled for refuge to his arms,
Her altars scorn'd, her shrines defac'd—
Whom thus th' essential Good address'd:

"Thou, whom my soul adores alone,
Effulgent sharer of my throne,
Fair empress of eternity!
Who uncreated reign'st like me;
Whom I, who sole and boundless sway,
With pleasure infinite obey:
To yon diurnal scenes below,
Who feel their folly in their woe,
Again propitious turn thy flight,
Again oppose yon tyrant's might;
To earth thy cloudless charms disclose,
Revive thy friends, and blast thy foes:
Thy triumphs man shall raptur'd see,
Act, suffer, live, and die for thee.
But since all crimes their hell contain,
Since all must feel who merit pain,
Let Fortitude thy steps attend,
And be, like thee, to man a friend;
To urge him on the arduous road,
That leads to virtue, bliss, and God;
To blunt the sting of ev'ry grief,
And be to all a near relief."

He said; and she, with smiles divine,
Which made all heav'n more brightly shine,
To earth return'd with all her train,
And brought the golden age again.
Since erring mortals, unconstrain'd,
The God, that warms their breast, profan'd,
She, guardian of their joys no more,
Could only leave them, and deplore:
They, now the easy prey of pain,
Curst in their wish, their choice obtain;
Till arm'd with heav'n and fate, she came
Her destin'd honours to reclaim.
Vice and her slaves beheld her flight,
And fled, like birds obscene, from light,

Back to th' abode of plagues return,
To sin and smart, blaspheme and burn.
Thou, goddess! since, with sacred aid,
Hast ev'ry grief and pain allay'd,
To joy converted ev'ry smart,
And plac'd a heav'n in ev'ry heart:
By thee we act, by thee sustain,
Thou sacred antidote of pain!
At thy great nod the Alps subside,
Reluctant rivers turn their tide;
With all thy force, Alcides warm'd,
His hand against oppression arm'd:
By thee his mighty nerves were strung,
By thee his strength for ever young;
And whilst on brutal force he press'd,
His vigour, with his foes, increas'd.
By thee, like Jove's almighty hand,
Ambition's havoc to withstand,
Timoleon rose, the scourge of fate,
And hurl'd a tyrant from his state;
The brother in his soul subdu'd,
And warm'd the poniard in his blood;
A soul by so much virtue fir'd,
Not Greece alone, but heav'n admir'd.
But in these dregs of human kind,
These days to guilt and fear resign'd,
How rare such views the heart elate!
To brave the last extremes of fate;
Like Heav'n's almighty pow'r serene,
With fix'd regard to view the scene,
When nature quakes beneath the storm,
And horror wears its direst form.
Though future worlds are now descry'd,
Though Paul has writ, and Jesus dy'd,
Dispell'd the dark infernal shade,
And all the heav'n of heav'ns display'd;
Curst with unnumber'd groundless fears,
How pale yon shiv'ring wretch appears!
For him the day-light shines in vain,
For him the fields no joys contain;
Nature's whole charms to him are lost,
No more the woods their music boast;

No more the meads their vernal bloom,
No more the gales their rich perfume:
Impending mists deform the sky,
And beauty withers in his eye.
In hopes his terror to elude,
By day he mingles with the crowd;
Yet finds his soul to fears a prey,
In busy crowds, and open day.
If night his lonely walk surprise,
What horrid visions round him rise!
That blasted oak, which meets his way,
Shown by the meteor's sudden ray,
The midnight murd'rer's known retreat,
Felt heav'n's avengeful bolt of late;
The clashing chain, the groan profound,
Loud from yon ruin'd tow'r resound;
And now the spot he seems to tread,
Where some self-slaughter'd corse was laid:
He feels fixt earth beneath him bend,
Deep murmurs from her cave ascend;
Till all his soul, by fancy sway'd,
Sees lurid phantoms crowd the shade;
While shrouded manes palely stare,
And beck'ning wish to breathe their care:
Thus real woes from false he bears,
And feels the death, the hell, he fears.

O thou! whose spirit warms my song,
With energy divinely strong,
Erect his soul, confirm his breast,
And let him know the sweets of rest;
Till ev'ry human pain and care,
All that may be, and all that are,
But false imagin'd ills appear
Beneath our hope, or grief, or fear.
And, if I right invoke thy aid,
By thee be all my woes allay'd;
With scorn instruct me to defy
Imposing fear, and lawless joy;
To struggle through this scene of strife,
The pains of death, the pangs of life,
With constant brow to meet my fate,
And meet still more, Euanthe's hate.

And, when some swain her charms shall claim,
Who feels not half my gen'rous flame,
Whose cares her angel-voice beguiles,
On whom she bends her heav'nly smiles;
For whom she weeps, for whom she glows,
On whom her treasur'd soul bestows;
When perfect mutual joy they share,
Ah! joy enhanc'd by my despair!
Mix beings in each flaming kiss,
And blest, still rise to higher bliss:
Then, then, exert thy utmost pow'r,
And teach me being to endure;
Lest reason from the helm should start,
And lawless fury rule my heart;
Lest madness all my soul subdue,
To ask her Maker, what dost thou?
Yet, could'st thou in that dreadful hour,
On my rack'd soul all Lethe pour,
Or fan me with the gelid breeze,
That chains in ice th' indignant seas;
Or wrap my heart in tenfold steel,
I still am man, and still must feel.

TO HAPPINESS.

AN ODE.

The morning dawns, the ev'ning shades
Fair nature's various face disguise;
No scene to rest my heart persuades,
No moment frees from tears my eyes:
Whate'er once charm'd the laughing hour,
Now boasts no more its pleasing pow'r;
Each former object of delight,
Beyond redemption, wings its flight;
And, where it smil'd, the darling of my sight,
Prospects of woe and horrid phantoms rise.

O Happiness! immortal fair,
Where does thy subtile essence dwell?
Dost thou relax the hermit's care,
Companion in the lonely cell?

Or, dost thou on the sunny plain
Inspire the reed, and cheer the swain?
Or, scornful of each low retreat,
On fortune's favour dost thou wait;
And, in the gilded chambers of the great,
Protract the revel, and the pleasure swell!

Ah me! the hermit's cell explore;
Thy absence he, like me, complains;
While murm'ring streams along the shore,
Echo the love-sick shepherd's strains:
Nor, where the gilded domes aspire,
Deign'st thou, O goddess! to retire:
Though there the loves and graces play,
Though wine and music court thy stay;
Thou fly'st, alas! and who can trace thy way,
Or say what place thy heav'nly form contains?

If to mankind I turn my view,
Flatter'd with hopes of social joy;
Rapine and blood mankind pursue,
As God had form'd them to destroy.
Discord, at whose tremendous view
Hell quakes with horror ever new,
No more by endless night deprest,
Pours all her venom through each breast;
And, while deep groans and carnage are increas'd,
Smiles grim, the rising mischief to enjoy.

Hence, hence, indignant, turn thine eyes,
To my dejected soul I said;
See, to the shade Euanthe flies,
Go, find Euanthe in the shade:
Her angel-form thy sight shall charm,
Thy heart her angel-goodness warm;
There shall no wants thy steps pursue,
No wakeful care contract thy brow;
Music each sound, and beauty ev'ry view,
Shall ev'ry sense with full delight invade.

Exulting in the charming thought,
Thither with hasty steps I press;
And while th' enchanting maid I sought,
Thank'd heav'n for all my past distress:

Increasing hopes my journey cheer'd,
And now in reach the bliss appear'd;
Grant this sole boon, O fate! I cry'd;
Be all thy other gifts deny'd,
In this shall all my wishes be supply'd;
And sure a love like mine deserves no less.

In vain, alas! in vain my pray'r;
Fate mix'd the accents with the wind;
Th' illusive form dissolv'd in air,
And left my soul to grief resign'd:
As far from all my hopes she flies,
As deepest seas from loftiest skies:
Yet, still, on fancy deep imprest,
The sad, the dear ideas rest;
Yet still the recent sorrows heave my breast,
Hang black o'er life, and prey upon my mind.

Ah! goddess, scarce to mortals known,
Who with thy shadow madly stray,
At length from Heav'n, thy sacred throne,
Dart through my soul one cheerful ray:
Ah! with some sacred lenient art,
Allay the anguish of my heart;
Ah! teach me, patient to sustain
Life's various stores of grief and pain;
Or, if I thus prefer my pray'r in vain,
Soon let me find thee in eternal day.

TO A COQUETTE.

AN ODE.

At length vain, airy flutt'rer fly;
Nor vex the public ear and eye
With all this noise and glare:
Thy wiser kindred gnats behold,
All shrouded in their parent mould,
Forsake the chilling air.

Of conquest there they safely dream;
Nor gentle breeze, nor transient gleam,
  Allures them forth to play:
But thou, alike in frost and flame,
Insatiate of the cruel game,
  Still on mankind would'st prey.

Thy conscious charms, thy practis'd arts,
  Those adventitious beams that round thee shine,
Reserve for unexperienc'd hearts:
  Superior spells despair to conquer mine.

Go, bid the sunshine of thine eyes
Melt rigid winter, warm the skies,
  And set the rivers free:
O'er fields immers'd in frost and snow,
Bid flow'rs with smiling verdure grow;
  Then hope to soften me.

No, Heav'n and freedom witness bear,
This heart no second frown shall fear,
  No second yoke sustain:
Enough of female scorn I know;
  Scarce fate could break my chain.

Ye hours, consum'd in hopeless pain,
  Ye trees, inscrib'd with many a flaming vow,
Ye echoes, oft invok'd in vain,
  Ye moon-light walks, ye tinkling rills, adieu!

Your paint that idle hearts controuls;
Your fairy nets for feeble souls,
  By partial fancy wrought;
Your syren voice, your tempting air,
Your borrow'd visage falsely fair,
  With me avail you nought.

Let ev'ry charm that wakes desire,
Let each ensnaring art conspire;
  Not all can hurt my rest:
Touch'd by Ithuriel's potent spear,
At once unmask'd the fiends appear,
  In native blackness drest.

The speaking glance, the heaving breast,
The cheek with lilies ting'd and rosy dye;
False joys, which ruin all who taste,
How swift they fade in reason's piercing eye!

Seest thou yon taper's vivid ray,
Which emulates the blaze of day,
Diffusing far its light?
Though it from blasts shall stand secure,
Time urges on the destin'd hour,
And lo! it sinks in night.

Such is the glory, such its date,
Wav'd by the sportive hand of fate,
A while to catch our view:
Now bright to heav'n the blaze aspires,
Then sudden from our gaze retires,
And yields to wonders new.

Like this poor torch, thy haughty airs,
Thy short-liv'd splendor on a puff depends;
And soon as fate the stroke prepares,
The flash in dust and nauseous vapors ends.

THE WISH.

AN ELEGY.

To Urania.

Let others travel, with incessant pain,
The wealth of earth and ocean to secure;
Then, with fond hopes, caress the precious bane;
In grandeur abject, and in affluence poor.

But soon, too soon, in fancy's timid eyes,
Wild waves shall roll, and conflagrations spread;
While bright in arms, and of gigantic size,
The fear-form'd robber haunts the thorny bed.

Let me, in dreadless poverty retir'd,
The real joys of life, unenvied, share:
Favour'd by love, and by the muse inspir'd,
I'll yield to wealth its jealousy and care.

On rising ground, the prospect to command,
Unting'd with smoke, where vernal breezes blow,
In rural neatness let my cottage stand;
Here wave a wood, and there a river flow.

Oft from the neighb'ring hills and pastures round,
Let sheep with tender bleat salute my ear;
Nor fox insidious haunt the guiltless ground,
Nor man pursue the trade of murder near:

Far hence, kind Heav'n! expel the savage train,
Inur'd to blood, and eager to destroy;
Who pointed steel with recent slaughter stain,
And place in groans and death their cruel joy.

Ye pow'rs of social life and tender song!
To you devoted shall my fields remain;
Here undisturb'd the peaceful day prolong,
Nor own a smart but love's delightful pain.

For you my trees shall wave their leafy shade;
For you my gardens tinge the lenient air;
For you be autumn's blushing gifts display'd,
And all that nature yields of sweet or fair.

But O! if plaints, which love and grief inspire,
In heav'nly breasts could e'er compassion find,
Grant me, ah! grant my heart's supreme desire,
And teach my dear Urania to be kind.

For her, black sadness clouds my brightest day;
For her, in tears the midnight vigils roll;
For her, cold horrors melt my pow'rs away,
And chill the living vigor of my soul.

Beneath her scorn each youthful ardor dies,
Its joys, its wishes, and its hopes expire;
In vain the fields of science tempt my eyes;
In vain for me the muses string the lyre.

O! let her oft my humble dwelling grace,
Humble no more, if there she deign to shine;
For Heav'n, unlimited by time or place,
Still waits on godlike worth and charms divine.

Amid the cooling fragrance of the morn,
How sweet with her through lonely fields to stray!
Her charms the loveliest landscape shall adorn,
And add new glories to the rising day.

With her all nature shines in heighten'd bloom;
The silver stream in sweeter music flows;
Odours more rich the fanning gales perfume;
And deeper tinctures paint the spreading rose.

With her the shades of night their horrors lose,
Its deepest silence charms if she be by;
Her voice the music of the dawn renews,
Its lambent radiance sparkles in her eye.

How sweet with her, in wisdom's calm recess,
To brighten soft desire with wit refin'd;
Kind nature's laws with sacred Ashley trace,
And view the fairest features of the mind!

Or borne on Milton's flight, as heav'n sublime,
View its full blaze in open prospect glow;
Bless the first pair in Eden's happy clime,
Or drop the human tear for endless woe.

And when in virtue and in peace grown old,
No arts the languid lamp of life restore;
Her let me grasp with hands convuls'd and cold,
Till ev'ry nerve relax'd can hold no more:

Long, long on her my dying eyes suspend,
Till the last beam shall vibrate on my sight;
Then soar where only greater joys attend,
And bear her image to eternal light.

Fond man, ah! whither would thy fancy rove?
'Tis thine to languish in unpitied smart;
'Tis thine, alas! eternal scorn to prove,
Nor feel one gleam of comfort warm thy heart.

But if my fair this cruel law impose,
Pleas'd, to her will I all my soul resign;
To walk beneath the burden of my woes,
Or sink in death, nor at my fate repine.

Yet when, with woes unmingled and sincere,
To earth's cold womb in silence I descend;
Let her, to grace my obsequies, appear,
And with the weeping throng her sorrows blend.

Ah! no; be all her hours with pleasure crown'd,
And all her soul from ev'ry anguish free:
Should my sad fate that gentle bosom wound,
The joys of heav'n would be no joys to me.

ADDRESS TO THE LADIES.

A SATIRE.

*Inscribed to Miss ******

WHETHER the author's designs were benevolent or ill-natured, in the writing or publication of this piece to the world, it is unnecessary for him to discover; for even though he should, with all imaginable candor, expres the motives which influenced him, every one will presume upon the same right of judging as if no such discovery had been made. Permit him, therefore, only to say, that this satire is neither absolutely personal, nor comprehensive of all. To attack any particular character, is no less detraction in verse than in prose; or suppose the intention more good-natured, it is confining those moral lessons to one, which may be applicable to a thousand. To attack any sex or species for qualities inseparable from it, is really to write a satire against nature. So that the business of one who would assume a character so delicate and unwelcome, is neither to confine himself to individuals, nor attempt to include the whole.

The author thought it proper to convey his sentiments

in an epistolary way, that the eye might still be directed to one principal figure. Such characters are passions as could not thus properly be introduced, and brought in by frequent digressions, with as much ease as possible. For this I need only instance the characters of Flavia and Timandra.

The most effectual way either to gain or preserve the attention of readers in satire, is by a delicate and well preserved irony. This the author has as seldom violated as the subjects he treated, and his own warmth of temper would permit. And thus, under pretence of advising, he exposes to his pupil most of the vices and foibles of the sex; first, in the earliest appearances in the world, then in marriage, as mistresses of a family, as mothers, and the different rules too often observed in dress abroad and at home. This account of our author's plan was thought requisite, lest the reader, when glancing over the poem, might lose himself in it.

O THOU, whom still in vain I must adore,
To beauty much in debt, to fortune more;
With wit and taste enough thy faults to hide,
To gild thy folly, and to plume thy pride;
Soon shall my heart, a rebel to thy chain,
Assert its freedom, and thy pow'r disdain.
Yet ere kind fate my liberty restore,
When twice five hundred pounds can charm no more,
For thee the muse shall tune th' instructive lay,
And through the maze of life direct thy way:
The muse, long studied in her sex's art,
The head designing, and corrupted heart,
For thee shall sing, nor thou too rashly blame
The last faint struggles of a dying flame.

The maid whom nature with maternal care
Has form'd to scatter ruin ev'ry where,
When first on life her radiant eyes she throws,
Dress, flatt'ry, pleasure, billet-doux, and beaux;
Then, conscious of her weakness, let her fly
The tender lisp, the love illumin'd eye;
Let her alike distrust her strength and art,
And cautious to some maiden aunt impart
The important charge, her honor and her heart.

But soon the first emotions of desire
Shall with simplicity and truth retire;
The conscious tongue inspir'd by distant views,
Its first alliance with the soul shall lose;
The blood, by candor taught before to glow,
From other motives to the cheek shall flow;
No more shall looks her sentiments explain,
But ev'ry flexile feature learn to feign.
Then let her issue forth to open light,
In all the blaze of native beauty bright;
Insatiate, conquest let her still pursue,
Secure from harm, and destin'd to undo.
Yet while the first of public toasts she reigns,
While half the nation struggles in her chains,
If not like thee, with fortune's bounty blest,
Let her at last resign the world to rest,
Ere time his empire o'er her charms assume,
And tinge with fainter hue her native bloom.
In vernal youth, and beauty's gayest pride,
The charming Flavia thus becomes a bride.
For what bless'd youth, O Muse, with truth declare,
Could fate reserve the conquest of the fair?
To what resistless art, what charms divine,
What soft address, could she her heart resign?
Did youth, good-nature, sense, inflict the wound?
"No—peevish seventy with five thousand pound."
Hail holy ties! by wond'rous charms endear'd,
The paralytic nerve, and hoary beard.
What mighty joys must bless such equal love,
When hand in hand gay spring and winter move?
Beneath the spacious semblance of a wife
She flaunts a licens'd prostitute for life.
Why all this hurry? Flavia was afraid
Her fame should wither, or her beauty fade.
Favour'd of Heav'n, far happier stars are thine;
Long as thy wish shall thy meridian shine,
In youth or age still certain to command,
And see thy bloom coeval with thy land.
There is a time with all the sex well known,
When 'tis a wretched thing to be alone;
When pregnant night with ghosts and spectres teems,
And sportive fairies prompt tumultuous dreams;

Then, though no lower wish thy breast inflame,
Though spotless be thy fancy as thy name,
In solitary fears no longer pine,
But to protecting man thy charms resign.
And now, before the raptur'd swain should cloy
With known embraces, and repeated joy;
Now is the time thy wit, thy pow'rs to strain,
And teaze him still some fav'rite boon to gain,
Now with eternal tempest stun his ears,
Now vary all the scene with fits and tears;
Now, pleas'd to view vicissitudes of pain,
To view thy tyranny new force obtain,
To all his tender arts and soft pursuit
Still be thy tongue inexorably mute.
Nor yet thy plagues to one alone confine,
Portending public ruin comets shine;
Angle for hearts, and when you catch the prey,
Long on the line your foolish captive play.
But should thy fond, officious fool be near,
With jealous looks, and with attentive ear;
Should he on ev'ry private hour intrude,
And watch those pleasures he was meant to shroud;
With all thy skill his jealous rage ferment,
The look inviting, and the soft complaint;
With equal favor ev'ry lover bless,
The gentle whisper, and the fond caress;
Till the weak dupe, in every tender sense,
Feels, more than hell, the torture of suspense.
Then if he dares to murmur at his fate,
Tell him, with smiles, repentance is too late.
But if, with haughty tone, and lordly pride,
He dictates serious rules thy life to guide;
With weeping eyes, and melting sounds, regret
The destin'd sorrows which on woman wait;
To tyrant man subjected during life,
A wretched daughter, and more wretched wife;
Alike unbless'd, whate'er her form inspire,
Licentious ridicule, or low desire;
She pines away a life to bliss unknown;
A slave to ev'ry humor but her own;
While with despotic nod, and watchful gaze,
Her jealous master all her steps surveys:

With strict reserve each lover if she treat,
Then all her portion is contempt or hate;
But if more free she spend the cheerful day
Among the witty, innocent, and gay,
From all her hopes domestic pleasure flies,
Suspicion breathes, and lo! her honor dies.
Such cruel stars on woman still attend,
And couldst thou hope their fury to suspend?
Perhaps some lover may the soul inflame,
For nature in each bosom is the same;
Then, but by slow degrees, his fate decide,
And gratify at once thy love and pride.
For love and pride, beneath each dark disguise,
Heave in your breast, and sparkle in your eyes:
Howe'er your sex in chastity pretend
To hate the lover, but admire the friend,
Desires more warm their natal throne maintain,
Platonic passions only reach the brain.
Though in the cloister's secret cell immur'd
By bolts, by ev'ry name in heav'n secur'd;
Though in the close seraglio's walls confin'd,
Ev'n there your fancy riots on mankind:
Your persons may be fix'd, your forms recluse,
While minds are faithless, and while thoughts are loose.
Should Love at last, whom has not Love subdu'd?
Full on thy sense some killing form obtrude;
O! then beware, nor with a lavish hand
Too promptly offer, ere thy swain demand.
Our mothers, great in virtues as in crimes,
Disdain'd the venal spirit of our times:
Vice, oft repell'd, their stubborn hearts essay'd;
But if at last their yielding soul she sway'd,
Nor hopes, nor fears, not int'rest could restrain,
Heav'n charm'd, hell threaten'd, av'rice brib'd in vain.
Fools they, and folly's common lot they shar'd,
Instinct their guide, and pleasure their reward:
Their wiser race pursue a happier scheme,
Pleasure their instrument, and wealth their aim;
Nor maid, nor wife, unbrib'd her heart bestows,
Each dart is tipp'd with gold which Cupid throws.
Thus should the dice invite thy vent'rous hand,
Or debts of honor fresh supplies demand;

Should china, monkeys, gems thy heart engage,
The gilded coach, or liv'ried equipage;
Half meet; half shun his wish; nor free, nor nice;
Delay the pleasure, to enhance the price.
While night o'er heav'n and earth extends her shade,
And darker female cunning lends its aid,
Then, but with art, thy schemes of pleasure lay,
Lest Argus with his hundred eyes survey:
For gales officious ev'ry whisper bear,
Each room has echoes, and each wall an ear.
Yet Jealousy, oft fann'd with opiate airs,
Her charge abandons, and forgets her cares;
While Love awake exerts his happy pow'r,
And consecrates to joy the fated hour.
That well-concerted plans command success,
Learn from Timandra's fortune, and confess.
The clock strikes ten, in vain Timandra mourns,
Supper is serv'd, no husband yet returns.
Not yet return'd! Good heav'n avert my fear;
What unforeseen mischance detains my dear?
Perhaps in some dark alley, by surprise,
Beneath a villain's arm he murder'd lies;
Or by some apoplectic fit deprest,
Perhaps, alas! he seeks eternal rest,
Whilst I, an early widow, mourn in vain:
Haste! fly, ye slaves, restore my lord again!
She spoke, she shriek'd aloud, she rung the bell,
Then senseless, lifeless, on the couch she fell.
Say, Muse; for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view,
Nor hell's deep track; say, what could then ensue?
Lorenzo, touch'd with sympathy divine,
Heard the shrill sound, and recognis'd the sign;
He came, he spoke, and if report say true,
Her life rekindled, and her fears withdrew.
The lover vanish'd, and the tumult past,
The unsuspecting husband came at last;
The spouse with equal joy his transports crown'd,
Nor on her lips were Cassio's kisses found.
Let Scandal next no slight attention share,
Scandal, the fav'rite science of the fair,
O'er which her fancy broods the summer-day,
And scheming wastes the midnight-taper's ray;

The laugh significant, the biting jest,
The whisper loud, the sentence half supprest,
The seeming pity for another's fame,
To praise with coldness, or with caution blame;
Still shall thy malice by those arts succeed,
And ev'ry hour a reputation bleed.
Thus shall thy words, thy looks, thy silence wound,
And plagues be wafted in each whisper round.
Nor on these topics long let fancy dwell;
In one unite the pedant and the belle:
With learned jargon, ever misapply'd,
Harangue, illustrate, criticise, decide.
For in our days, to gain a sage's name,
We need not plod for sense, but banish shame:
'Tis this which opens every fair-one's eyes,
Religion, sense, and reason to despise;
'Tis thus their thoughts affected freedom boast,
And laugh at God, yet tremble at a ghost.
Truth is the object of each common view,
The gazing crowd her naked beauties woo;
The fair such manners scorn, but, brave and free,
Are damn'd for sacred singularity.
Thee with a mother's name should fortune grace,
And propagate thy vices in thy race,
Let whim, not reason, all thy conduct guide,
And not the parent, but the rod preside:
In all thy steps each wide extreme unite,
Capricious tenderness, or groundless spite.
Hence future ages shall with triumph see
Bridewell and Tyburn both enrich'd by thee.
To this our lives their hapless tenor owe,
Ting'd with the poison'd source from whence they flow.
Ah! me, had gracious Heav'n alone consign'd
A prey to burning wrath your worthless kind;
Or had the first fair she, to hell ally'd,
Creation's sole reproach, curs'd Heav'n and dy'd;
Nor introduc'd in nature's faultless frame
The wretched heritage of guilt and shame,
Such the maternal pledges you bestow,
Expressive earnests of eternal woe.
Still as a constant curse regard thy home,
Thy pleasure's penance, and thy beauty's tomb;

Now mad with rage, now languishing with spleen,
There still in wretched dishabille be seen:
Long let thy nail its polish'd jet extend,
Around thy neck the greasy locks descend;
And round thee, mingling in one spicy gale,
Kitchen and nurs'ry all their sweets exhale,
But if in more extensive spheres you move,
With all the glare of dress your form improve;
To aid its pomp let either India join,
Nor once reflect at whose expence you shine;
New airs, new fashions, new complexions try:
While paint and affectation can supply,
For Heav'n and Nature, uniform, and old,
One settled course in each production hold;
But belles, by native genius taught to please,
Correct their Maker's want of taste with ease.
But why this hasty rage, this sudden fright?
I meant to counsel, and you say I bite.
Ah! no; Heav'n knows 'twas far from my intent;
The world's too much a sinner to repent:
By its example taught, I change my view,
And swear the fair are right whate'er they do.

MASON.

WILLIAM MASON was the son of a clergyman, and born at Kingston upon Hull, in 1725. At his native town he received his early education; and at the proper age, was entered of St. John's College, Cambridge. Here he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and produced some of his first works, which gained him both reputation and friends. With Gray in particular he became very intimate; and to the credit of these gentlemen, no misunderstanding interrupted the union they had contracted.

In 1748, Mason published his "Isis, an elegy," which Warton admirably answered by his "Triumph of Isis." Next year, he was elected a fellow of Pembroke Hall, through the interest of his friend Gray; and taking orders in 1754, was appointed chaplain to the king, afterwards presented to the valuable living of Aston, and in the sequel, to the precentorship of York, which leading his mind to church music, he published a volume on the subject.

Gray appointed him one of his executors, and Mason with affectionate friendship erected a literary monument to his memory, by writing his life, and editing his letters.

"Elfrida and Caractacus," written on the model of the ancient Greek dramas, attest the learning and poetical powers of Mason; and his "English Garden" shews his acquaintance with taste and design, though it breathes too much of a party spirit, which it might be supposed could scarcely have found a place in such a subject. In fact, Mason, at one period of his life, was a violent whig, which probably prevented his obtaining any high preferment in the church; but the atrocities committed during the French revolution cooled his ardor in the cause of imaginary liberty.

Mason married a lady of great beauty and merit in 1765, and two years after had the affliction to lose her by a decline. His epitaph on her tomb is one of the most beautiful in the English language: and indeed several of his minor poems are written in the true spirit of enthusiasm, as the ample specimens we have produced will prove.

He died in 1797 of a mortification in his leg, occasioned by a bruise received in stepping out of his carriage.

This excellent poet may be considered as the last of the Anglo-Grecian school, of which Gray was an illustrious member. If the latter excelled in sublimity, the first has the claim of superior sweetness, and the muse of Mason has the merit of exhibiting in his different dramatic poems, and that in a very eminent degree, the contrasted properties of softness and energy: and though they are perhaps, too rigorously constructed on a model unsuitable to the genius of an English stage, to succeed in representation, they are calculated to afford unqualified delight in the closet: and will stand or fall with the language which they embellish. Nor are Mason's smaller pieces less entitled to praise. His elegies in particular are replete with beauty of sentiment and versification; and all his writings are characterised by chastity, tenderness, classic purity, and an elegant taste.

As a clergyman, Mason is said to have conducted himself with exemplary propriety, and was a valuable acquisition to society, an enlightened companion, and accomplished scholar; yet there was something of formality in his manner, and an austere deportment, that rendered him rather the object of general awe than endearment.

*MUSÆUS.

A MONODY.

Sorrowing I catch the reed, and call the muse;
If yet a muse on Britain's plain abide,
Since rapt Musæus tun'd his parting strain:
With him they liv'd, with him perchance they dy'd.
For who e'er since their virgin charms espy'd,
Or on the banks of Thames, or met their train,
Where Isis sparkles to the sunny ray?
Or have they deign'd to play,
Where Cannus winds along his broider'd vale,
Feeding each blue bell pale, and daisy pied,
That fling their fragrance round his rushy side?

Yet ah! ye are not dead, celestial maids;
Immortal as ye are, ye may not die:
Nor is it meet ye fly these pensive glades,
Ere round his laureate herse ye heave the sigh.
Stay then awhile, O stay, ye fleeting fair;
Revisit yet, nor hallow'd Hippocrene,
Nor Thespia's grove; till with harmonious teen
Ye sooth his shade, and slowly-dittied air.
Such tribute pour'd, again ye may repair
To what lov'd haunt ye whilom did elect;
Whether Lycæus, or that mountain fair
Trim Mænalus with piny verdure deckt.
But now it boots ye not in these to stray,
Or yet Cyllene's hoary shade to chuse,
Or where mild Ladon's welling waters play.
Forego each vain excuse,
And haste to Thames's shores; for Thames shall join
Our sad society, and passing mourn,
The tears fast-trickling o'er his silver urn.
And, when the Poet's widow'd grot he laves,

---

* Mr. Pope died in the year 1744; this poem was then written, and published first in the year 1747.

His reed-crown'd locks shall shake, his head shall bow,
His tide no more in eddies blithe shall rove,
But creep soft by with long-drawn murmurs slow.
For oft the mighty master rous'd his waves
With martial notes, or lull'd with strain of love:
He must not now in brisk meanders flow
Gamesome, and kiss the sadly-silent shore,
Without the loan of some poetic woe.

Say first, Sicilian Muse,
For, with thy sisters, thou didst weeping stand
In silent circle at the solemn scene,
When death approach'd, and wav'd his ebon wand,
Say how each laurel droopt its with'ring green?
How, in yon grot, each silver trickling spring
Wander'd the shelly channels all among;
While as the coral roof did softly ring
Responsive to their sweetly-doleful song.
Meanwhile all pale th' expiring poet laid,
And sunk his awful head,
While vocal shadows pleasing dreams prolong;
For so, his sick'ning spirits to release,
They pour'd the balm of visionary peace.

First, sent from Cam's fair banks, like Palmer old,
Came Tityrus slow, with head all silver'd o'er,
And in his hand an oaken crook he bore,
And thus in antique guise short talk did hold.
" Grete clerk of Fame' is house, whose excellence
" Maie wele befitt thilk place of eminence,
" Mickle of wele betide thy houres last,
" For mich good wirkè to me don and past.
" For syn the days whereas my lyre been strongen,
" And deftly many a mery laie I songen,
" Old Time, which alle things don maliciously
" Gnawen with rusty tooth continually,
" Gnattrid my lines, that they all cancrid ben,
" Till at the last thou smoothen 'hem hast again;
" Sithence full semely gliden my rymes rude,
" As, if fitteth thilk similitude,
" Whanè shallow brooke yrenneth hobling on,
" Ovir rough stones it makith full rough song;
" But, them stones removen, this lite rivere

" Stealith forth by, making pleasaunt murmere ;
" So my sely rymes, whoso may them note,
" Thou makist everichone to ren right sote :
" And in thy verse entunist so fetisely,
" That men sayen I make trewe melody,
" And speaken every dele to myne honoure,
" Mich wele, grete clerk, betide thy parting houre !"

He ceas'd his homely rhyme.
When Colin Clout, Eliza's shepherd swain,
The blithest lad that ever pip'd on plain,
Came with his reed soft-warbling on the way,
And thrice he bow'd his head with motion mild,
And thus his gliding numbers gan essay.

I.

" Ah ! luckless swain, alas ! how art thou lorn,
" Who once like me could'st frame thy pipe to play
" Shepherds devise, and chear the ling'ring morn :
" Ne bush, ne breere, but learnt thy roundelay,
" Ah plight too sore such worth to equal right !
" Ah worth too high to meet such piteous plight !

II.

" But I nought strive, poor Colin, to compare
" My Hobbin's or my Thenot's rustic skill
" To thy deft swains, whose dapper ditties rare
" Surpass ought else of quaintest shepherd's quill.
" Ev'n Roman Tityrus, that peerless wight,
" Mote yield to thee for dainties of delight.

III.

" Eke when in Fable's flow'ry paths you stray'd,
" Masking in cunning feints truth's splendent face :
" Ne Sylph, ne Sylphid, but due tendance paid,
" To shield Belinda's lock from felon base,
" But all mote nought avail such harm to chace.
" Then Una fair 'gan droop her princely mien,
" Eke Florimel, and all my faery race :
" Belinda far surpast my beauties sheen,
" Belinda, subject meet for such soft lay I ween.

IV.

" Like as in village troop of birdlings trim,
" Where chanticleer his red crest high doth hold,
" And quaking ducks, that wont in lake to swim,
" And turkeys proud, and pigeons nothing bold;
" If chance the peacock doth his plumes unfold,
" Eftsoons their meaner beauties all decaying,
" He glist'neth purple, and he glist'neth gold,
" Now with bright green, now blue himself arraying.
" Such is thy beauty bright, all other beauties swaying.

V.

" But why do I descant this toyish rhyme,
" And fancies light in simple guise pourtray?
" Listing to cheer thee at this rueful time,
" While as black death doth on thy heartstrings prey.
" Yet rede aright, and this friendly lay
" Thou nathless judgest all too slight and vain,
" Let my well meaning mend my ill essay:
" So may I greet thee with a nobler strain,
" When soon we meet for aye, in yon star-sprinkeld
" plain."

Last came a bard of more majestic tread,
And Thyrsis hight by dryad, faun, or swain,
Whene'er he mingled with the shepherd train;
But seldom that; for higher thoughts he fed;
For him full oft the heav'enly muses led
To clear Euphrates, and the secret mount,
To Araby, and Eden, fragrant climes,
All which the sacred bard would oft recount:
And thus in strain, unus'd in sylvan shade,
To sad Musæus rightful homage paid.

" Thrice hail, thou heav'n-taught warbler! last and best
" Of all the train! Poet, in whom conjoin'd
" All that to ear, or heart, or head, could rapture
" Yield; harmonious, manly, clear, sublime.
" Accept this gratulation: may it cheer
" Thy sinking soul; nor these corporeal ills

" Ought daunt thee, or appal. Know in high heav'n
" Fame blooms eternal o'er that spirit divine,
" Who builds immortal verse. There thy bold muse,
" Which while on earth could breathe Mæonian fire,
" Shall soar seraphic heights ; while to her voice
" Ten thousand hierarchies of angels harp
" Symphonious, and with dulcet harmonies
" Usher the song rejoicing. I mean while,
" To sooth thee in these irksome hours of pain,
" Approach, thy visitant, with mortal praise
" To praise thee mortal. First, for rhyme subdued ;
" Rhyme, erst the minstrel of primæval night,
" And Chaos, anarch old : she near their throne
" Oft taught the rattling elements to chime
" With tenfold din ; till late to earth upborn
" On strident plume, what time fair Poesie
" Emerg'd from gothic cloud, and faintly shot
" Rekindling gleams of lustre. Her the fiend
" Oppress ; forcing to utter uncouth dirge,
" Runic, or Leonine ; and with dire chains
" Fetter'd her scarce-fledg'd pinion. I such bonds
" Aim'd to destroy, hopeless that art could ease
" Their thraldom, and to liberal use convert.
" This wonder to achieve Musæus came ;
" Thou cam'st, and at thy magic touch the chains
" Off dropt, and, passing strange ! soft-wreathed bands
" Of flow'rs their place supply'd : which well the muse
" Might wear for choice, not force ; obstruction none,
" But lov'liest ornament. Wond'rous this, yet here
" The wonder rests not ; various argument
" Remains for me, uncertain, where to cull
" The leading grace, where countless graces charm.
" Various this peaceful cave ; this mineral roof ;
" This assemblage meet of coral, ore, and shell ;
" These pointed crystals thro' the shadowy clefts
" Bright glist'ring ; all these slowly dripping rills,
" That tinkling wander o'er the pebbled floor :
" Yet not this various peaceful cave, with this
" Its mineral roof ; nor this assemblage meet
" Of coral, ore, and shell ; nor mid the shade
" These pointed crystals, glist'ring fair ; nor rills,

" That wander tinkling o'er the pebbled floor;
" Deal charms more various to each raptur'd sense,
" Than thy mellifluous lay ———"
" Cease, friendly swain;"
Musæus cry'd, and rais'd his aching head
" *All praise is foreign, but of true desert;*
" *Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart.*
" Ah! why recal the toys of thoughtless youth?
" When flow'ry fiction held the place of truth?
" Ere sound to sense resign'd the silken rein,
" And the light lay ran musically vain.
" O! in that lay had richest fancy flow'd;
" The syrens warbled, and the graces glow'd;
" Had liveliest nature, happiest art combin'd;
" That lent each charm, and this each charm refin'd,
" Alas! how little were my proudest boast!
" The sweetest trifler of my tribe at most.

" To sway the judgment while he sooths the ear;
" To curb mad passion in its wild career;
" To wake by sober touch the useful lyre,
" And rule with reason's rigour, fancy's fire:
" Be this the poet's praise. And this possest,
" Take, Dulness and thy dunces! take the rest.

" Come then that honest fame; whose temp'rate ray
" Or gilds the satire, or the moral lay; [line:
" Which dawns, tho' thou, rough Donne! hew out the
" But beams, sage Horace! from each strain of thine.
" O if like these, with conscious freedom bold,
" One poet more his manly measures roll'd;
" Like these led forth th' indignant muse to brave
" The venal statesman, and the titled slave;
" To strip from frontless Vice her stars and strings,
" Nor spare her basking in the smile of kings:
" If grave, yet lively; rational, yet warm;
" Clear to convince, and eloquent to charm:
" He pour'd, for Virtue's cause serene along
" The purest precept, in the sweetest song:
" If, for her cause, his heav'n directed plan
" Mark'd each meander in the maze of man;
" Unmov'd by sophistry, unaw'd by name,
" No dupe to doctrines, and no fool to fame;

" Led by no system's devious glare astray,
" That meteor-like, but glitters to betray.
" Yes, if his soul to reason's rule resign'd,
" And Heav'n's own views fair-op'ning on his mind,
" Caught from bright nature's flame the living ray,
" Through passion's cloud pour'd in resistless day;
" And taught mankind in reas'ning pride's despite,
" That God IS WISE, and ALL THAT IS IS RIGHT:
" If this his boast, pour here the welcome lays;
" Praise less than this is mockery of praise."

" To pour that praise be mine," fair Virtue cry'd,
And shot, all radiant, through an op'ning cloud.
But ah! my muse, how will thy voice express
Th'immortal strain, harmonious, as it flow'd?
Ill suits immortal strain a doric dress:
And far too high already hast thou soar'd.
Enough for thee, that when the lay was o'er,
The goddess clasp'd him to her throbbing breast.
But what might that avail? Blind Fate before
Had op'd her shears, to cut his vital thread;
And who may dare gainsay her stern behest?
Now thrice he wav'd the hand, thrice bow'd the head,
And sigh'd his soul to rest.

Now wept the nymphs; witness ye waving shades!
Witness, ye winding streams! the nymphs did weep:
The heav'nly goddess too with tears did steep
Her plaintive voice, that echo'd thro' the glades:
And, " cruel gods," and, " cruel stars," she cry'd:
Nor did the shepherds, thro' the woodlands wide,
On that sad day, or to the pensive brook,
Or silent river, drive their thirsty flocks:
Nor did the wild-goat brouze the shrubby rocks:
And Philomel her custom'd oak forsook:
And roses wan were wav'd by zephyrs weak,
As nature's self was sick:
And every lily droop'd its silver head.
Sad sympathy! yet sure his rightful meed,
Who charm'd all nature: well might nature mourn
Thro' all her choicest sweets Musæus dead.

Here end we, goddess! this your shepherd sang,
All as his hands an ivy chaplet wove.
O! make it worthy of the sacred bard;
And make it equal to the shepherd's love.
Thou to accept the strain with meet regard:
For sure, blest shade, thou hear'st my doleful song;
Whether with angel troops, the stars among,
From golden harp thou call'st seraphic lays;
Or, for fair Virtue's cause, now doubly dear,
Thou still art hov'ring o'er our tuneless sphere;
And mov'st some hidden spring her weal to raise.
Thus the fond swain his doric oat essay'd,
Manhood's prime honours rising on his cheek:
Trembling he strove to court the tuneful maid
With stripling arts, and dalliance all too weak,
Unseen, unheard, beneath an hawthorn shade.
But now dun clouds the welkin 'gan to streak:
And now down dropt the larks, and ceas'd their strain:
They ceas'd, and with them ceas'd the shepherd swain.

ODE I.

TO MEMORY.

I.

Mother of wisdom! thou, whose sway
The throng'd ideal host obey;
Who bid'st their ranks, now vanish, now appear,
Flame in the van, or darken in the rear;
Accept this votive verse. Thy reign
Nor place can fix, nor power restrain.
All, all is thine. For thee the ear, and eye
Rove through the realms of grace, and harmony:
The senses thee spontaneous serve,
That wake, and thrill through ev'ry nerve.

* According to a fragment of Afranius, who makes Experience and Memory the parents of Wisdom.

Else vainly soft, lov'd Philomel! would flow
The soothing sadness of thy warbled woe :
Else vainly sweet yon woodbine shade
With clouds of fragrance fill the glade ;
Vainly, the cygnet spread her downy plume,
The vine gush nectar, and the virgin bloom.
But swift to thee, alive, and warm,
Devolves each tributary charm :
See modest Nature bring her simple stores,
Luxuriant Art exhaust her plastic powers ;
While every flower in Fancy's clime,
Each gem of old heroic Time,
Cull'd by the hand of the industrious muse,
Around thy shrine their blended beams diffuse.

II.

Hail, Mem'ry ! hail. Behold, I lead
To that high shrine the sacred maid :
Thy daughter she, the empress of the lyre,
The first, the fairest, of Aonia's quire.
She comes, and lo, thy realms expand !
She takes her delegated stand
Full in the midst, and o'er thy num'rous train
Displays the awful wonders of her reign.
There thron'd supreme in native state,
If Sirius flame with fainting heat,
She calls ; ideal groves their shade extend,
The cool gale breathes, the silent show'rs descend.
Or, if bleak winter, frowning round,
Disrobe the trees, and chill the ground,
She, mild magician, waves her potent wand,
And ready summers wake at her command.
See, visionary suns arise,
Thro' silver clouds, and azure skies ;
See, sportive zephyrs fan the crisped streams ;
Through shadowy brakes light glance the sparkling beams :
While, near the secret moss-grown cave,
That stands beside the crystal wave,
Sweet Echo, rising frem her rocky bed,
Mimics the feather'd chorus o'er her head.

III.

Rise, hallow'd Milton! rise, and say,
How, at thy gloomy close of day;
How, "when deprest by age, beset with wrongs;"
When, "fall'n on evil days and evil tongues;"
When darkness, brooding on thy sight,
Exil'd the sov'reign lamp of light;
Say, what could then one chearing hope diffuse?
What friends were thine, save mem'ry and the muse?
Hence the rich spoils, thy studious youth
Caught from the stores of ancient truth:
Hence all thy classic wand'rings could explore,
When rapture led thee to the Latian shore;
Each scene that Tyber's bank supply'd;
Each grace, that play'd on Arno's side;
The tepid gales, through Tuscan glades that fly;
The blue serene, that spreads Hesperia's sky;
Were still thine own: thy ample mind
Each charm receiv'd, retain'd, combin'd.
And thence "the nightly visitant," that came
To touch thy bosom with her sacred flame,
Recall'd the long-lost beams of grace,
That whilom shot from nature's face,
When God, in Eden, o'er her youthful breast
Spread with his own right hand perfection's gorgeous vest.

ODE II.

* TO A WATER NYMPH.

Ye green hair'd Nymphs, whom Pan's decrees
Have giv'n to guard this solemn † wood,
To speed the shooting scions into trees,
And call the roseate blossom from the bud,

---

* This Ode was written in the year 1747, and published in the first volume of Mr. Dodsley's Miscellany. It is here revised throughout, and concluded according to the author's original idea.

† A seat near —— finely situated, with a great command of water; but disposed in a very false taste.

Attend. But chief, thou Naiad, wont to lead
This fluid chrystal sparkling as it flows,
Whither, ah, whither art thou fled?
What shade is conscious to thy woes?
Ah, 'tis yon' poplar's awful gloom:
Poetic eyes can pierce the scene;
Can see thy drooping head, thy withering bloom;
See grief diffus'd o'er all thy languid mien.
Well may'st thou wear misfortune's fainting air;
Well rend those flow'ry honours from thy brow;
Devolve that length of careless hair;
And give thine azure veil to flow
Loose to the wind; for, oh, thy pain
The pitying muse can well relate:
That pitying muse shall breathe her tend'rest strain,
To teach the echoes thy disastrous fate.
'Twas where yon beech's crouding branches clos'd,
What time the dog-star's flames intensely burn,
In gentle indolence compos'd,
Reclin'd upon thy trickling urn,
Slumb'ring thou lay'st, all free from fears;
No friendly dream foretold thine harm;
When sudden, see, the tyrant Art appears,
To snatch the liquid treasures from thine arm.
Art, gothic art, has seiz'd the darling vase:
That vase which silver-slipper'd Thetis gave,
For some soft story told with grace,
Among th' associates of the wave;
When, in sequester'd coral vales,
While worlds of waters roll'd above,
The circling sea-nymphs told alternate tales
Of fabled changes, and of slighted love.
Ah! loss too justly mourn'd: for now the fiend
Has on yon shell-wrought terrace pois'd it high;
And thence he bids its streams descend,
With torturing regularity.
From step to step, with sullen sound,
The forc'd cascades indignant leap;
Now sinking till the bason's measur'd round;
There in a dull stagnation doom'd to sleep.
Where now the vocal pebbles gurgling song?
The rill slow-dripping from his rocky spring?

What free meander winds along,
Or curls when Zephyr waves his wing?
Alas, these glories are no more:
Fortune, O give me to redeem
The ravish'd vase; O give me to restore
Its ancient honors to this hapless stream.
Then, nymph, again, with all their wonted ease,
Thy wanton waters, volatile and free,
Shall wildly warble, as they please,
Their soft, loquacious harmony.
Where thou and nature bid them rove,
There will I gently aid their way;
Whether to darken in the shadowy grove,
Or, in the mead, reflect the dancing ray.
For thee too, goddess, o'er that hallow'd spot,
Where first thy fount of crystal bubbles bright,
These hands shall arch a rustic grot,
Impervious to the garish light.
I'll not demand of ocean's pride
To bring his coral spoils from far:
Nor will I delve yon yawning mountain's side,
For latent minerals rough, or polish'd spar:
But antique roots, with ivy dark o'ergrown,
Steep'd in the bosom of thy chilly lake,
Thy touch shall turn to living stone;
And these the simple roof shall deck.
Yet grant one melancholy boon:
Grant that, at evening's sober hour,
Led by the lustre of the rising moon,
My step may frequent tread thy pebbled floor.
There, if perchance I wake the love lorn theme,
In melting accents querulously flow,
Kind Naiad, let thy pitying stream
With wailing notes accordant flow:
So shalt thou sooth his heaving heart,
That mourns a faithful virgin lost;
So shall thy murmurs, and my sighs impart
Some share of pensive pleasure to her ghost.

ODE III.

TO AN ÆOLIAN HARP*.

Sent to Miss Shepheard.

YES, magic lyre! now all complete
Thy slender frame responsive rings;
While kindred notes, with undulation sweet,
Accordant wake from all thy vocal strings.
Go then to her, whose soft request
Bad my blest hands thy form prepare:
Ah go, and sweetly sooth her tender breast
With many a warble wild, and artless air.
For know, full oft, while o'er the mead
Bright June extends her fragrant reign,
The slumb'ring fair shall place thee near her head,
To court the gales that cool the sultry plain.
Then shall the Sylphs, and Sylphids bright,
Mild Genii all, to whose high care
Her virgin charms are giv'n, in circling flight
Skim sportive round thee in the fields of air.
Some, flutt'ring through thy trembling strings,
Shall catch the rich melodious spoil,
And lightly brush thee with their purpled wings
To aid the Zephyrs in their tuneful toil;
While others check each ruder gale,
Expel rough Boreas from the sky,
Nor let a breeze its heaving breath exhale,
Save such as softly pant, and panting die.
Then, as thy swelling accents rise,
Fair fancy, waking at the sound,
Shall paint bright visions on her raptur'd eyes,
And waft her spirits to enchanted ground;

---

* This instrument was first invented by Kircher about the year 1649. See his *Musurgia Universalis sive ars consoni & dissoni*, lib. ix. After having been neglected above a hundred years it was again accidentally discovered by Mr. Oswald.

To myrtle groves, elysian greens,
In which some fav'rite youth shall rove,
And meet, and lead her through the glittering scenes,
And all be music, extacy, and love.

ODE IV.

TO INDEPENDENCY.

I.

HERE, on my native shore reclin'd,
While silence rules this midnight hour,
I woo thee, goddess. On my musing mind
Descend, propitious power!
And bid these ruffling gales of grief subside:
Bid my calm'd soul with all thy influence shine;
As yon chaste orb along this ample tide
Draws the long lustre of her silver line,
While the hush'd breeze its last weak whisper blows,
And lulls old Humber to his deep repose.

II.

Come to thy vot'ry's ardent prayer,
In all thy graceful plainness drest:
No knot confines thy waving hair,
No zone thy floating vest;
Unsullied honor decks thine open brow,
And candour brightens in thy modest eye:
Thy blush is warm content's etherial glow;
Thy smile is peace; thy step is liberty:
Thou scatter'st blessings round with lavish hand,
As spring with careless fragrance fills the land.

III.

As now o'er this lone beach I stray,
* Thy fav'rite swain oft stole along,

---

* Andrew Marvell, born at Kingston upon Hull in the year 1620.

And artless wove his Dorian lay,
Far from the busy throng.
Thou heard'st him, goddess, strike the tender string,
And bad'st his soul with bolder passions move:
Soon these responsive shores forgot to ring,
With beauty's praise, or plaint of slighted love;
To loftier flights his daring genius rose,
And led the war, 'gainst thine, and freedom's foes.

IV.

Pointed with Satire's keenest steel,
The shafts of wit he darts around;
Ev'n * mitred dulness learns to feel,
And shrinks beneath the wound.
In awful poverty his honest muse
Walks forth vindictive through a venal land:
In vain corruption sheds her golden dews,
In vain oppression lifts her iron hand;
He scorns them both, and, arm'd with truth alone,
Bids lust and folly tremble on the throne.

V.

Behold, like him, immortal maid,
The muses' vestal fires I bring:
Here, as thy feet, the sparks I spread;
Propitious wave thy wing.
And fan them to that dazzling blaze of song,
Which glares tremendous on the sons of pride.
But, hark, methinks I hear her hallow'd tongue;
In distant trills it echoes o'er the tide;
Now meets mine ear with warbles wildly free,
As swells the lark's meridian ecstacy.

VI.

"Fond youth! to Marvell's patriot fame,
"Thy humble breast must ne'er aspire.

---

* See *The Rehearsal transposed*, and an account of the effect of that satire in the Biographia Britannica, *art. Marvell.*

" Yet nourish still the lambent flame;
" Still strike thy blameless lyre:
" Led by the moral muse, securely rove;
" And all the vernal sweets thy vacant youth
" Can cull from busy fancy's fairy grove,
" O hang their foliage round the fane of truth:
" To arts like these devote thy tuneful toil,
" And meet its fair reward in D'Arcy's smile.

VII.

" 'Tis he, my son, alone shall cheer
" Thy sick'ning soul at that sad hour,
" When o'er a much lov'd parent's bier,
" Thy duteous sorrows shower:
" At that sad hour, when all thy hopes decline;
" When pining care leads on her pallid train,
" And sees thee, like the weak, and widow'd vine,
" Winding thy blasted tendrils o'er the plain.
" At that sad hour shall D'Arcy lend his aid,
" And raise with friendship's arms thy drooping head.

VIII.

" This fragrant wreath, the muses meed,
" That bloom'd those vocal shades among,
" Where never flatt'ry dar'd to tread,
" Or interest's servile throng;
" Receive, thou favour'd son, at my command,
" And keep, with sacred care, for D'Arcy's brow:
" Tell him, 'twas wove by my immortal hand,
" I breath'd on every flower a purer glow;
" Say, for thy sake, I send the gift divine
" To him, who calls thee his, yet makes thee mine."

ODE V.

TO A FRIEND.

I.

Ah! cease this kind persuasive strain,
Which, when it flows from friendship's tongue,
However weak, however vain,
O'erpowers beyond the syren's song:

Leave me, my friend, indulgent go,
And let me muse upon my woe.
Why lure me from these pale retreats?
Why rob me of these pensive sweets?
Can music's voice, can beauty's eye,
Can painting's glowing hand supply
A charm so suited to my mind,
As blows this hollow gust of wind,
As drops this little weeping rill
Soft tinkling down the moss grown hill,
While through the west where sinks the crimson day,
Meek twilight slowly sails, and waves her banners gray?

II.

Say, from affliction's various source
Do none but turbid waters flow?
And cannot fancy clear their course?
For fancy is the friend of woe.
Say, mid that grove, in love-lorn state,
While yon poor ringdove mourns her mate,
Is all, that meets the shepherd's ear,
Inspir'd by anguish and despair?
Ah! no; fair fancy rules the song:
She swells her throat; she guides her tongue;
She bids the waving aspin spray
Quiver in cadence to her lay;
She bids the fringed osiers bow,
And rustle round the lake below,
To suit the tenor of her gurgling sighs,
And sooth her throbbing breast with solemn sympathies.

III.

To thee, whose young and polish'd brow
The wrinkling hand of sorrow spares;
Whose cheeks, bestrew'd with roses, know
No channel for the tide of tears;
To thee yon abbey dank, and lone,
Where ivy chains each mould'ring stone
That nods o'er many a martyr's tomb,
May cast a formidable gloom.
Yet some there are, who free from fear,
Could wander through the cloisters drear,

Could rove each desolated isle,
Though midnight thunders shook the pile;
And dauntless view, or seem to view,
As faintly flash the lightnings blue,
Thin shiv'ring ghosts from yawning charnels throng,
And glance with silent sweep the shaggy vaults along.

IV.

But such terrific charms as these,
I ask not yet: my sober mind
The fainter forms of sadness please;
My sorrows are of softer kind.
Through this still valley let me stray,
Rapt in some strain of pensive Gray:
Whose lofty genius bears along
The conscious dignity of song;
And, scorning from the sacred store,
To waste a note on pride or power,
Roves through the glimmering, twilight gloom,
And warbles round each rustic tomb:
He, too, perchance, for well I know,
His heart can melt with friendly woe,
He, too, perchance, when these poor limbs are laid,
Will heave one tuneful sigh, and sooth my hov'ring shade.

ODE VI.

ON THE FATE OF TYRANNY *.

I. 1.

Oppression dies: the tyrant falls:
The golden city bows her walls!

---

* This Ode is a free paraphrase of part of the 14th chapter of Isaiah, where the Prophet, after he has foretold the destruction of Babylon, subjoins a Song of Triumph, which, he supposes, the Jews will sing when his prediction is fulfilled. "*And* "*it shall come to pass in the day that the Lord shall give thee rest from* "*thy sorrow, and from thy fear, and from the hard bondage wherein* "*thou wast made to serve, that thou shalt take up this proverb against* "*the King of Babylon, and say,* How *hath the oppressor ceased,* &c."

Jehovah breaks th' avenger's rod.
The son of wrath, whose ruthless hand
Hurl'd desolation o'er the land,
Has run his raging race, has clos'd the scene of blood.
Chiefs arm'd around behold their vanquish'd Lord;
Nor spread the guardian shield, nor lift the loyal sword.

I. 2.

He falls; and earth again is free.
Hark! at the call of liberty,
All nature lifts the choral song.
The fir-trees on the mountain's head,
Rejoice through all their pomp of shade;
The lordly cedars nod on sacred Lebanon:
Tyrant! they cry, since thy fell force is broke,
Our proud heads pierce the skies, nor fear the woodman's stroke.

I. 3.

Hell, from her gulph profound,
Rouses at thine approach; and, all around,
Her dreadful notes of preparation sound.
See, at the awful call,
Her shadowy heroes all,
Ev'n mighty kings, the heirs of empire wide,
Rising, with solemn state, and slow,
From their sable thrones below,
Meet, and insult thy pride.
What, dost thou join our ghostly train,
A flitting shadow light, and vain?
Where is thy pomp, thy festive throng,
Thy revel dance, and wanton song?
Proud King! Corruption fastens on thy breast;
And calls her crawling brood, and bids them share the feast.

II. 1.

O Lucifer! thou radiant star;
Son of the Morn; whose rosy car
Flam'd foremost in the van of day:

How art thou fall'n, thou king of light!
How fall'n from thy meridian height!
Who said'st the distant poles shall hear me, and obey.
High, o'er the stars, my sapphire throne shall glow,
And, as Jehovah's self, my voice the heav'ns shall bow.

II. 2.

He spake, he died. Distain'd with gore,
Beside yon yawning cavern hoar,
See, where his livid corse is laid.
The aged pilgrim passing by,
Surveys him long with dubious eye;
And muses on his fate, and shakes his reverend head.
Just heav'ns! is thus thy pride imperial gone?
Is this poor heap of dust the king of Babylon?

II. 3.

Is this the man, whose nod
Made the earth tremble: whose terrific rod
Levell'd her loftiest cities? Where he trod,
Famine pursu'd and frown'd;
'Till nature groaning round,
Saw her rich realms transform'd to desarts dry;
While at his crouded prison's gate,
Grasping the keys of fate,
Stood stern captivity.
Vain man! behold thy righteous doom;
Behold each neighb'ring monarch's tomb;
The trophied arch, the breathing bust,
The laurel shades their sacred dust:
While thou, vile outcast, on this hostile plain,
Moulder'st, a vulgar corse, among the vulgar slain.

III. 1.

No trophied arch, no breathing bust,
Shall dignify thy trampled dust:
No laurel flourish o'er thy grave.
For why, proud king, thy ruthless hand
Hurl'd desolation o'er the land,
And crush'd the subject race, whom kings are born to save:

Eternal infamy shall blast thy name,
And all thy sons shall share their impious father's shame.

III. 2.

Rise! purple slaughter! furious rise;
Unfold the terror of thine eyes;
Dart thy vindictive shafts around.
Let no strange land a shade afford,
No conquer'd nations call them lord;
Nor let their cities rise to curse the goodly ground.
For thus Jehovah swears; no name, no son,
No remnant, shall remain of haughty Babylon.

III. 3.

Thus saith the righteous Lord:
My vengeance shall unsheath the flaming sword;
O'er all thy realms my fury shall be pour'd.
Where yon proud city stood,
I'll spread the stagnant flood;
And there the bittern in the sedge shall lurk,
Moaning with sullen strain:
While, sweeping o'er the plain,
Destruction ends her work.
Yes, on mine holy mountain's brow,
I'll crush this proud Assyrian foe.
Th' irrevocable word is spoke:
From Judah's neck the galling yoke,
Spontaneous falls, she shines with wonted state:
Thus by myself I swear, and what I swear is fate.

ELEGY I.

TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN LEAVING THE UNIVERSITY.

Ere yet, ingenuous youth, thy steps retire
From Cam's smooth margin, and the peaceful vale,
Where science call'd thee to her studious quire,
And met thee musing in her cloisters pale;

O! let thy friend, and may he boast the name,
Breathe from his artless reed one parting lay;
A lay like this thy early virtues claim,
And this let voluntary friendship pay.

Yet know, the time arrives, the dangerous time,
When all those virtues, opening now so fair,
Transplanted to the world's tempestuous clime,
Must learn each passion's boist'rous breath to bear.

There, if ambition, pestilent and pale,
Or luxury should taint their vernal glow;
If cold self-interest, with her chilling gale,
Should blast th' unfolding blossoms ere they blow;

If mimic hues, by art, or fashion spread,
Their genuine, simple colouring should supply,
O! with them may these laureate honours fade;
And with them, if it can, my friendship die.

Then do not blame, if, though thyself inspire,
Cautious I strike the panegyric string;
The muse full oft pursues a meteor fire,
And vainly vent'rous, soars on waxen wing.

Too actively awake at friendship's voice,
The poet's bosom pours the fervent strain,
Till sad reflexion blames the hasty choice,
And oft invokes oblivion's aid in vain.

Call we the shade of Pope, from that blest bower
Where thron'd he sits with many a tuneful sage;
Ask, if he ne'er bemoans that hapless hour
When St. John's name illumin'd glory's page?

Ask, if the wretch, who dar'd his mem'ry stain,
Ask, if his country's, his religion's foe
Deserv'd the meed that Marlbro' fail'd to gain,
The deathless meed, he only could bestow?

The bard will tell thee, the misguided praise
Clouds the celestial sunshine of his breast;
Ev'n now, repentant of his erring lays,
He heaves a sigh amid the realms of rest.

If Pope through friendship fail'd, indignant view,
Yet pity Dryden; hark, whene'er he sings,
How adulation drops her courtly dew
On titled rhymers, and inglorious kings.

See, from the depths of his exhausted mine,
His glittering stores the tuneful spendthrift throws;
Where fear, or interest bids, behold they shine;
Now grace a Cromwel's, now a Charles's brows.

Born with too generous, or too mean a heart,
Dryden! in vain to thee those stores were lent:
Thy sweetest numbers but a trifling art;
Thy strongest diction idly eloquent.

The simplest lyre, if truth directs its lays,
Warbles a melody ne'er heard from thine:
Not to disgust with false, or venal praise,
Was Parnell's modest fame, and may be mine.

Go, then, my friend, nor let thy candid breast
Condemn me, if I check the plausive string;
Go to the wayward world, compleat the rest;
Be, what the purest muse would wish to sing.

Be still thyself; that open path of truth,
Which led thee here, let manhood firm pursue:
Retain the sweet simplicity of youth,
And, all thy virtue dictates, dare to do.

Still scorn, with conscious pride, the mask of art;
On vice's front let fearful caution low'r,
And teach the diffident, discreeter part
Of knaves that plot, and fools that fawn for power.

So, round thy brow when age's honors spread,
When death's cold hand unstrings thy Mason's lyre,
When the green turf lies lightly on his head,
Thy worth shall some superior bard inspire:

He, to the amplest bounds of time's domain,
On rapture's plume shall give thy name to fly;
For trust, with reverence trust this Sabine strain:
"The muse forbids the virtuous man to die."

Written in 1753.

ELEGY II.

WRITTEN IN THE GARDEN OF A FRIEND.

While o'er my head this laurel-woven bower
Its arch of glittering verdure wildly flings,
Can fancy slumber? can the tuneful power,
That rules my lyre, neglect her wonted strings?

No; if the blighting east deform the plain,
If this gay bank no balmy sweets exhal'd,
Still should the grove re-echo to my strain,
And friendship prompt the theme, where beauty fail'd.

For he, whose careless art this foliage drest,
Who bade these twisting braids of woodbine bend,
He first, when truth and virtue taught my breast
Where best to chuse, and best to fix a friend.

How well does mem'ry note the golden day,
What time, reclin'd in Marg'ret's studious glade,
My mimic reed first tun'd the * Dorian lay,
"Unseen, unheard, beneath an hawthorn shade?"

'Twas there we met; the muses hail'd the hour;
The same desires, the same ingenuous arts
Inspir'd us both: we own'd, and blest the power
That join'd at once, our studies and our hearts.

O! since those days, when science spread the feast,
When emulative youth its relish lent,
Say, has one genuine joy e'er warm'd my breast?
Enough; if joy was his, be mine content.

To thirst for praise his temperate youth forbore;
He fondly wish'd not for a poet's name;
Much did he love the muse, but quiet more,
And, though he might command, he slighted fame.

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* Musæus, the first Poem in this collection, written while the author was a scholar of St. John's College in Cambridge. See page 413.

Hither, in manhood's prime, he wisely fled
From all that folly, all that pride approves;
To this soft scene a tender partner led;
This laurel shade was witness to their loves.

"Begone," he cry'd, "ambition's air-drawn plan;
"Hence with perplexing pomp, unwieldy wealth:
"Let me not seem, but be the happy man,
"Possest of love, of competence, and health."

Smiling he spake, nor did the fates withstand;
In rural arts the peaceful moments flew:
Say, lovely lawn! that felt his forming hand,
How soon thy surface shone with verdure new,

How soon obedient Flora brought her store,
And o'er thy breast a shower of fragrance flung:
Vertumnus came; his earliest blooms he bore,
And thy rich sides with waving purple hung:

Then to the sight, he call'd yon stately spire,
He pierc'd th' opposing oak's luxuriant shade;
Bad yonder crouding hawthorns low retire,
Nor veil the glories of the golden mead.

Hail, sylvan wonders, hail! and hail the hand,
Whose native taste thy native charms display'd,
And taught one little acre to command
Each envied happiness of scene, and shade.

Is there a hill, whose distant azure bounds
The ample range of Scarsdale's proud domain,
A mountain hoar, that yon wild peak surrounds,
But lends a willing beauty to thy plain?

And, lo! in yonder path I spy my friend;
He looks the guardian genius of the grove,
Mild as the fabled form that whilom deign'd,
At Milton's call, in Harefield's haunts to rove.

Blest spirit, come! though pent in mortal mould,
I'll yet invoke thee by that purer name;
O come, a portion of thy bliss unfold,
From folly's maze, my wayward step reclaim.

Too long, alas! my inexperienc'd youth,
Misled by flattering fortune's specious tale,
Has left the rural reign of peace, and truth,
The huddling brook, cool cave, and whispering vale.

Won to the world, a candidate for praise,
Yet, let me boast, by no ignoble art,
Too oft the public ear has heard my lays,
Too much its vain applause has touch'd my heart;

But now, ere custom binds his powerful chains,
Come, from the base enchanter set me free,
While yet my soul its first, best taste retains,
Recal that soul to reason, peace, and thee.

Teach me, like thee, to muse on nature's page,
To mark each wonder in creation's plan,
Each mode of being trace, and, humbly sage,
Deduce from these the genuine powers of man;

Of man, while warm'd with reason's purer ray,
No tool of policy, no dupe to pride;
Before vain science led his taste astray;
When conscience was his law, and God his guide.

This let me learn, and learning let me live
The lesson o'er. From that great guide of truth
O may my suppliant soul the boon receive
To tread through age the footsteps of thy youth.

Written in 1758.

*ELEGY III.

TO THE REV. MR. HURD.

Friend of my youth, who, when the willing muse
Stream'd o'er my breast her warm poetic rays,
Saw'st the fresh seeds their vital powers diffuse,
And fed'st them with the fost'ring dew of praise!

---

* This Elegy was prefixt to the former editions of Caractacus, as dedicatory of that poem.

Whate'er the produce of th' unthrifty soil,
The leaves, the flowers, the fruits, to thee belong:
The labourer earns the wages of his soil;
Who form'd the poet, well may claim the song.

Yes, 'tis my pride to own, that taught by thee
My conscious soul superior flights essay'd;
Learnt from thy lore the poet's dignity,
And spurn'd the hirelings of the rhyming trade.

Say, scenes of science, say, thou haunted stream!
For oft my muse-led steps did'st thou behold,
How on thy banks I rifled every theme,
That fancy fabled in her age of gold.

How oft' I cry'd, "O come, thou tragic queen!
"March from thy Greece with firm majestic tread!
"Such as when Athens saw thee fill her scene,
"When Sophocles thy choral graces led:

"Saw thy proud pall its purple length devolve;
"Saw thee uplift the glitt'ring dagger high;
"Ponder with fixed brow thy deep resolve,
"Prepar'd to strike, to triumph, and to die.

"Bring then to Britain's plain that choral throng;
"Display thy buskin'd pomp, thy golden lyre;
"Give her historic forms the soul of song,
"And mingle Attic art with Shakspeare's fire."

"Ah, what, fond boy, dost thou presume to claim?
The Muse reply'd: "Mistaken suppliant, know,
"To light in Shakspeare's breast the dazzling flame
"Exhausted all Parnassus could bestow.

"True; art remains; and, if from his bright page
"Thy mimic power one vivid beam can seize,
"Proceed; and in that best of tasks engage,
"Which tends at once to profit, and to please."

She spake; and Harewood's towers spontaneous rose;
Soft virgin warblings echo'd through the grove:
And fair Elfrida pour'd forth all her woes,
The hapless pattern of connubial love.

More awful scenes old Mona next display'd;
Her caverns gloom'd, her forests wav'd on high,
While flam'd within their consecrated shade
The genius stern of British liberty.

And see, my Hurd! to thee those scenes consign'd;
O! take and stamp them with thy honor'd name.
Around the page be friendship's chaplet twin'd;
And, if they find the road to honest fame,

Perchance the candor of some nobler age
Many praise the bard, who bade gay folly bear
Her cheap applauses to the busy stage,
And leave him pensive virtue's silent tear:

Chose too to consecrate his fav'rite strain
To him, who grac'd by ev'ry liberal art,
That best might shine among the learned train,
Yet more excell'd in morals and in heart:

Whose equal mind could see vain fortune shower
Her flimsy favors on the fawning crew,
While, in low Thurcaston's sequester'd bower,
She fixt him distant from promotion's view:

Yet, shelter'd there by calm contentment's wing,
Pleas'd he could smile, and, with sage Hooker's eye,
"See from his mother earth God's blessings spring,
And eat his bread in peace and privacy."

Written in 1759.

ELEGY IV.

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

The midnight clock has toll'd; and hark, the bell
Of death beats slow! hear ye the note profound?
It pauses now; and now, with rising knell,
Flings to the hollow gale its sullen sound.

Yes *** is dead. Attend the strain,
Daughters of Albion! Ye that, light as air,
So oft have tript in her fantastic train,
With hearts as gay, and faces half as fair:

For she was fair beyond your brightest bloom :
This envy owns, since now her bloom is fled,
Fair as the forms that, wove in fancy's loom,
Float in light vision round the poet's head.

Whene'er with soft serenity she smil'd,
Or caught the orient blush of quick surprise,
How sweetly mutable, how brightly wild,
The liquid lustre darted from her eyes ?

Each look, each motion wak'd a new-born grace,
That o'er her form its transient glory cast :
Some lovelier wonder soon usurp'd the place,
Chas'd by a charm still lovelier than the last.

That bell again ! It tells us what she is :
On what she was no more the strain prolong :
Luxuriant fancy pause : an hour like this
Demands the tribute of a serious song.

Maria claims it from that sable bier,
Where cold and wan the slumberer rests her head ;
In still small whispers to reflection's ear,
She breathes the solemn dictates of the dead.

O catch the awful notes, and lift them loud ;
Proclaim the theme, by sage, by fool rever'd ;
Hear it, ye young, ye vain, ye great, ye proud !
'Tis nature speaks, and nature will be heard.

Yes, ye shall hear, and tremble as ye hear,
While, high with health, your hearts exulting leap :
Ev'n in the midst of pleasure's mad career,
The mental monitor shall wake and weep.

For say, than ***'s propitious star,
What brighter planet on your birth arose ;
Or gave of fortune's gifts an ampler share,
In life to lavish, or by death to lose !

Early to lose ; while, borne on busy wing,
Ye sip the nectar of each varying bloom :
Nor fear, while basking in the beams of spring,
The wintry storm that sweeps you to the tomb.

Think of her fate! revere the heav'nly hand
That led her hence, though soon, by steps so slow;
Long at her couch death took his patient stand,
And menac'd oft, and oft withheld the blow:

To give reflection time, with lenient art,
Each fond delusion from her soul to steal;
Teach her from folly peaceably to part,
And wean her from a world she lov'd so well.

Say, are ye sure his mercy shall extend
To you so long a span? Alas, ye sigh:
Make then, while yet ye may, your God your friend,
And learn with equal ease to sleep or die!

Nor think the muse, whose sober voice ye hear,
Contracts with bigot frown her sullen brow;
Casts round religion's orb the mists of fear,
Or shades with horrors, what with smiles should glow.

No; she would warm you with seraphic fire,
Heirs as ye are of heav'n's eternal day;
Would bid you boldly to that heav'n aspire,
Not sink and slumber in your cells of clay.

Know, ye were form'd to range yon azure field,
In yon ethereal founts of bliss to lave;
Force then, secure in faith's protecting shield,
The sting from death, the vict'ry from the grave.

Is this the bigot's rant? Away, ye vain,
Your hopes, your fears in doubt, in dulness steep:
Go sooth your souls in sickness, grief, or pain,
With the sad solace of eternal sleep.

Yet will I praise you, triflers as ye are,
More than those preachers of your fav'rite creed,
Who proudly swell the brazen throat of war,
Who form the phalanx, bid the battle bleed;

Nor wish for more: who conquer, but to die,
Hear, folly, hear; and triumph in the tale:
Like you, they reason; not, like you, enjoy
The breeze of bliss, that fills your silken sail;

On pleasure's glitt'ring stream ye gaily steer
Your little course to cold oblivion's shore:
They dare the storm, and, through th' inclement year,
Stem the rough surge, and brave the torrent's roar.

Is it for glory? that just fate denies.
Long must the warrior moulder in his shroud,
Ere from her trump the heav'n-breath'd accents rise,
That lift the hero from the fighting croud.

Is it his grasp of empire to extend?
To curb the fury of insulting foes?
Ambition, cease: the idle contest end:
'Tis but a kingdom thou can'st win or lose.

And why must murder'd myriads lose their all,
If life be all, why desolation low'r,
With famish'd frown, on this affrighted ball,
That thou may'st flame the meteor of an hour?

Go, wiser ye, that flutter life away,
Crown with the mantling juice the goblet high;
Weave the light dance, with festive freedom gay,
And live your moment, since the next ye die.

Yet know, vain sceptics, know, th' Almighty mind,
Who breath'd on man a portion of his fire,
Bad his free soul, by earth nor time confin'd,
To heav'n, to immortality aspire.

Nor shall the pile of hope, his mercy rear'd,
By vain philosophy be e'er destroy'd:
Eternity, by all or wish'd or fear'd,
Shall be by all or suffer'd or enjoy'd.

Written in 1760.

BURNS.

The eccentricities of genius, and its aberrations from the paths of prudence have been so frequently remarked, that it is almost unnecessary to quote them. Nor is it less a truism, that the man who deserts the station in which he was originally placed is generally unhappy, and that the admiration excited by superior talents is ill compensated by the envy and the mortifications that accompany them.

Robert Burns was born near the town of Ayr in Scotland, in 1759. He received a common education at the parochial school, and at intervals during its progress, he was employed, as is usual with those who are not intended for learned professions, in rustic labor and the most menial employments. By superior application, however, aided by original powers of mind, he acquired some knowledge of the French language and of mathematics, at the same time that he contracted an acquaintance with some of the best poetical writers, whose works were accessible to him.

But, in proportion as his understanding became enlightened, his habits were less simple and pure; and finding his company courted and his conversation admired, instead of refining and exalting his sentiments, he associated chiefly with his inferiors, in every sense of the word. On the death of his father, he entered on a small farm in partnership with his brother; but poetry and ploughing ill accord; and one false step leading to another, he was so embarrassed, that, struck with his situation, he wished to transport himself to the West Indies. At this period some friends who admired and were able to appreciate his poetical powers, suggested to him the publication of a small volume of poems. He adopted the idea: his success exceeded both his and their most sanguine expectation. Dr. Blacklock, in particular, charmed with his genius, invited him to Edin-

burgh: his reception there was flattering, and a new edition of his poems produced 500*l.* He now commenced farmer again, married the young woman with whom he had previously had an intrigue, and was appointed, by the contemptible patronage of some injudicious person, to the mechanical office of an exciseman. The union of this with farming was still more incompatible than ploughing and poetry, and he became an exciseman only. In this capacity he settled at Dumfries, and spent his time most uncongenially, relieved only by lucid intervals of poetic inspiration. He died in 1796, leaving a widow and four children, for whose benefit the late Dr. Currie published a splendid edition of his works, which cleared 1,000*l.* With the exception of Chatterton, modern times have not produced an unlettered genius of equal excellence and celebrity with Burns, whose fame will remain when his personal faults are forgotten. His poetical beauties are so numerous, it is difficult to make a partial selection.

There is such a characteristic spirit in the first passage of the dedication of his poems to some gentlemen and noblemen of Scotland, that to evince his ability to write good prose as well as verse, I shall here subjoin it.

"A Scottish Bard, proud of the name and whose highest ambition is to sing in his country's service, where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious names of his native land; those who bear the honors and inherit the virtues of their ancestors? The poetic genius of my country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha, at the plough; and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my natal soil, in my native tongue: I tuned my wild artless notes, as she inspired. She whispered me to come to this ancient metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my songs under your honored protection: I now obey her dictates."

COTTER's SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. A***, ESQ.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short but simple annals of the Poor.

GRAY.

MY lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways
What A*** in a cottage would have been;
Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween!

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose:
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

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* More ample proofs of the genius of this honour to the Muses of Caledonia would have been given, but that an edition of his poems for the benefit of his family has recently been sent forth by Messrs. Cadell and Davies. The specimens which follow are inserted by the permission of the publishers, and have been solicited by a sincere wish of the Editor of the Cabinet to promote the benevolent purposes of the new collection of this bard's writings.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
Or deposite her fair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet:
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view:
The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
The younkers a' are warned to obey;
An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play;
'An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
'An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!
'Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
'Implore his counsel and assisting might:
'They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright.'

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
With heart-struck anxious care, enquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben;
A strappan youth; he taks the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave;
Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
'If Heaven a draught of heav'nly pleasure spare,
'One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
'In others arms breathe out the tender tale,
'Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning 'gale.'

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their destruction wild!

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The healsome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food:
The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:
The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lent was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And 'Let us worship God!' he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name;
Or noble Elgin beets the heav'n-ward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or, Moses bad eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lye
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian Volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in Heav'n the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head:

How his first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heav'n's command.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing,
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
The pow'r, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleas'd the language of the soul;
And in his Book of Life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request,
That he who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
'An honest man's the noblest work of God:'
And certes, in fair virtue's heav'nly road,

The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp! a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to heav'n is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, O! may Heav'n, their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

O thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd through Wallace's undaunted heart;
Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
The patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert;
But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

A WINTER NIGHT.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pityless storm!
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you,
From seasons such as these.

SHAKSPEARE.

When biting Boreas, fell and doure,
Sharp shivers through the leafless bow'r;
When Phœbus gies a short-liv'd glow'r,
Far south the lift,
Dim-dark'ning through the flaky show'r,
Or whirling drift,

Ae night the storm the steeples rocked,
Poor labour sweet in sleep was locked,
While burns, wi' snawy wreeths up-choked,
Wild-eddying swirl,
Or through the mining outlet bocked,
Down headlong hurl.

List'ning, the doors an' winnocks rattle,
I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
O' winter war,
And through the drift, deep-lairing sprattle,
Beneath a scar.

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing!
That, in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
An close thy e'e?

Ev'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd,
Lone from your savage homes exil'd,
The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote spoiled,
My heart forgets,
While pityless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats.

Now Phœbe, in her midnight reign,
Dark-muffl'd, view'd the dreary plain;
Still crouding thoughts, a pensive train,
Rose in my soul,
When on my ear this plaintive strain,
Slow, solemn, stole—

'Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust!
'And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost!
'Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows!
'Not all your rage, as now, united shows
'More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
'Vengeful malice unrepenting,
'Than heav'n-illumin'd man on brother man bestows!
'See stern oppression's iron grip,

' Or mad ambition's gory hand,
' Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
' Woe, want, and murder o'er a land!
' Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,
' Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
' How pamper'd luxury, flatt'ry by her side,
' The parasite empoisoning her ear,
' With all the servile wretches in the rear,
' Looks o'er proud property, extended wide;
' And eyes the simple rustic hind,
' Whose toil upholds the glitt'ring show,
' A creature of another kind,
' Some coarser substance, unrefin'd,
' Plac'd for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below!
' Where, where is love's fond, tender throe,
' With lordly honor's lofty brow,
' The powr's you proudly own?
' Is there, beneath love's noble name,
' Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
' To bliss himself alone!
' Mark maiden-innocence a prey
' To love-pretending snares,
' This boasted honor turns away,
' Shunning soft pity's rising sway,
' Regardless of the tears, and unavailing pray'rs!
' Perhaps, this hour, in mis'ry's squalid nest,
' She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
' And with a mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast:
' Oh ye! who, sunk in beds of down,
' Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
' Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate
' Whom friends and fortune quite disown!
' Ill-satisfy'd, keen nature's clam'rous call,
' Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
' While through the ragged roof and chinky wall,
' Chill, o'er his slumbers, piles the drifty heap!
' Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
' Where guilt and poor misfortune pine!
' Guilt, erring man, relenting view!
' But shall thy legal rage pursue
' The wretch, already crushed low
' By cruel fortune's undeserved blow?

'Affliction's sons are brothers in distress,
'A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!'

I hear nae mair, for chanticleer
Shook off the pouthery snaw,
And hail'd the morning with a cheer,
A cottage-rousing craw.

But deep this truth impress'd my mind—
Through all his works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

On turning one down with the plough, in April 1786.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! its no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
Wi' speckl'd breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's plough-share drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

TO A MOUSE,

On turning her up in her Nest, with the Plough, November 1785.

Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request:
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
And never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the wins are strewin!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
Baith snell and keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Hast cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!

But, mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men,
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, Och! I backward cast my e'e,
On prospects drear!
An' forward, though I canna see,
I gues an' fear!

BEATTIE.

JAMES BEATTIE was born on the 25th of October, 1735, at Lawrencekirk, an obscure hamlet in the county of Kincardine, in Scotland. His father kept a small retail shop in the village, and at the same time rented a farm in the neighbourhood, on which his forefathers for several generations had carried on the same useful agricultural employments; he had six children, of whom our present subject was the youngest.

If from this humble line of ancestry Beattie derived no lustre, it may be truly said that he incurred no disgrace, for they were honest, and distinguished in the neighbourhood for their superior understanding. The first rudiments of education Beattie received at the parish school of Lawrencekirk, which was at that time of some reputation, and the same in which Ruddiman, the celebrated grammarian, had taught about forty years before. Even at this early period, Beattie's turn for poetry began to appear; and by his school-fellows he was named *the Poet*.

In the year 1749, he commenced his academical course, and attended the Greek class in Marischal college, Aberdeen, under the care of Dr. Blackwell, by whom he was much noticed. Having finished his studies at the university. In August 1753, he was appointed to be schoolmaster of the parish of Fordown, where he also filled the office of preceptor, or parish clerk. In June 1758, he was nominated assistant in the grammar seminary of Aberdeen; and in 1760 was advanced to the professorship of moral philosophy and logic in Marischal college. By this honourable appointment Beattie found himself raised to a situation of much respectability, and in which he could give ample scope to his talents, and indulge his favorite propensity, of communicating knowledge of the most important nature, and thereby promoting the best interests of mankind. Here he composed, and and afterward published his "Elements of Moral Science," a most excellent compendium of lectures, prepared for the use of the students. But it was not solely to ethics, metaphysics, and logic, that Beattie

devoted his time and attention at this period; he unbent his mind from studies of greater pith and moment, by a perusal of works of imagination, thereby preparing himself for the composition of those admirable essays on poetry, and other subjects of taste, which afterwards added lustre to the literature of his country.

In 1760 he put forth a collection of "Original Poems and Translations," of which he avowed himself the author, and inscribed it to the Earl of Errol. These were successive, and led triumphantly on by his "Judgment of Paris," a poem in 4to. The justly celebrated "Essay on Truth," the all beautiful "Minstrel," and many other pieces. In June 1767, he married Miss Mary Dunn, daughter of the rector of the grammar-school at Aberdeen, a lady of great beauty and merit, and with whom he hoped for that happiness which the married state, when wisely engaged in, is calculated to insure; but unfortunately, this connexion proved to him a source of the deepest sorrow; Mrs. Beattie having inherited from her mother that most tremendous of human evils, a distempered mind, which in a few years defied medical skill, and ended in the dire necessity of a personal division, which embittered every future hour of his life, and unquestionably contributed to bring him to his grave.

In 1763 he received an honorary degree in the theatre at Oxford, and soon after was admitted to a private audience of the king, and gratified by his royal master with a pension of two hundred pounds a year, which, added to the emoluments of his office in Scotland, enabled him to live independant, and as comfortable as a deep and undecaying sense of his domestic affliction would admit. At length a premature debility, without any acute disorder, closed his amiable and useful life, on the 18th day of August, 1803.

Of all Beattie's poetical works, "The Minstrel is, beyond all question, the best. The language is sweetly simple, yet polished to elegance; the versification is melodious; it exhibits the richest imagery, mingled with the most sublime, delicate, and interesting sentiment. In a word, it is at once boldly conceived, and admirably executed. His little poem of the "Hermit" has so much of the beauty of simplicity, and the purity of Moore, that we insert it in these selections with his Minstrel.

THE MINSTREL.

BOOK I.

I.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And wag'd with fortune an eternal war;
Check'd by the scoff of pride, by Envy's frown,
And poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pin'd alone,
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown!

II.

And yet the langour of inglorious days
Not equally oppressive is to all:
Him, who ne'er listen'd to the voice of praise,
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.
There are, who, deaf to mad ambition's call,
Would shrink to hear th' obstreperous trump of fame;
Supremely blest, if to their portion fall
Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher aim
Had he, whose simple tale these artless lines proclaim.

III.

The rolls of fame I will not now explore;
Nor need I here describe, in learned lay,
How forth the Minstrel far'd in days of yore,
Right glad of heart, though homely in array;
His waving locks and beard all hoary grey:
While from his bending shoulder, decent hung
His harp, the sole companion of his way,
Which to the whistling wild responsive rung:
And ever as he went some merry lay he sung.

IV.

Fret not thyself, thou glittering child of pride,
That a poor villager inspires my strain;
With thee let pageantry and power abide:
The gentle Muses haunt the sylvan reign;

Where through wild groves at eve the lonely swain
Enraptur'd roams, to gaze on nature's charms.
They hate the sensual and scorn the vain,
The parasite their influence never warms,
Nor him whose sordid soul the love of gold alarms.

V.

Though richest hues the peacock's plumes adorn,
Yet horror screams from his discordant throat.
Rise, sons of harmony, and hail the morn,
While warbling larks on russet pinions float:
Or seek at noon the woodland scene remote,
Where the grey linnets carol from the hill.
O let them ne'er, with artifical note,
To please a tyrant, strain the little bill,
But sing what Heaven inspires, and wander where they will.

VI.

Liberal, not lavish, is kind nature's hand;
Nor was perfection made for man below.
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are plann'd,
Good counteracting ill, and gladness wo.
With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow;
If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise;
There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow;
Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,
And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the eyes.

VII.

Then grieve not, thou, to whom th' indulgent Muse
Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire:
Nor blame the partial fates, if they refuse
Th' imperial banquet, and the rich attire.
Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.
Wilt thou debase the heart which God refin'd?
No; let thy heaven-taught soul to heaven aspire,
To fancy, freedom, harmony, resign'd;
Ambition's groveling crew for ever left behind.

VIII.

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul
In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,
On the dull couch of luxury to loll,
Stung with disease, and stupefied with spleen:

Fain to implore the aid of flattery's screen,
Even from thyself thy loathsome heart to hide,
The mansion then no more of joy serene,
Where fear, distrust, malevolence, abide,
And impotent desire, and disappointed pride?

IX.

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven!

X.

These charms shall work thy soul's eternal health,
And love, and gentleness, and joy, impart.
But these thou must renounce, if lust of wealth
E'er win its way to thy corrupted heart:
For ah! it poisons like a scorpion's dart;
Prompting th' ungenerous wish, the selfish scheme,
The stern resolve unmov'd by pity's smart,
The troublous day, and long distressful dream.
Return my roving Muse, resume thy purposed theme.

XI.

There liv'd in Gothic days, as legends tell,
A shepherd-swain, a man of low degree;
Whose sires, perchance, in Fairyland might dwell,
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady;
But he, I ween, was of the north countrie;
A nation fam'd for song, and beauty's charms;
Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms.

XII.

The shepherd-swain of whom I mention made,
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock;
The sickle, scythe, or plough, he never sway'd;
An honest heart was almost all his stock;

His drink the living water from the rock:
The milky dams supplied his board, and lent
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock;
And he, though oft with dust and sweat besprent,
Did guide and guard their wanderings, whereso'er they went.

XIII.

From labour health, from health contentment springs:
Contentment opes the source of every joy.
He envied not, he never thought of, kings;
Nor from those appetites sustain'd annoy,
That chance may frustrate, or indulgence cloy:
Nor fate his calm and humble hopes beguil'd;
He mourned no recreant friend, nor mistress coy,
For on his vows the blameless Phœbe smiled,
And her alone he loved, and loved her from a child.

XIV.

No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,
Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife;
Each season look'd delightful as it past,
To the fond husband, and the faithful wife.
Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd life
They never roam'd; secure beneath the storm
Which in ambition's lofty land is rife,
Where peace and love are canker'd by the worm
Of pride, each bud of joy industrious to deform.

XV.

The wight, whose tale these artless lines unfold,
Was all the offspring of this humble pair:
His birth no oracle or seer foretold;
No prodigy appear'd in earth or air,
Nor aught that might a strange event declare.
You guess each circumstance of Edwin's birth;
The parent's transport, and the parent's care;
The gossip's prayer for wealth, and wit, and worth;
And one long summer-day of indolence and mirth.

XVI.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy,
Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant eye.
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor toy,
Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy:

Silent when glad; affectionate, though shy;
And now his look was most demurely sad;
And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why.
The neighbours star'd and sigh'd, yet bless'd the lad:
Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some believed mad.

XVII.

But why should I his childish feats display?
Concourse, and noise, and toil, he ever fled;
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps; but to the forest sped;
Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain's head;
Or, where the maze of some bewilder'd stream
To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,
There would he wander wild, till Phœbus' beam,
Shot from the western cliff, released the weary team.

XVIII.

Th' exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
To him nor vanity nor joy could bring.
His heart, from cruel sport estranged, would bleed
To work the wo of any living thing,
By trap, or net; by arrow, or by sling;
These he detested; those he scorn'd to wield:
He wish'd to be the guardian, not the king,
Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field,
And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might yield.

XIX.

Lo! where the stripling, wrapt in wonder, roves
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine;
And sees, on high, amidst th' encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine:
While waters, woods, and winds in concert join,
And echo swells the chorus to the skies.
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies?
Ah! no: he better knows great Nature's charms to prize.

XX.

And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,
When o'er the sky advanc'd the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain grey,
And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky lawn:

Far to the west the long long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for a while;
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil.
But, lo! the sun appears; and heaven, earth, ocean, smile.

XXI.

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost.
What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,
And view th' enormous waste of vapour tost
In billows, lengthening to th' horizon round,
Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now emboss'd!
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound!

XXII.

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful scene.
In darkness, and in storm, he found delight:
Nor less, than when on ocean-wave serene
The southern sun diffused his dazzling shene.
Even sad vicissitude amused his soul:
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wish'd not to control.

XXIII.

"O ye wild groves, O where is now your bloom!"
The muse interprets thus his tender thought,
"Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy gloom,
"Of late so grateful in the hour of drought!
"Why do the birds, that song and rapture brought
"To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake?
"Ah! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought?
"For now the storm howls mournful through the brake,
"And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake.

XXIV.

"Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,
"And meads, with life, and mirth, and beauty crown'd!
"Ah! see, th' unsightly slime, and sluggish pool,
"Have all the solitary vale embrown'd;

" Fled each fair form, and mute each melting sound,
" The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray :
" And hark! the river, bursting every mound,
" Down the vale thunders ; and with wasteful sway
" Uproots the grove, and rolls the shattered rocks away.

XXV.

" Yet such the destiny of all on earth :
" So flourishes and fades majestic man.
" Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
" And fostering gales a while the nursling fan.
" O smile, ye heavens, serene ; ye mildews wan,
" Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,
" Nor lessen of his life the little span.
" Borne on the swift, though silent, wings of Time,
" Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

XXVI.

" And be it so. Let those deplore their doom,
" Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn :
" But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
" Can smile at fate, and wonder how they mourn.
" Shall spring to these sad scenes no more return ?
" Is yonder wave the sun's eternal bed?
" Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,
" And spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
" Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

XXVII.

" Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
" When fate, relenting, lets the flower revive ?
" Shall nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
" Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to live ?
" Is it for this fair virtue oft must strive
" With disappointment, penury, and pain ?
" No : Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive,
" And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
" Bright through th' eternal year of love's triumphant reign."

XXVIII.

This truth sublime his simple sire had taught.
In sooth, 'twas almost all the shepherd knew.
No subtile nor superfluous lore he sought,
Nor ever wish'd his Edwin to pursue.

" Let man's own sphere (said he) confine his view,
" Be man's peculiar work his sole delight."
And much, and oft, he warn'd him, to eschew
Falsehood and guile, and aye maintain the right,
By pleasure unseduc'd, unaw'd by lawless might.

XXIX.

" And, from the prayer of want, and plaint of wo,
" O never, never turn away thine ear !
" Forlorn in this bleak wilderness below,
" Ah! what were man, should Heaven refuse to hear !
" To others do, the law is not severe,
" What to thyself thou wishest to be done.
" Forgive thy foes; and love thy parents dear,
" And friends, and native land; nor those alone;
" All human weal and wo learn thou to make thine own."

XXX.

See, in the rear of the warm sunny shower
The visionary boy from shelter fly;
For now the storm of summer-rain is o'er,
And cool, and fresh, and fragrant is the sky.
And, lo! in the dark east, expanded high,
The rainbow brightens to the setting sun!
Fond fool, that deem'st the streaming glory nigh,
How vain the chace thine ardour has begun!
'Tis fled afar, ere half thy purpos'd race be run.

XXXI.

Yet couldst thou learn, that thus it fares with age,
When pleasure, wealth, or power, the bosom warm,
This baffled hope might tame thy manhood's rage,
And disappointment of her sting disarm.
But why should foresight thy fond heart alarm?
Perish the lore that deadens young desire;
Pursue, poor imp, th' imaginary charm,
Indulge gay hope, and fancy's pleasing fire:
Fancy and hope too soon shall of themselves expire.

XXXII.

When the long-sounding curfew from afar
Loaded with loud lament the lonely gale,
Young Edwin, lighted by the evening star,
Lingering and listening, wander'd down the vale.

There would he dream of graves, and corses pale;
And ghosts that to the charnel-dungeon throng,
And drag a length of clanking chain, and wail,
Till silenc'd by the owl's terrific song,
Or blast that shrieks by fits the shuddering isles along.

XXXIII.

Or, when the setting moon, in crimson dyed,
Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,
To haunted stream, remote from man he hied,
Where fays of yore their revels wont to keep;
And there let fancy rove at large, till sleep
A vision brought to his entranced sight.
And first, a wildly murmuring wind 'gan creep
Shrill to his ringing ear; then tapers bright,
With instantaneous gleam, illumed the vault of night.

XXXIV.

Anon in view a portal's blazon'd arch
Arose; the trumpet bids the valves unfold;
And forth an host of little warriors march,
Grasping the diamond lance, and targe of gold.
Their look was gentle, their demeanor bold,
And green their helms, and green their silk attire;
And here and there, right venerably old,
The long-rob'd minstrels wake the warbling wire,
And some with mellow breath the martial pipe inspire.

XXXV.

With merriment, and song, and timbrels clear,
A troop of dames from myrtle bowers advance;
The little warriors doff the targe and spear,
And loud enlivening strains provoke the dance.
They meet, they dart away, they wheel askance;
To right, to left, they thrid the flying maze;
Now bound aloft with vigorous spring, then glance
Rapid along: with many colour'd rays
Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing forests blaze.

XXXVI.

The dream is fled. Proud harbinger of day,
Who scar'd'st the vision with thy clarion shrill,
Fell chanticleer! who oft hast reft away
My fancied good, and brought substantial ill!

O to thy cursed scream, discordant still,
Let harmony aye shut her gentle ear:
Thy boastful mirth let jealous rivals spill,
Insult thy crest, and glossy pinions tear,
And ever in thy dreams the ruthless fox appear.

XXXVII.

Forbear, my muse. Let love attune thy line.
Revoke the spell. Thine Edwin frets not so.
For how should he at wicked chance repine,
Who feels from every change amusement flow!
Even now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow,
As on he wanders through the scenes of morn,
Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,
Where thousand pearls, the dewy lawns adorn,
A thousand notes of joy in every breeze are borne.

XXXVIII.

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

XXXIX.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and, hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings;
Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs;
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aërial tour.

XL.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme!
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!
O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due!

Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew,
From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus' sty;
And held high converse with the godlike few,
Who to th' enraptur'd heart, and ear, and eye,
Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.

XLI.

Hence! ye, who snare and stupify the mind,
Sophists of beauty, virtue, joy, the bane!
Greedy and fell, though impotent and blind,
Who spread your filthy nets in truth's fair fane,
And ever ply your venom'd fangs amain!
Hence to dark Error's den, whose rankling slime
First gave you form! hence! lest the muse should deign,
Though loth on theme so mean to waste a rhyme,
With vengeance to pursue your sacrilegious crime.

XLII.

But hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth!
Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
Amus'd my childhood, and inform'd my youth.
O let your spirit still my bosom sooth,
Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide:
Your voice each rugged path of life can smooth,
For well I know where-ever ye reside,
There harmony, and peace, and innocence abide.

XLIII.

Ah me! neglected on the lonesome plain,
As yet poor Edwin never knew your lore,
Save when against the winter's drenching rain,
And driving snow, the cottage shut the door.
Then, as instructed by tradition hoar,
Her legend when the Beldame 'gan impart,
Or chant the old heroic ditty o'er,
Wonder and joy ran thrilling to his heart;
Much he the tale admir'd, but more the tuneful art.

XLIV.

Various and strange was the long-winded tale;
And halls, and knights, and feats of arms, display'd;
Or merry swains, who quaff the nut-brown ale,
And sing, enamour'd of the nut-brown maid;

The moon-light revel of the fairy glade;
Or hags, that suckle an infernal brood,
And ply in caves th' unutterable trade,
'Midst fiends and spectres, quench the moon in blood,
Yell in the midnight storm, or ride th' infuriate flood.

XLV.

But when to horror his amazement rose,
A gentler strain the Beldame would rehearse,
A tale of rural life, a tale of woes,
The orphan-babes, and guardian uncle fierce.
O cruel! will no pang of pity pierce
That heart, by lust of lucre sear'd to stone?
For sure, if aught of virtue last, or verse,
To latest times shall tender souls bemoan
Those hopeless orphan-babes by thy fell arts undone.

XLVI.

Behold, with berries smear'd, with brambles torn,
The babes now famish'd lay them down to die:
Amidst the howl of darksome woods forlorn,
Folded in one another's arms they lie;
Nor friend, nor stranger, hears their dyring cry:
"For from the town the man returns no more."
But thou, who Heaven's just vengeance dar'st defy,
This deed with fruitless tears shalt soon deplore,
When death lays waste thy house, and flames consume thy store.

XLVII.

A stifled smile of stern vindictive joy
Brighten'd one moment Edwin's starting tear,
"But why should gold man's feeble mind decoy,
"And innocence thus die by doom severe?"
O Edwin! while thy heart is yet sincere,
Th' assaults of discontent and doubt repel:
Dark even at noontide is our mortal sphere;
But let us hope; to doubt is to rebel:
Let us exult in hope, that all shall yet be well.

XLVIII.

Nor be thy generous indignation check'd,
Nor check'd the tender tear to misery given;
From guilt's contagious power shall that protect,
This soften and refine the soul for heaven.

But dreadful is their doom, whom doubt has driven
To censure fate, and pious hope forego:
Like yonder blasted boughs by lightning riven,
Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,
But frown on all that pass, a monument of wo.

XLIX.

Shall he, whose birth, maturity, and age,
Scarce fill the circle of one summer day,
Shall the poor gnat, with discontent and rage
Exclaim that nature hastens to decay,
If but a cloud obstruct the solar ray,
If but a momentary shower descend!
Or shall frail man heaven's dread decree gainsay,
Which bade the series of events extend
Wide thro' unnumber'd worlds, and ages without end!

L.

One part, one little part, we dimly scan
Thro' the dark medium of life's feverish dream:
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous seem.
Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem;
Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.
O then renounce that impious self-esteem,
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies:
For thou art but of dust; be humble and be wise!

LI.

Thus Heaven enlarg'd his soul in riper years.
For nature gave him strength, and fire, to soar
On fancy's wing above this vale of tears;
Where dark cold-hearted sceptics, creeping, pore
Through microscope of metaphysic lore:
And much they grope for truth, but never hit.
For why? Their powers, inadequate before,
This idle art makes more and more unfit;
Yet deem they darknesss light, and their vain blunders wit.

LII.

Nor was this ancient dame a foe to mirth.
Her ballad, jest, and riddle's quaint device
Oft cheer'd the shepherds round their social hearth;
Whom levity or spleen could ne'er entice

To purchase chat, or laughter, at the price
Of decency. Nor let it faith exceed,
That nature forms a rustic taste so nice.
Ah! had they been of court or city breed,
Such delicacy were right marvellous indeed.

LIII.

Oft when the winter storm had ceas'd to rave,
He roam'd the snowy waste at even, to view
The cloud stupendous, from th' Atlantic wave
High-towering, sail along th' horizon blue:
Where, 'midst the changeful scenery, ever new,
Fancy a thousand wondrous forms descries,
More wildly great than ever pencil drew,
Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size,
And glitt'ring cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts rise.

LIV.

Thence musing onward to the sounding shore,
The lone enthusiast oft would take his way,
Listening, with pleasing dread, to the deep roar
Of the wide-weltering waves. In black array
When sulphurous clouds roll'd on th' autumnal day,
Even then he hasten'd from the haunt of man,
Along the trembling wilderness to stray,
What time the lightning's fierce career began,
And o'er heaven's rending arch the rattling thunder ran.

LV.

Responsive to the sprightly pipe, when all
In sprightly dance the village youth were join'd,
Edwin, of melody aye held in thrall,
From the rude gambol far remote reclin'd,
Sooth'd with the soft notes warbling in the wind.
Ah then, all jollity seem'd noise and folly,
To the pure soul by fancy's fire refin'd,
Ah what is mirth but turbulence unholy,
When with the charm compar'd of heavenly melancholy!

LVI.

Is there a heart that music cannot melt?
Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn;
Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt
Of solitude and melancholy born?

He needs not woo the muse; he is her scorn.
The sophist's rope of cobweb he shall twine;
Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish page; or mourn,
And delve for life in Mammon's dirty mine;
Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with glutton swine.

LVII.

For Edwin, fate a noble doom had planned;
Song was his favourite and first pursuit.
The wild harp rang to his advent'rous hand,
And languish'd to his breath the plaintive flute.
His infant muse, though artless, was not mute:
Of elegance as yet he took no care;
For this of time and culture is the fruit;
And Edwin gain'd at last this fruit so rare:
As in some future verse I purpose to declare.

LVIII.

Meanwhile, whate'er of beautiful, or new,
Sublime, or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,
By chance, or search, was offer'd to his view,
He scan'd with curious and romantic eye.
Whate'er of lore tradition could supply
From gothic tale, or song, or fable old,
Rous'd him, still keen to listen and to pry.
At last, though long by penury control'd,
And solitude, her soul his graces 'gan unfold.

LIX.

Thus on the chill Lapponian's dreary land,
For many a long month lost in snow profound,
When Sol from Cancer sends the season bland,
And in their northern cave the storms are bound;
From silent mountains, straight, with startling sound,
Torrents are hurl'd; green hills emerge; and lo,
The trees with foliage, cliffs with flowers are crown'd;
Pure rills through vales of verdure warbling go;
And wonder, love, and joy, the peasant's heart o'erflow.

LX.

Here pause, my gothic lyre, a little while.
The leisure hour is all that thou canst claim.
But on this verse if Montague should smile,
New strains ere long shall animate thy frame,

And her applause to me is more than fame;
For still with truth accords her taste refin'd.
At lucre or renown let others aim,
I only wish to please the gentle mind,
Whom nature's charms inspire, and love of humankind.

BOOK II.

I.

Of chance or change O let not man complain,
Else shall he never never cease to wail;
For, from the imperial dome, to where the swain
Rears the lone cottage in the silent dale,
All feel th' assault of fortune's fickle gale;
Art, empire, earth itself, to change are doom'd;
Earthquakes have rais'd to heaven the humble vale,
And gulphs the mountain's mighty mass entomb'd;
And where th' Atlantic rolls wide continents have bloom'd.

II.

But sure to foreign climes we need not range,
Nor search the ancient records of our race,
To learn the dire effects of time and change,
Which in ourselves, alas! we daily trace.
Yet at the darken'd eye, the wither'd face,
Or hoary hair, I never will repine:
But spare, O Time, whate'er of mental grace,
Of candour, love, or sympathy divine,
Whate'er of fancy's ray, or friendship's flame is mine.

III.

So I, obsequious to Truth's dread command,
Shall here without reluctance change my lay,
And smite the gothic lyre with harsher hand;
Now when I leave that flowery path for aye
Of childhood, where I sported many a day,
Warbling and sauntering carelessly along;
Where every face was innocent and gay,
Each vale romantic, tuneful every tongue,
Sweet, wild, and artless all, as Edwin's infant song.

IV.

"Perish the lore that deadens young desire,"
Is the soft tenor of my song no more.
Edwin, tho' lov'd of Heaven, must not aspire
To bliss, which mortals never knew before.
On trembling wings let youthful fancy soar,
Nor always haunt the sunny realms of joy:
But now and then the shades of life explore;
Tho' many a sound and sight of wo annoy,
And many a qualm of care his rising hopes destroy.

V.

Vigour from toil, from trouble patience grows.
The weakly blossom, warm in summer bower,
Some tints of transient beauty may disclose;
But soon it withers in the chilling hour.
Mark yonder oaks! Superior to the power
Of all the warring winds of heaven they rise,
And from the stormy promontory tower,
And toss their giant arms amid the skies,
While each assailing blast increase of strength supplies.

VI.

And now the downy cheek and deepen'd voice
Gave dignity to Edwin's blooming prime,
And walks of wider circuit were his choice,
And vales more mild, and mountains more sublime.
One evening, as he fram'd the careless rhyme,
It was his chance to wander far abroad,
And o'er a lonely eminence to climb,
Which heretofore his foot had never trode;
A vale appear'd below, a deep retir'd abode.

VII.

Thither he hied, enamour'd of the scene.
For rocks on rocks pil'd, as by magic spell,
Here scorch'd with lightning, there with ivy green,
Fenc'd from the north and east this savage dell.
Southward a mountain rose with easy swell,
Whose long long groves eternal murmur made:
And toward the western sun a streamlet fell,
Where, thro' the cliffs, the eye, remote, survey'd
Blue hills, and glittering waves, and skies in gold array'd.

VIII.

Along this narrow valley you might see
The wild deer sporting on the meadow ground,
And, here and there, a solitary tree,
Or mossy stone, or rock with woodbine crown'd.
Oft did the cliffs reverberate the sound
Of parted fragments tumbling from on high;
And from the summit of that craggy mound
The perching eagle oft was heard to cry,
Or on resounding wings, to shoot athwart the sky.

IX.

One cultivated spot there was, that spread
Its flowery bosom to the noonday beam,
Where many a rose-bud rears its blushing head,
And herbs for food with future plenty teem.
Sooth'd by the lulling sound of grove and stream,
Romantic visions swarm on Edwin's soul:
He minded not the sun's last trembling gleam,
Nor heard from far the twilight curfew toll;
When slowly on his ear these moving accents stole.

X.

"Hail, awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,
"And woo the weary to profound repose!
"Can passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,
"And whisper comfort to the man of woes!
"Here Innocence may wander, safe from foes,
"And Contemplation soar on seraph wings.
"O solitude! the man who thee foregoes,
"When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,
"Shall never know the source whence real grandeur springs.

XI.

"Vain man! is grandeur given to gay attire?
"Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid:
"To friends, attendants, armies, bought with hire?
"It is thy weakness that requires their aid:
"To palaces, with gold and gems inlay'd?
"They fear the thief, and tremble in the storm:
"To hosts, thro' carnage who to conquest wade?
"Behold the victor vanquish'd by the worm!
"Behold, what deeds of wo the locust can perform!

XII.

" True dignity is his, whose tranquil mind
" Virtue has rais'd above the things below;
" Who, every hope and fear to Heaven resign'd,
" Shrinks not, tho' fortune aim her deadliest blow."
This strain from 'midst the rocks was heard to flow,
In solemn sounds. Now beam'd the evening star;
And from embattled clouds emerging slow
Cynthia came riding on her silver car;
And hoary mountain-cliffs shone faintly from afar.

XIII.

Soon did the solemn voice its theme renew:
While Edwin wrapt in wonder listening stood:
" Ye tools and toys of tyranny, adieu,
" Scorn'd by the wise and hated by the good!
" Ye only can engage the servile brood
" Of levity and lust, who all their days,
" Asham'd of truth and liberty, have woo'd,
" And hug'd the chain, that, glittering on their gaze,
" Seems to outshine the pomp of heaven's empyreal blaze.

XIV.

" Like them, abandon'd to Ambition's sway,
" I sought for glory in the paths of guile;
" And fawn'd and smil'd, to plunder and betray,
" Myself betray'd and plunder'd all the while;
" So gnaw'd the viper the corroding file;
" But now, with pangs of keen remorse, I rue
" Those years of trouble and debasement vile.
" Yet why should I this cruel theme pursue!
" Fly, fly, detested thoughts, for ever, from my view!

XV.

" The gusts of appetite, the clouds of care,
" And storms of disappointment, all o'erpast,
" Henceforth no earthly hope with heaven shall share
" This heart, where peace serenely shines at last.
" And if for me no treasure be amass'd,
" And if no future age shall hear my name,
" I lurk the more secure from fortune's blast,
" And with more leisure feed this pious flame,
" Whose rapture far transcends the fairest hopes of fame.

XVI.

" The end and the reward of toil is rest.
" Be all my prayer for virtue and for peace.
" Of wealth and fame, of pomp and power possess'd,
" Who ever felt his weight of wo decrease?
" Ah! what avails the lore of Rome and Greece,
" The lay heaven-prompted, and harmonious string,
" The dust of Ophir, or the Tyrian fleece,
" All that art, fortune, enterprise, can bring,
" If envy, scorn, remorse, or pride the bosom wring!

XVII.

" Let vanity adorn the marble tomb
" With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown,
" In the deep dungeon of some gothic dome,
" Where night and desolation ever frown.
" Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down;
" Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
" With here and there a violet bestrown,
" Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave;
" And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave

XVIII.

" And thither let the village swain repair;
" And, light of heart, the village maiden gay,
" To deck with flowers her half-dishevel'd hair,
" And celebrate the merry morn of May.
" There let the shepherd's pipe the live-long day
" Fill all the grove with love's bewitching wo;
" And when mild Evening comes in mantle gray,
" Let not the blooming band make haste to go!
" No ghost, nor spell, my long and last abode shall know.

XIX.

" For though I fly to 'scape from Fortune's rage,
" And bear the scars of envy, spite, and scorn,
" Yet with mankind no horrid war I wage,
" Yet with no impious spleen my breast is torn:
" For virtue lost, and ruin'd man, I mourn.
" O man! creation's pride, Heaven's darling child,
" Whom nature's best, divinest gifts adorn,
" Why from thy home are truth and joy exil'd,
" And all thy favourite haunts with blood and tears defil'd?

XX.

" Along yon glittering sky what glory streams!
" What majesty attends night's lovely queen!
" Fair laugh our vallies in the vernal beams;
" And mountains rise, and oceans roll between,
" And all conspire to beautify the scene.
" But, in the mental world, what chaos drear;
" What forms of mournful, loathsome, furious mien!
" O when shall that eternal morn appear,
" These dreadful forms to chase, this chaos dark to clear!

XXI.

" O Thou, at whose creative smile, yon heaven,
" In all the pomp of beauty, life, and light,
" Rose from th' abyss; when dark Confusion, driven
" Down, down the bottomless profound of night,
" Fled, where he ever flies thy piercing sight!
" O glance on these sad shades one pitying ray,
" To blast the fury of oppressive might,
" Melt the hard heart to love and mercy's sway,
" And cheer the wandering soul, and light him on the way!"

XXII.

Silence ensu'd: and Edwin raised his eyes
In tears, for grief lay heavy at his heart.
" And is it thus in courtly life (he cries)
" That man to man acts a betrayer's part?
" And dares he thus the gifts of heaven pervert,
" Each social instinct, and sublime desire?
" Hail Poverty! if honour, wealth, and art,
" If what the great pursue, and learn'd admire,
" Thus dissipate and quench the soul's ethereal fire!"

XXIII.

He said, and turn'd away; nor did the Sage
O'erhear, in silent orisons employ'd.
The youth, his rising sorrow to assuage,
Home as he hied, the evening scene enjoy'd:
For now no cloud obscures the starry void;
The yellow moonlight sleeps on all the hills;
Nor is the mind with startling sounds annoy'd;
A soothing murmur the lone region fills,
Of groves, and dying gales, and melancholy rills.

XXIV.

But he from day to day more anxious grew,
The voice still seem'd to vibrate on his ear.
Nor durst he hope the Hermit's tale untrue;
For man he seem'd to love, and heaven to fear;
And none speaks false, where there is none to hear.
" Yet, can man's gentle heart become so fell!
" No more in vain conjecture let me wear
" My hours away, but seek the Hermit's cell;
" 'Tis he my doubt can clear, perhaps my care dispel."

XXV.

At early dawn the youth his journey took,
And many a mountain pass'd and valley wide,
Then reach'd the wild; where, in a flowery nook,
And seated on a mossy stone, he spied
An ancient man: his harp lay him beside.
A stag sprang from the pasture at his call,
And, kneeling, lick'd the wither'd hand that tied
A wreath of woodbine round his antlers tall.
And hung his lofty neck with many a flow'ret small.

XXVI.

And now the hoary Sage arose, and saw
The wanderer approaching: innocence
Smil'd on his glowing cheek, but modest awe
Depress'd his eye, that fear'd to give offence.
" Who art thou, courteous stranger? and from whence?
" Why roam thy steps to this sequester'd dale?"
" A shepherd-boy (the youth replied) far hence
" My habitation; hear my artless tale;
" Nor levity nor falsehood shall thine ear assail.

XXVII.

" Late as I roam'd, intent on Nature's charms,
" I reach'd at eve this wilderness profound;
" And, leaning where yon oak expands her arms,
" Heard these rude cliffs thine awful voice rebound,
" For in thy speech I recognise the sound.
" You mourn'd for ruin'd man, and virtue lost,
" And seem'd to feel of keen remorse the wound,
" Pondering on former days by guilt engross'd,
" Or in the giddy storm of dissipation toss'd.

XXVIII.

" But say, in courtly life can craft be learn'd,
" Where knowledge opens, and exalts the soul?
" Where fortune lavishes her gifts unearn'd,
" Can selfishness the liberal heart control?
" Is glory there achiev'd by arts, as foul
" As those that felons, fiends, and furies plan?
" Spiders ensnare, snakes poison, tygers prowl:
" Love is the godlike attribute of man.
" O teach a simple youth this mystery to scan.

XXIX.

" Or else the lamentable strain disclaim,
" And give me back the calm, contended mind;
" Which, late, exulting, view'd in Nature's frame,
" Goodness untainted, wisdom unconfin'd,
" Grace, grandeur, and utility combin'd.
" Restore those tranquil days, that saw me still
" Well pleas'd with all, but most with humankind:
" When Fancy roam'd thro' Nature's works at will,
" Uncheck'd by cold distrust, and uninform'd of ill."

XXX.

" Wouldst thou (the Sage replied) in peace return
" To the gay dreams of fond romantic youth,
" Leave me to hide, in this remote sojourn,
" From every gentle ear the dreadful truth:
" For if my desultory strain with ruth
" And indignation make thine eyes o'erflow,
" Alas! what comfort could thy anguish sooth,
" Shouldst thou th' extent of human folly know?
" Be ignorance thy choice, where knowledge leads to wo.

XXXI.

" But let untender thoughts afar be driven;
" Nor venture to arraign the dread decree.
" For know, to man, as candidate for heaven,
" The voice of the Eternal said, Be free:
" And this divine prerogative to thee
" Does virtue, happiness, and heaven convey;
" For virtue is the child of liberty,
" And happiness of virtue; nor can they
" Be free to keep the path, who are not free to stray.

XXXII.

" Yet leave me not. I would allay that grief,
" Which else might thy young virtue overpower,
" And in thy converse I shall find relief,
" When the dark shades of melancholy lower;
" For solitude has many a dreary hour,
" Even when exempt from grief, remorse, and pain:
" Come often, then; for, haply in my bower,
" Amusement, knowledge, wisdom thou may'st gain:
" If I one soul improve, I have not liv'd in vain."

XXXIII.

And now, at length, to Edwin's ardent gaze
The Muse of History unrolls her page.
But few, alas! the scenes her art displays,
To charm his fancy, or his heart engage.
Here chiefs their thirst of power in blood assuage,
And straight their flames with tenfold fierceness burn:
Here smiling Virtue prompts the patriot's rage,
But lo, ere long, is left alone to mourn,
And languish in the dust, and clasp the abandon'd urn!

XXXIV.

" Ambition's slippery verge shall mortals tread,
" Where Ruin's gulph unfathom'd yawns beneath!
" Shall life, shall liberty be lost, (he said)
" For the vain toys that pomp and power bequeath!
" The car of victory, the plume, the wreath,
" Defend not from the bolt of fate the brave:
" No note the clarion of renown can breathe,
" T' alarm the long night of the lonely grave,
" Or check the headlong haste of Time's o'erwhelming
" wave.

XXXV.

" Ah, what avails it to have trac'd the springs,
" That whirl of empire the stupendous wheel!
" Ah, what have I to do with conquering kings,
" Hands drench'd in blood, and breasts begirt with steel!
" To those, whom Nature taught to think and feel,
" Heroes, alas! are things of small concern;
" Could history man's secret heart reveal,
" And what imports a heaven-born mind to learn,
" Her transcripts to explore what bosom would not yearn!

XXXVI.

" This praise, O Cheronean sage, is thine !
" Why should this praise to thee alone belong ?
" All else from Nature's moral path decline,
" Lur'd by the toys that captivate the throng :
" To herd in cabinets and camps, among
" Spoil, carnage, and the cruel pomp of pride !
" Or chaunt of heraldry the drowsy song,
" How tyrant blood, o'er many a region wide,
" Rolls to a thousand thrones its execrable tide.

XXXVII.

" O who of man the story will unfold,
" Ere victory and empire wrought annoy,
" In that elysian age, misnam'd of gold,
" The age of love, and innocence and joy,
" When all were great and free ! man's sole employ
" To deck the bosom of his parent earth ;
" Or toward his bower the murmuring stream decoy,
" To aid the flow'ret's long-expected birth,
" And lull the bed of peace, and crown the board of mirth.

XXXVIII.

" Sweet were your shades, O ye primeval groves !
" Whose boughs to man his food and shelter lent,
" Pure in his pleasures, happy in his loves,
" His eye still smiling, and his heart content.
" Then, hand in hand, health, sport, and labour went.
" Nature supply'd the wish she taught to crave.
" None prowl'd for prey, none watch'd to circumvent
" To all an equal lot heaven's bounty gave :
" No vassal fear'd his lord, no tyrant fear'd his slave.

XXXIX.

" But ah ! th' Historic Muse has never dar'd
" To pierce those hallow'd bowers : 'tis Fancy's beam
" Pour'd on the vision of the enraptur'd bard,
" That paints the charms of that delicious theme.
" Then hail sweet Fancy's ray ! and hail the dream
" That weans the weary soul from guilt and wo !
" Careless what others of my choice may deem,
" I long, where Love and Fancy lead, to go
" And meditate on heaven, enough of earth I know."

XL.

" I cannot blame thy choice, (the Sage replied)
" For soft and smooth are Fancy's flowery ways.
" And yet, even there, if left without a guide,
" The young adventurer unsafely plays.
" Eyes dazzled long by fiction's gaudy rays
" In modest truth no light nor beauty find.
" And who, my child, would trust the meteor-blaze,
" That soon must fail, and leave the wanderer blind,
" More dark and helpless far, than if it ne'er had shin'd?

XLI.

" Fancy enervates, while it sooths, the heart,
" And, while it dazzles, wounds the mental sight:
" To joy each heightening charm it can impart,
" But wraps the hour of wo in tenfold night.
" And often, where no real ills affright,
" Its visionary fiends, an endless train,
" Assail with equal or superior might,
" And thro' the throbbing heart, and dizzy brain,
" And shivering nerves, shoot stings of more than mortal pain.

XLII.

" And yet, alas! the real ills of life
" Claim the full vigour of a mind prepar'd,
" Prepar'd for patient, long, laborious strife,
" Its guide Experience, and Truth its guard.
" We fare on earth as other men have far'd.
" Were they successful? Let not us despair.
" Was disappointment oft their sole reward?
" Yet shall their tale instruct, if it declare,
" How they have borne the load ourselves are doom'd to bear.

XLIII.

" What charms th' Historic Muse adorn, from spoils,
" And blood, and tyrants, when she wings her flight,
" To hail the patriot prince, whose pious toils
" Sacred to science, liberty, and right,
" And peace, through every age divinely bright
" Shall shine the boast and wonder of mankind!
" Sees yonder sun, from his meridian height,
" A lovelier scene, than virtue thus enshrin'd
" In power, and man with man for mutual aid combin'd?

XLIV.

" Hail sacred Polity, by freedom rear'd!
" Hail sacred Freedom, when by law restrain'd!
" Without you what were man? A groveling herd
" In darkness, wretchedness, and want enchain'd.
" Sublim'd by you, the Greek and Roman reign'd
" In arts unrivall'd: O to lastest days,
" In Albion may your influence unprofan'd
" To godlike worth the generous bosom raise,
" And prompt the sage's lore, and fire the poet's lays!

XLV.

" But now let other themes our care engage.
" For lo, with modest yet majestic grace,
" To curb Imagination's lawless rage,
" And from within the cherish'd heart to brace,
" Philosophy appears! The gloomy race
" By indolence and moping fancy bred,
" Fear, discontent, solicitude give place,
" And hope and courage brighten in their stead,
" While on the kindling soul her vital beams are shed.

XLVI.

" Then waken from long lethargy to life
" The seeds of happiness and powers of thought;
" Then jarring appetites forego their strife,
" A strife by ignorance to madness wrought.
" Pleasure by savage man is dearly bought
" With fell revenge, lust that defies controul,
" With gluttony and death. The mind untaught
" Is a dark waste, where fiends and tempests howl;
" As Phœbus to the world, is science to the soul.

XLVII.

" And Reason now thro' number, time, and space,
" Darts the keen lustre of her serious eye,
" And learns, from facts compar'd, the laws to trace,
" Whose long progression leads to Deity.
" Can mortal strength presume to soar so high!
" Can mortal sight, so oft bedim'd with tears,
" Such glory bear!—for lo, the shadows fly
" From Nature's face; confusion disappears,
" And order charms the eye, and harmony the ears!

XLVIII.

" In the deep windings of the grove, no more
" The hag obscene, and grisly phantom dwell;
" Nor in the fall of mountain-stream, or roar
" Of winds, is heard the angry spirit's yell;
" No wizard mutters the tremendous spell,
" Nor sinks convulsive in prophetic swoon;
" Nor bids the noise of drums and trumpets swell,
" To ease of fancied pangs the labouring moon,
" Or chase the shade that blots the blazing orb of noon.

XLIX.

" Many a long-lingering year, in lonely isle,
" Stun'd with th' eternal turbulence of waves,
" Lo, with dim eyes, that never learn'd to smile,
" And trembling hands, the famish'd native craves
" Of Heaven his wretched fare; shivering in caves,
" Or scorch'd on rocks, he pines from day to day;
" But Science gives the word; and lo, he brave
" The surge and tempest, lighted by her ray,
" And to a happier land wafts merrily away!

L.

" And even where Nature loads the teeming plain
" With the full pomp of vegetable store,
" Her bounty, unimprov'd, is deadly bane:
" Dark woods and rankling wilds, from shore to shore,
" Stretch their enormous gloom; which to explore
" Even Fancy trembles, in her sprightliest mood:
" For there, each eye-ball gleams with lust of gore,
" Nestles each murderous and each monstrous brood,
" Plague lurks in every shade, and steams from every flood.

LI.

" 'Twas from Philosophy man learn'd to tame
" The soil by plenty to intemperance fed.
" Lo, from the echoing ax, and thundering flame,
" Poison and plague, and yelling rage are fled!
" The waters, bursting from their slimy bed,
" Bring health and melody to every vale:
" And from the breezy main, and mountain's head,
" Ceres and Flora, to the sunny dale,
" To fan their glowing charms, invite the fluttering gale.

LII.

" What dire necessities on every hand
" Our art, our strength, our fortitude require!
" Of foes intestine what a numerous band
" Against this little throb of life conspire!
" Yet Science can elude their fatal ire
" A while, and turn aside death's level'd dart,
" Sooth the sharp pang, allay the fever's fire,
" And brace the nerves once more, and cheer the heart,
" And yet a few soft nights and balmy days impart.

LIII.

" Nor less to regulate man's moral frame
" Science exerts her all-composing sway.
" Flutters thy breast with fear, or pants for fame,
" Or pines to Indolence and Spleen a prey,
" Or Avarice, a fiend more fierce than they?
" Flee to the shade of Academus' grove;
" Where cares molest not, discord melts away
" In harmony, and the pure passions prove
" How sweet the words of truth breath'd from the lips of love.

LIV.

" What cannot Art and Industry perform,
" When Science plans the progress of their toil!
" They smile at penury, disease and storm;
" And oceans from their mighty mounds recoil.
" When tyrants scourge, or demagogues embroil
" A land, or when the rabble's headlong rage
" Order transforms to anarchy and spoil,
" Deep-vers'd in man the philosophic sage
" Prepares with lenient hand their phrenzy to assuage.

LV.

" 'Tis he alone, whose comprehensive mind,
" From situation, temper, soil and clime
" Explor'd, a nation's various powers can bind
" And various orders, in one form sublime
" Of policy, that, midst the wrecks of time,
" Secure shall lift its head on high, nor fear
" Th' assault of foreign or domestic crime,
" While public faith, and public love sincere,
" And industry and law maintain their sway severe."

LVI.

Enraptur'd by the Hermit's strain, the Youth
Proceeds the path of science to explore,
And now, expanded to the beams of truth,
New energies and charms unknown before,
His mind discloses: Fancy now no more,
Wantons on fickle pinion through the skies;
But, fix'd in aim, and conscious of her power,
Aloft from cause to cause exults to rise,
Creation's blended stores arranging as she flies.

LVII.

Nor love of novelty alone inspires,
Their laws and nice dependencies to scan;
For, mindful of the aids that life requires,
And of the services man owes to man,
He meditates new arts on Nature's plan;
The cold desponding breast of sloth to warm,
The flame of industry and genius fan,
And Emulation's noble rage alarm,
And the long hours of toil and solitude to charm.

LVIII.

But she, who set on fire his infant heart,
And all his dreams, and all his wanderings shar'd,
And bless'd the Muse, and her celestial art,
Still claim th' enthusiast's fond and first regard.
From Nature's beauties variously compar'd
And variously combin'd, he learns to frame
Those forms of bright perfection, which the bard,
While boundless hopes and boundless views inflame,
Enamour'd consecrates to never-dying fame.

LIX.

Of late, with cumbersome, tho' pompous show,
Edwin would oft his flowery rhyme deface,
Through ardour to adorn; but Nature now
To his experienced eye a modest grace
Presents, where ornament the second place
Holds, to intrinsic worth and just design
Subservient still. Simplicity apace
Tempers his rage: he owns her charm divine,
And clears th' ambiguous phrase, and lops th' unwieldly line.

LX.

Fain would I sing (much yet unsung remains)
What sweet delirum o'er his bosom stole,
When the great shepherd of the Mantuan plains
His deep majestic melody 'gan roll:
Fain would I sing what transport storm'd his soul,
How the red current throb'd his veins along,
When, like Pelides, bold beyond controul,
Without art graceful, without effort strong,
Homer rais'd high to heaven the loud, th' impetuous song.

LXI.

And how his lyre, though rude her first essays,
Now skilled to sooth, to triumph, to complain,
Warbling at will through each harmonious maze,
Was taught to modulate the artful strain,
I fain would sing:—but ah! I strive in vain.
Sighs from a breaking heart my voice confound,
With trembling step, to join yon weeping train,
I haste, where gleams funereal glare around,
And, mix'd with shrieks of wo, the knells of death resound.

LXII.

Adieu, ye lays, that Fancy's flowers adorn,
The soft amusement of the vacant mind!
He sleeps in dust, and all the muses mourn,
He, whom each virtue fir'd, each grace refin'd,
Friend, teacher, pattern, darling of mankind!
He sleeps in dust. Ah, how shall I pursue
My theme! To heart-consuming grief resign'd,
Here on his recent grave I fix my view,
And pour my bitter tears. Ye flowery lays, adieu!

LXIII.

Art thou, my Gregory, for ever fled!
And am I left to unavailing wo!
When fortune's storms assail this weary head,
Where cares long since have shed untimely snow!
Ah, now for comfort whither shall I go!
No more thy soothing voice my anguish chears:
Thy placid eyes with smiles no longer glow,
My hopes to cherish, and allay my fears.
'Tis meet that I should mourn: flow forth afresh my tears.

THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove:
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a Hermit began;
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

"Ah! why, all abandon'd to darkness and wo,
"Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
"For Spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
"And sorrow no longer thy bosom inthral.
"But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
"Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn;
"O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away:
"Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

"Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
"The moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays:
"But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
"She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
"Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
"The path that conducts thee to splendor again.
"But man's faded glory what change shall renew!
"Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

"'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
"I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
"For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
"Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew.
"Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
"Kind nature the embryo blossom will save.
"But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn!
"O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!

'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betray'd
That leads, to bewilder; and dazzles, to blind:
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.

" O pity, great Father of Light," then I cry'd,
" Thy creature who fain would not wander from thee;
" Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride:
" From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free."

' And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
' No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
' So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
' The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
' See truth, love, and mercy, in triumph descending,
' And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
' On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
' And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.'

THE END.

T. Gillet, Printer, Crown-court.

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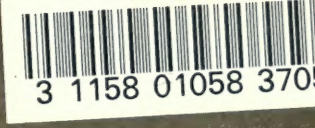
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